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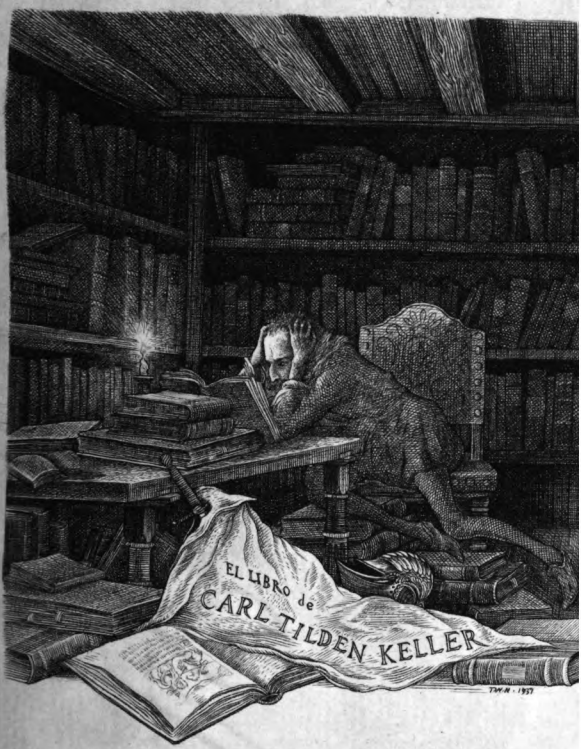
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S. S. Palmer

THE

LIFE and EXPLOITS

Of the ingenious Gentleman

DON QUIXOTE

DE LA MANCHA.

Tranſlated from the ORIGINAL SPANISH of

Miguel Cervantes de Saavedra.

By *CHARLES JARVIS*, Eſq;

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

VOLUME *the* FOURTH.

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THE LIFE and EXPLOITS

Of the ingenious Gentleman

DON QUIXOTE DE LA MANCHA.

BOOK III.

CHAP. I.

Of the reliſhing converſation, which paſſed between the ducheſs, her damſels, and Sancho Pança; *worthy to be read and remarked.*

THE hiſtory then relates that *Sancho Pança* did not ſleep that afternoon, but, to keep his word, came with the meat in his mouth to ſee the ducheſs; who, being delighted to hear him talk, made him ſit down by her on a low ſtool, though *Sancho*, out of pure good manners, would have declined it: but the ducheſs would have him ſit down as a governor, and talk as a ſquire, ſince in both thoſe capacities he deſerved the very ſtool of the champion *Cid Ruy Dias*. *Sancho* ſhrugged up his ſhoulders, obeyed, and ſat down, and all the ducheſs's damſels and *Duennas* got round about him, in profound ſilence, to hear what he would ſay. But the ducheſs ſpoke firſt, ſaying: Now we are alone, and that no body hears us, I would willingly be ſatisfied by the lord governor,

vernor, as to ſome doubts I have, ariſing from the printed hiſtory of the great *Don Quixote:* one of which is, that, ſince honeſt *Sancho* never ſaw *Dulcinea*, I mean the lady *Dulcinea del Toboſo*, nor carried her *Don Quixote*'s letter, it being left in the pocket-book in the ſable mountain, how durſt he feign the anſwer, and the ſtory of his finding her winnowing wheat, it being all a ſham, and a lye, and ſo much to the prejudice of the good character of the peerleſs *Dulcinea*, and the whole ſo unbecoming the quality and fidelity of a truſty ſquire? At theſe words, without making any reply, *Sancho* got up from his ſtool, and ſtepping ſoftly, with his body bent, and his finger on his lips, he crept round the room, lifting up the hangings; and, this being done, he preſently ſat himſelf down again, and ſaid: Now, madam, that I am ſure nobody but the company hears us, I will anſwer without fear or emotion, to all you have aſked, and to all you ſhall aſk me; and the firſt thing I tell you, is, that I take my maſter *Don Quixote* for a down-right madman, though ſometimes he comes out with things, which, to my thinking, and in the opinion of all that hear him, are ſo diſcreet, and ſo well put together, that *Satan* himſelf could not ſpeak better: and yet for all that, in good truth, and without any doubt, I am firmly perſuaded he is mad. Now, having ſettled this in my mind, I dare undertake to make him believe any thing that has neither head nor tail, like the buſineſs of the anſwer to the letter, and another affair of ſome ſix or eight days ſtanding, which is not yet in print: I mean the enchantment of my miſtreſs *Donna Dulcinea*; for you muſt know, I made him believe ſhe was enchanted, though there is no more truth in it than in a ſtory of a cock and a bull [1]. The ducheſs deſired him to tell her the particulars of that enchantment, or jeſt: and

1 The original is, *no fiendo mas verdàd que por los cerros de Ubeda*; which cannot be rendered into any intelligible ſenſe in *Engliſh*, nor do the dictionaries afford us any tolerable explanation of the phraſe *por los cerros de Ubeda*, i. e. *by the Hills of Ubeda*. Perhaps there might be ſome old ballad, romance, or tale, beginning with thoſe words.

Sancho

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Sancho recounted the whole exactly as it had paſſed; at which the hearers were not a little pleaſed, and the ducheſs, proceeding in her diſcourſe, ſaid: From what honeſt *Sancho* has told me, a certain ſcruple has ſtarted into my head, and ſomething methinks whiſpers me in the ear, ſaying to me; Since *Don Quixote de la Mancha* is a fool, an ideot, and a madman, and *Sancho Pança* his ſquire knows it, and yet ſerves and follows him, and relies on his vain promiſes, without doubt he muſt be more mad, and more ſtupid than his maſter: and, this being really the caſe, it will turn to bad account, lady ducheſs, if to ſuch a *Sancho Pança* you give an iſland to govern; for he, who knows not how to govern himſelf, how ſhould he know how to govern others? By my faith, madam, quoth *Sancho*, this ſame ſcruple comes in the nick of time: pleaſe your ladyſhip to bid it ſpeak out plain, or as it liſts; for I know it ſays true, and, had I been wiſe, I ſhould have left my maſter long ere now; but ſuch was my lot, and ſuch my evil-errantry. I can do no more; follow him I muſt; we are both of the ſame town; I have eaten his bread; I love him; he returns my kindneſs; he gave me his aſs-colts; and above all I am faithful; and therefore it is impoſſible any thing ſhould part us but the ſexton's ſpade and ſhovel: and, if your highneſs has no mind the government you promiſed ſhould be given me, god made me of leſs, and it may be the not giving it me may redound to the benefit of my conſcience: for, as great a fool as I am, I underſtand the proverb, The piſmire had wings to her hurt; and perhaps it may be eaſier for *Sancho* the ſquire to get to heaven, than for *Sancho* the governor. They make as good bread here as in *France*; and, In the dark all cats are grey; and, Unhappy is he, who has not breakfaſted at three; and, No ſtomach is a ſpan bigger than another, and may be filled, as they ſay, with ſtraw or with hay; and, Of the little birds in the air, god himſelf takes the care; and, Four yards of coarſe cloth of *Cuença* are warmer than as many of fine *Segovia* ſerge; and, At our leaving this world, and going into the next, the prince travels in as nar-

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row a path as the day-labourer; and the pope's body takes up no more room than the ſexton's, though the one be higher than the other; for, when we come to the grave, we muſt all ſhrink and lie cloſe, or be made to ſhrink and lie cloſe in ſpite of us; and ſo good night: and therefore I ſay again, that, if your ladyſhip will not give me the iſland, becauſe I am a fool, I will be ſo wiſe as not to care a fig for it; and I have heard ſay, The devil lurks behind the croſs; and, All is not gold that glitters; and *Bamba* the huſbandman was taken from among his plows, his yokes, and oxen, to be king of *Spain*; and *Roderigo* was taken from his brocades, paſtimes, and riches, to be devoured by ſnakes, if ancient ballads do not lye. How ſhould they lye? ſaid then the *Duenna Rodriguez*, who was one of the auditors; for there is a ballad, which tells how king *Roderigo* was ſhut up alive in a tomb full of toads, ſnakes, and lizzards, and that, two days after, the king ſaid from within the tomb, with a mournful and low voice, Now they gnaw me, now they gnaw me in the part by which I ſinned moſt: and, according to this, the gentleman has a great deal of reaſon to ſay, he would rather be a peaſant than a king, if ſuch vermin muſt eat him up. The ducheſs could not forbear laughing to hear the ſimplicity of her *Duenna*, nor admiring to hear the reaſonings and proverbs of *Sancho*, to whom ſhe ſaid: Honeſt *Sancho* knows full well that whatever a knight once promiſes, he endeavours to perform it, though it coſt him his life. The duke, my lord and huſband, though he is not of the errant-order, is nevertheleſs a knight, and therefore will make good his word, as to the promiſed Iſland, in ſpite of the envy and the wickedneſs of the world. Let *Sancho* be of good cheer; for, when he leaſt thinks of it, he ſhall find himſelf ſeated in the chair of ſtate of his iſland and of his territory, and ſhall ſo handle his government, as to deſpiſe for it one of brocade three ſtory high. What I charge him is, to take heed how he governs his vaſſals, remembering that they are all loyal and well born. As to governing them well, anſwered *Sancho*, there is no need of giving

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giving it me in charge; for I am naturally charitable and compaſſionate to the poor, and, None will dare the loaf to ſteal from him that ſifts and kneads the meal; and, by my beads, they ſhall put no falſe dice upon me: I am an old dog, and underſtand *tus, tus* [1], and know how to ſnuff my eyes in proper time, and will not ſuffer cobwebs to get into my eyes; for I know where the ſhoe pinches. All this I ſay, that the good may be ſure to have of me both heart and hand, and the bad neither foot nor footing: and, in my opinion, as to the buſineſs of governing, the whole lies in the beginning; and perhaps when I have been fifteen days a governor, my fingers may itch after the office, and I may know more of it than of the labour of the field to which I was bred. You are in the right, *Sancho*, quoth the ducheſs; for no body is born learned, and biſhops are made of men, and not of ſtones. But, to reſume the diſcourſe we were juſt now upon, concerning the enchantment of the lady *Dulcinea*; I am very certain that *Sancho*'s deſign of putting a trick upon his maſter, and making him believe that the country-wench was *Dulcinea*, and that, if his maſter did not know her, it muſt proceed from her being enchanted, was all a contrivance of ſome one or other of the enchanters, who perſecute *Don Quixote:* for really, and in truth, I know from good hands, that the wench, who jumped upon the aſs, was, and is, *Dulcinea del Toboſo*, and that honeſt *Sancho*, in thinking he was the deceiver, was himſelf deceived; and there is no more doubt of this truth, than of things we never ſaw: for Signor *Sancho Pança* muſt know, that here alſo we have our enchanters, who love us, and tell us plainly and ſincerely, and without any tricks or devices, all that paſſes in the world: and believe me, *Sancho*, the jumping-wench was, and is, *Dulcinea del Toboſo*, who is enchanted juſt as much as the mother that bore her; and, when we leaſt think of it, we ſhall ſee her in her own proper form; and then *Sancho* will be convinced of the miſtake he now lives in. All this may

1 Words uſed in *Spain* to coax a dog to come to one, when one deſigns to beat him.

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very well be, quoth *Sancho Pança*, and now I begin to believe what my master told of *Montesinos*'s cave, where he pretends he saw the lady *Dulcinea del Toboso* in the very same dress and garb I said I had seen her in, when I enchanted her for my own pleasure alone; whereas, as your ladyship says, all this must have been quite otherwise: for it cannot, and must not, be presumed, that my poor invention should, in an instant, start so cunning a device, nor do I believe my master is such a madman, as to credit so extravagant a thing, upon no better a voucher than myself. But, madam, your goodness ought not therefore to look upon me as an ill-designing person; for a dunce, like me, is not obliged to penetrate into the thoughts and crafty intentions of wicked enchanters. I invented that story to escape the chidings of my master, and not with design to offend him: and, if it has fallen out otherwise, god is in heaven who judges the heart. That is true, quoth the duchess: but tell me, *Sancho*, what is it you were saying of *Montesinos*'s cave, I should be glad to know it. Then *Sancho* related, with all its circumstances, what has been said concerning that adventure. Which the duchess hearing, she said: From this accident it may be inferred, that, since the great *Don Quixote* says he saw the very same country-wench, whom *Sancho* saw coming out of *Toboso*, without doubt it is *Dulcinea*, and that the enchanters hereabouts are very busy, and excessively curious. But I say, quoth *Sancho Pança*, if my lady *Dulcinea del Toboso* is enchanted, so much the worse for her; and I do not think myself bound to engage with my master's enemies, who must needs be many and malicious: true it is, that she I saw was a country-wench: for such I took her, and such I judged her to be; and if she was *Dulcinea*, it is not to be placed to my account, nor ought it to lie at my door. It would be fine indeed, if I must be called in question at every turn, with *Sancho* said it, *Sancho* did it, *Sancho* came back, and *Sancho* returned; as if *Sancho* were who they would, and not that very *Sancho Pança*, handed about in print all the world over, as *Sampson Carrasco* told me, who is

at

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at leaſt a candidate to be a batchelor at *Salamanca*; and ſuch perſons cannot lye, excepting when they have a mind to it, or when it turns to good account: ſo that there is no reaſon why any body ſhould fall upon me, ſince I have a good name; and, as I have heard my maſter ſay, a good name is better than great riches; caſe me but in this ſame government, and you will ſee wonders; for a good ſquire will make a good governor.

All that honeſt *Sancho* has now ſaid, quoth the ducheſs, are *Catonian* ſentences, or at leaſt extracted from the very marrow of *Michael Verino* [1] himſelf— *florentibus occidit annis:* in ſhort, to ſpeak in his own way, A bad cloak often covers a good drinker. Truly, madam, anſwered *Sancho*, I never in my life drank for any bad purpoſe: for thirſt it may be I have; for I am no hypocrite: I drink when I have a mind, and when I have no mind, and when it is given me, not to be thought ſhy or ill-bred; for when a friend drinks to one, who can be ſo hard-hearted as not to pledge him? But though I put on the ſhoes, I do not dirty them. Beſides the ſquires of knights-errant moſt commonly drink water; for they are always wandering about woods, foreſts, meadows, mountains, and craggy rocks, without meeting the pooreſt pittance of wine, though they would give an eye for it. I believe ſo too, anſwered the ducheſs: but, for the preſent, *Sancho*, go and repoſe yourſelf, and we will hereafter talk more at large, and order ſhall ſpeedily be given about caſing you, as you call it, in the government.

Sancho again kiſſed the ducheſs's hand, and begged of her, as a favour, that good care might be taken of his *Dapple*, for he was the light of his eyes. What *Dapple?* quoth the ducheſs. My aſs, replied *Sancho*; for to avoid calling him by that name, I commonly call him *Dapple:* and I deſired this miſtreſs *Duenna* here,

1 A young *Florentine* of exceeding great hopes, who died young, and whoſe loſs was lamented by all the poets of his time. His Fables and Diſtichs, in imitation of *Cato*'s, are preſerved and eſteemed. Our author, tranſported too with ſorrow for his loſs, forgets he puts *Latin* into a lady's mouth.

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when I first came into the castle, to take care of him, and she was as angry, as if I had said she was ugly or old; though it should be more proper and natural for *Duennas* to dress asses than to set off drawing-rooms. God be my help! how ill a gentleman of our town agreed with these madams! He was some country clown to be sure, quoth *Donna Rodriguez*; for, had he been a gentleman, and well born, he would have placed them above the horns of the moon. Enough, quoth the duchess; let us have no more of this; peace, *Donna Rodriguez*, and you Signor *Pança*, be quiet, and leave the care of making much of your *Dapple* to me; for he being a jewel of *Sancho*'s, I will lay him upon the apple of my eye. It will be sufficient for him to lie in the stable, answered *Sancho*; for, upon the apple of your grandeur's eye, neither he nor I are worthy to lie one single moment, and I would no more consent to it, than I would ponyard myself: for, though my master says, that, in complaisance we should rather lose the game by a card too much, than too little, yet, when the business is asses and eyes, we should go with compass in hand, and keep within measured bounds. Carry him, *Sancho*, quoth the duchess, to your government, and there you may regale him as you please, and set him free from further labour [1]. Think not, my lady duchess, you have said much, quoth *Sancho*; for I have seen more than two asses go to governments, and if I should carry mine, it would be no such new thing. *Sancho*'s reasonings renewed the duchess's laughter and satisfaction, and, dismissing him to his repose, she went to give the duke an account of what had passed between them, and they two agreed to contrive and give order to have a jest put upon *Don Quixote*, which should be famous, and consonant to the stile of knight-errantry; in which they played him so many, so proper, and such ingenious ones, that they are some of the best adventures contained in this grand history.

1 It is a custom in *Italy*, after thirty years service, for the servant to be free, and maintained at his lord's expence.

CHAP.

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CHAP. II.

Giving an account of the method prescribed for disenchanting the peerless Dulcinea del Toboso; *which is one of the most famous adventures of this book.*

GREAT was the pleasure the duke and duchess received from the conversation of *Don Quixote* and *Sancho Pança*; and persisting in the design they had of playing them some tricks, which should carry the semblance and face of adventures, they took an hint from what *Don Quixote* had already told them of *Montesinos*'s cave, to dress up a famous one. But what the duchess most wondered at, was, that *Sancho* should be so very simple, as to believe for certain that *Dulcinea del Toboso* was enchanted, he himself having been the enchanter and impostor in that business. And so having instructed their servants how they were to behave, six days after, they carried *Don Quixote* a hunting, with a train of hunters and huntsmen not inferior to that of a crowned head. They gave *Don Quixote* a hunting-suit, and *Sancho* another, of the finest green cloth: but *Don Quixote* would not put his on, saying, he must shortly return to the severe exercise of arms, and that he could not carry wardrobes and sumpters about with him. But *Sancho* took what was given him, with design to sell it the first opportunity he should have.

The expected day being come, *Don Quixote* armed himself, and *Sancho* put on his new suit, and mounted *Dapple*, whom he would not quit though they offered him a horse; and so he thrust himself amidst the troop of hunters. The duchess issued forth magnificently dressed, and *Don Quixote*, out of pure politeness and civility, held the reins of her palfrey, though the duke would not consent to it. At last they came to a wood, between two very high mountains, where posting themselves, in places where the toils were to be pitched, and all the company having taken their different stands, the hunt began with a great hollowing and noise, insomuch that they could not hear one another, as well

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for the cry of the hounds, as the winding of the horns. The dutchess alighted, and, with a boar-spear in her hand, took her stand in a place where she knew wild boars used to pass. The duke and *Don Quixote* alighted also, and placed themselves by her side. *Sancho* planted himself in the rear of them all, without alighting from *Dapple*, whom he durst not quit, lest some mischance should befal him. And scarcely were they on foot, and ranged in order, with several of their servants round them, when they perceived an enormous boar, pursued by the dogs, and followed by the hunters, making towards them, grinding his teeth and tusks, and tossing foam from his mouth. *Don Quixote*, seeing him, braced his shield, and, laying his hand to his sword, stepped before the rest to receive him. The duke did the like with his javelin in his hand. But the dutchess would have advanced before them all, if the duke had not prevented her. Only *Sancho*, at sight of the fierce animal, quitted *Dapple*, and ran the best he could, and endeavoured to climb up into a tall oak, but could not: and, being got about half way up, holding by a bough, and striving to mount to the top, he was so unfortunate and unlucky, that the bough broke, and, in tumbling down, he remained in the air suspended by a snag of the tree, without coming to the ground: and, finding himself in this situation, and that the green loose coat was tearing, and considering, that, if the furious animal came that way, he should be within his reach, he began to cry out so loud, and to call for help so violently, that all who heard him, and did not see him, thought verily he was between the teeth of some wild beast. In short, the tusked boar was laid at his length by the points of the many boar-spears levelled at him; and *Don Quixote*, turning his head about at *Sancho*'s cries, by which he knew him, saw him hanging from the oak with his head downward, and close by him *Dapple*, who deserted him not in his calamity. And *Cid Hamet Ben-engeli* says, he seldom saw *Sancho Pança* without *Dapple*, or *Dapple* without *Sancho*; such was the amity and cordial love maintained between them two. *Don Quixote* went

and

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and disengaged *Sancho*, who finding himself freed and upon the ground, fell a viewing the rent in the hunting-suit, and it grieved him to the soul; for he fancied he possessed in that suit an inheritance in fee-simple.

They laid the mighty boar across a sumpter-mule, and, covering it with branches of rosemary and myrtle, they carried it, as the spoils of victory, to a large field-tent, erected in the middle of the wood; where they found the tables ranged in order, and dinner set out so sumptuous and grand, that it easily discovered the greatness and magnificence of the donor. *Sancho*, shewing the wounds of his torn garment to the duchess, said: Had this been a hare-hunting, or a fowling for small birds, my coat had been safe from the extremity it is now in: I do not understand what pleasure there can be in waiting for a beast, who if he reaches you with a tusk, it may cost you your life. I remember to have heard an old ballad sung to this purpose:

May Fabila's *sad doom be thine,*
And hungry bears upon thee dine.

He was a *Gothic* king, quoth *Don Quixote*, who, going to hunt wild beasts, was devoured by a bear. What I say, answered *Sancho*, is, that I would not have princes and kings run themselves into such dangers, merely for their pleasure; which methinks ought not to be so, since it consists in killing a creature that has not committed any fault. You are mistaken, *Sancho*; it is quite otherwise, answered the duke: for the exercise of hunting wild beasts is the most proper and necessary for kings and princes of any whatever. Hunting is an image of war: in it there are stratagems, artifices, and ambuscades, to overcome your enemy without hazard to your person: in it you endure pinching cold, and intolerable heat; idleness and sleep are contemned; natural vigour is corroborated, and the members of the body made active: in short, it is an exercise, which may be used without prejudice to any body, and with pleasure to many; and the best of it is, that it is not for all people, as are all other country sports, except-

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ing hawking, which is alſo peculiar to kings and great perſons. And therefore, *Sancho*, change your opinion, and, when you are a governor, exerciſe yourſelf in hunting, and you will find your account in it. Not ſo, anſwered *Sancho*; The good governor, and the broken leg, ſhould keep at home. It would be fine indeed for people to come fatigued about buſineſs, to ſeek him, while he is in the mountains following his recreations: at that rate the government might go to wreck. In good truth, Sir, hunting and paſtimes are rather for your idle companions, than for governors. What I deſign to divert myſelf with, ſhall be playing at brag at *Eaſter*, and at bowls on *Sundays* and holy-days: as for your huntings, they befit not my condition, nor agree with my conſcience. God grant you prove as good as you ſay; but ſaying and doing are at a wide diſtance, quoth the duke. Be it ſo, replied *Sancho*: The good pay-maſter is in pain for no pawn; and, god's help is better than riſing early; and, The belly carries the legs, and not the legs the belly: I mean, that, with the help of god, and a good intention, I ſhall doubtleſs govern better than a goſs-hawk. Ay, ay, let them put their finger in my mouth, and they ſhall ſee whether I can bite or no. The curſe of god and of all his ſaints light on you, accurſed *Sancho*, quoth *Don Quixote*: when will the day come, as I have often ſaid, that I ſhall hear you utter one current and coherent ſentence without proverbs? I beſeech your grandeurs, let this blockhead alone: he will grind your ſouls to death, not between two, but between two thouſand proverbs, introduced as much to the purpoſe and as well timed, as I wiſh god may grant him health, or me if I deſire to hear them. *Sancho Pança*'s proverbs, quoth the ducheſs, though they exceed in number thoſe of the *Greek* commentator [1], yet are they not to be leſs valued for the brevity of the ſentences. For my part, I muſt own, they give me more pleaſure than any others, though better timed and better applied.

1 *Commentador Griego*. *Quære*, who the author means. *Shelton* renders it, *although they be more than Maldre's*.

With

With these and the like entertaining discourses they left the tent, and went into the wood, to visit the toils and nets. The day was soon spent, and night came on, not so clear nor so calm as the season of the year, which was the midst of summer, required, but a kind of clare-obscure, which contributed very much to help forward the duke and duchess's design. Now night coming on, soon after the twilight, on a sudden the wood seemed on fire from all the four quarters; and presently were heard, on all sides, an infinite number of cornets and other instruments of war, as if a great body of horse were passing through the wood. The blaze of the fire, and the sound of the war-like instruments, almost blinded and stunned the eyes and ears of the by-standers, and even of all that were in the wood. Presently were heard infinite *Lelilies* [1] after the *Moorish* fashion, when they are just going to join battle. Trumpets and clarions sounded, drums beat, fifes played, almost all at once, so fast and without any intermission, that he must have had no sense, who had not lost it at the confused din of so many instruments. The duke was in astonishment, the duchess in a fright, *Don Quixote* in amaze, and *Sancho Panza* in a fit of trembling: in short, even they, who were in the secret, were terrified, and consternation held them all in silence. A post-boy, habited like a devil, passed before them, winding; instead of a cornet, a monstrous hollow horn, which yielded a hoarse and horrible sound. So ho, brother courier, quoth the duke, who are you? whither go you? and what soldiers are those, who seem to be crossing this wood? To which the courier answered in a hoarse and dreadful voice: I am the devil, and am going in quest of *Don Quixote de la Mancha*: the people you enquire about are six troops of enchanters, who are conducting the peerless *Dulcinea del Toboso* in a triumphal chariot: she comes enchanted with the gallant *Frenchman Montesinos*, to inform *Don Quixote* how that same lady is to be dis-enchanted. If you

[1] This *Moorish* cry seems to be nothing more than a quick and frequent repetition of the word *Alla*, which signifies *God*.

were

were the devil, as you ſay, and as your figure denotes you to be, quoth *Don Quixote*, you would before now have known that ſame knight *Don Quixote de la Mancha*, who ſtands here before you. Before god, and upon my conſcience, replied the devil, I did not ſee him; for my thoughts are diſtracted about ſo many things, that I forgot the principal buſineſs I came about. Doubtleſs, quoth *Sancho*, this devil muſt needs be a very honeſt fellow, and a good chriſtian; elſe he would not have ſworn by god and his conſcience: now, for my part, I verily believe there are ſome good folks in hell itſelf. Then the devil, without alighting, directing his eyes to *Don Quixote*, ſaid: To you, *knight of the lions* (and may I ſee you between their paws) the unfortunate, but valiant, knight *Monteſinos* ſends me, commanding me to tell you from him to wait for him in the very place I meet you in; for he brings with him her, whom they call *Dulcinea del Toboſo*, in order to inſtruct you how you may diſ-enchant her: and this being all I came for, I muſt ſtay no longer. Devils like me be with you, and good angels with this lord and lady. And ſo ſaying he blew his monſtrous horn, and turned his back, and away he went without ſtaying for an anſwer from any body. Every one admired a-freſh, eſpecially *Sancho* and *Don Quixote*; *Sancho*, to ſee how, in ſpite of truth, *Dulcinea* muſt be enchanted; and *Don Quixote*, for not being ſure of the truth of what had happened to him in *Monteſinos*'s cave. While he ſtood wrapped up in theſe cogitations, the duke ſaid to him: Does your worſhip, Signor *Don Quixote*, deſign to wait here? Why not? anſwered he: here will I wait intrepid and courageous, though all hell ſhould come to aſſault me. Now, for my part, quoth *Sancho*, I will no more ſtay here, to ſee another devil, and hear another ſuch horn, than I would in *Flanders*.

Now the night grew darker, and numberleſs lights began to run about the wood, like thoſe dry exhalations from the earth, which, glancing along the ſky, ſeem, to our ſight, as ſhooting ſtars. There was heard likewiſe a dreadful noiſe, like that cauſed by the

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the ponderous wheels of an ox-waggon, from whose harsh and continued creaking, it is said, wolves and bears fly away, if there chance to be any within hearing. To all this combustion was added another, which augmented the whole; which was, that it seemed, as if there were four engagements, or battles, at the four quarters of the wood, all at one time: for here sounded the dreadful noise of artillery; there were discharged infinite vollies of small shot; the shouts of the combatants seemed to be near at hand; the *Moorish Lelilies* were heard at a distance. In short, the cornets, horns, clarions, trumpets, drums, cannon, musquets, and, above all, the frightful creaking of the waggons, formed, all together, so confused and horrid a din, that *Don Quixote* had need of all his courage to be able to bear it. But *Sancho*'s quite failed him, and he fell down in a swoon upon the train of the duchess's robe; who ordered cold water to be thrown in his face. Which being done, he recovered his senses at the instant one of the creaking waggons arrived at that stand. It was drawn by four lazy oxen, all covered with black palls, and a large burning torch of wax fastened to each horn. At the top of the waggon was fixed an exalted seat, on which sat a venerable old man, with a beard whiter than snow itself, and so long, that it reached below his girdle. His vestment was a long gown of black buckram: for the waggon was so illuminated, that one might easily discern and distinguish whatever was in it. The drivers were two ugly devils, habited in the same buckram, and of such hideous aspects, that *Sancho*, having once seen them, shut his eyes close that he might not see them a second time. Now the waggon being come close up to the place, the venerable sire raised himself from his lofty seat, and, standing upon his feet, with a loud voice he said: I am the sage *Lirgandeo*: and the waggon went forward without his speaking another word. After this there passed another waggon in the same manner, with another old man enthroned; who, making the waggon stop, with a voice as solemn as the other's, said; I am the sage *Alquife*, the great friend to *Urganda* the unknown; and passed on. Then advanced

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advanced another waggon with the same pace: but he who was seated on the throne, was not an old man, like the two former, but a robust and ill favoured fellow, who, when he came near, standing up, as the rest had done, said, with a voice more hoarse and more diabolical; I am *Arcalaus* the enchanter, mortal enemy of *Amadis de Gaul* and all his kindred; and on he went. These three waggons halted not far from thence, and the irksome jarring noise of their wheels ceased; and presently was heard another, not noise, but sound, composed of sweet and regular music; at which *Sancho* was much rejoiced, and took it for a good sign; and therefore he said to the duchess, from whom he had not stirred an inch: Where there is music, madam, there can be no harm. Nor where there are lights and brightness, answered the duchess. To which *Sancho* replied: The fire may give light, and bonefires may be bright, as we see by those that surround us, and yet we may very easily be burnt by them: but music is always a sign of feasting and merriment. That we shall see presently, quoth *Don Quixote*, who listened to all that was said; and he said right, as is shewn in the following chapter.

CHAP. III.

Wherein is continued the account of the method prescribed to Don Quixote, *for the disenchanting of* Dulcinea, *with other wonderful events.*

KEEPING exact time with the agreeable music, they perceived advancing towards them, one of those cars they call triumphal, drawn by six grey mules, covered with white linen; and mounted upon each of them came a penitent of the light [1], clothed also in white,

1 *Disciplinants de luz.* A penitent of the light, says the Royal Dictionary, they call in *Germany* him who is to be exposed in a public manner, by being led through the streets, or set in the pillory. Thus far the Royal Dictionary. Here in *England*, a white sheep and a candle or torch in hand is called doing penance; and, under the

white, and a great wax torch lighted in his hand. The car was thrice as big as any of the former, and the ſides and top were occupied by twelve other penitents, as white as ſnow, and all carrying lighted torches: a ſight which at once cauſed admiration and affright. Upon an elevated throne ſat a nymph, clad in a thouſand veils of ſilver tiſſue, beſpangled with numberleſs leaves of gold tinſel; which made her appear, if not very rich, yet very gorgeous. Her face was covered with a tranſparent delicate tiffany; ſo that, without any impediment from its threads or plaits, you might diſcover through it the face of a very beautiful damſel; and the multitude of lights gave an opportunity of diſtinguiſhing her beauty, and her age, which ſeemed not to reach twenty years, nor to be under ſeventeen. Cloſe by her ſat a figure, arrayed in a gown of thoſe they call robes of ſtate down to the feet, and his head covered with a black veil. The moment the car came up, juſt over-againſt where the duke and ducheſs and *Don Quixote* ſtood, the muſic of the waits ceaſed, and preſently after that of the harps and lutes, which played in the car; and the figure in the gown, ſtanding up, and, throwing open the robe, and taking the veil from off his face, diſcovered plainly the very figure and ſkeleton of death, ſo ugly, that *Don Quixote* was ſtartled, and *Sancho* affrighted at it, and the duke and ducheſs made a ſhew of ſome timorous concern. This living death, raiſed and ſtanding up, with a voice ſomewhat drowſy, and a tongue not quite awake, began in the following manner.

Merlin *I am, miſcall'd the devil's ſon*
In lying annals, authoriz'd by time;
Monarch ſupreme and great depoſitory
Of magic art and Zoroaſtric ſkill;
Rival of envious ages, that wou'd hide
The glorious deeds of errant cavaliers,
Favour'd by me, and my peculiar charge.
Though vile enchanters, ſtill on miſchief bent,

the ſame appearance of white and a torch, the *Amende honorable* is performed in *France*.

To

To plague mankind their baleful art employ.
Merlin's *ſoft nature, ever prone to good,*
His power inclines to bleſs the human race
In hell's dark chambers, where my buſied ghoſt
Was forming ſpells and myſtic characters,
Dulcinea's *voice (peerleſs* Toboſan *maid)*
With mournful accents reach'd my pitying ears.
I knew her woe, her metamorphos'd form,
From high-born beauty in a palace grac'd,
To the loath'd features of a cottage wench.
With ſympathizing grief I ſtrait revolv'd
The numerous tomes of my deteſted art,
And, in the hollow of this ſkeleton
My ſoul incloſing, hither am I come,
To tell the cure of ſuch uncommon ills.
O glory thou of all that caſe their limbs
In poliſh'd ſteel and fenceful adamant,
Light, beacon, polar ſtar, and glorious guide
Of all, who, ſtarting from the lazy down,
Baniſh ignoble ſleep, for the rude toil,
And hardy exerciſe of errant arms;
Spain's *boaſted pride,* La Mancha's *matchleſs knight,*
Whoſe valiant deeds outſtrip purſuing fame!
Would'ſt thou to beauty's priſtine ſtate reſtore
Th'enchanted dame, Sancho, *thy faithful ſquire,*
Muſt to his brawny buttocks, bare expos'd,
Three thouſand, and three hundred, ſtripes apply,
Such as may ſting, and give him ſmarting pain.
The authors of her change have thus decreed,
And this is Merlin's *errand from the ſhades.*

I vow to god, quoth *Sancho* at this period, I ſay not three thouſand, but I will as ſoon give myſelf three ſtabs, as three laſhes; the devil take this way of diſenchanting: I cannot ſee what my buttocks have to do with enchantments. Before god, if Signor *Merlin* can find out no other way to diſenchant the lady *Dulcinea del Toboſo*, enchanted ſhe may go to her grave for me. I ſhall take you, Don peaſant ſtuft with garlick, quoth *Don Quixote*, and tie you to a tree, naked as your mother bore you, and

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and I ſay not three thouſand and three hundred, but ſix thouſand ſix hundred laſhes will I give you, and thoſe ſo well laid on, that you ſhall not be able to get them off at three thouſand three hundred hard tugs: ſo anſwer me not a word; for I will tear out your very ſoul. Which *Merlin* hearing, he ſaid: it muſt not be ſo; for the laſhes, that honeſt *Sancho* is to receive, muſt be with his good-will, and not by force, and at what time he pleaſes; for there is no term ſet; but he is allowed, if he pleaſes, to ſave himſelf the pain of one half of this flogging, by ſuffering the other half to be laid on by another hand, although it be ſomewhat weighty. Neither another's hand, nor my own, nor one weighty, nor to be weighed, ſhall touch me, quoth *Sancho:* Did I bring forth the lady *Dulcinea del Toboſo*, that my poſteriors muſt pay for the tranſgreſſions of her eyes? My maſter, indeed, who is part of her, ſince at every ſtep he is calling her his life, his ſoul, his ſupport, and ſtay, he can, and ought to laſh himſelf for her, and take all the neceſſary meaſures for her diſenchantment: but for me to whip myſelf, I pronounce[1] it.

Scarcely had *Sancho* ſaid this, when the ſilvered nymph, who ſat cloſe by the ſhade of *Merlin*, ſtanding up, and throwing aſide her thin veil, diſcovered a face, in every one's opinion more than exceſſively beautiful: and with a manly aſſurance, and no very amiable voice, addreſſing herſelf directly to *Sancho Pança*, ſhe ſaid: O unlucky ſquire, ſoul of a pitcher, heart of a cork-tree, and of bowels full of gravel and flints! had you been bid, noſe-ſlitting thief, to throw yourſelf headlong from ſome high tower; had you been deſired, enemy of human kind, to eat a dozen of toads, two of lizzards, and three of ſnakes; had any body endeavoured to perſuade you to kill your wife and children with ſome bloody and ſharp ſcymitar; no wonder if you had betrayed an unwillingneſs and averſion: but to make a ſtir about three thouſand three hundred laſhes, which every puny ſchool-boy receives every month, it amazes, ſtupifies, and af-

1 A blunder of *Sancho*'s, for *renounce*, which is repeated a little lower, and corrected by the duke.

frights

frights the tender bowels of all who hear it, and even of all who ſhall hereafter be told it. Caſt, miſerable and hard-hearted animal, caſt, I ſay, thoſe huge goggle [1] eyes of thine upon the balls of mine, compared to glittering ſtars, and you will ſee them weep drop after drop, and ſtream after ſtream [2], making furrows, tracks, and paths down the beauteous fields of my cheeks. Relent, ſubtile, and ill-intentioned monſter, at my blooming youth, ſtill in its teens (for I am paſt nineteen, and not quite twenty) pining and withering under the bark of a coarſe country wench: and, if at this time I appear otherwiſe, it is by the particular favour of Signor *Merlin* here preſent, merely that my charms may ſoften you; for the tears of afflicted beauty turn rocks into cotton, and tygers into lambs. Laſh, untamed beaſt, laſh that brawny fleſh of thine, and rouſe from baſe ſloth that courage, which only inclines you to eat, and eat again, and ſet at liberty the fleekneſs of my ſkin, the gentleneſs of my temper, and the beauty of my face; and if, for my ſake, you will not be mollified, nor come to any reaſonable terms, be ſo for the ſake of that poor knight there by your ſide; your maſter, I mean, whoſe ſoul I ſee ſticking croſs-wiſe in his throat, not ten inches from his lips, expecting nothing but your rigid or mild anſwer, either to jump out of his mouth, or to return to his ſtomach.

Don Quixote, hearing this, put his finger to his throat, to feel, and, turning to the duke, ſaid: Before god, Sir, *Dulcinea* has ſaid the truth; for here I feel my ſoul ſticking in my throat like the ſtopper of a croſs-bow. What ſay you to this *Sancho?* quoth the ducheſs. I ſay, madam, anſwered *Sancho*, what I have ſaid already, that, as to the laſhes, I pronounce them. Renounce, you ſhould ſay, *Sancho*, quoth the duke, and not pronounce. Pleaſe your grandeur, to let me alone, anſwered *Sancho*; for, at preſent, I cannot ſtand to mind niceties, nor a letter more or leſs; for theſe laſhes which are to be given me, or I muſt give myſelf, keep me ſo

1 Literally, *your eyes of a little ſtarting mule.*
2 Literally, *thread after thread, and ſkein after ſkein.*

diſturbed,

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diſturbed, that I know not what I ſay, or what I do. But one thing I would fain know from the lady *Dulcinea del Toboſo*, where ſhe learned the way of intreaty ſhe uſes. She comes to deſire me to tear my fleſh with ſtripes, and at the ſame time calls me ſoul of a pitcher, and untamed beaſt; with ſuch a bead-roll of ill names, that the devil may bear them for me. What, does ſhe think my fleſh is made of braſs? or is it any thing to me whether ſhe be diſenchanted, or no? Inſtead of bringing a baſket of fine linen, ſhirts, night-caps, and ſocks (though I wear none) to mollify me, here is nothing but reproach upon reproach, when ſhe might have known the common proverb, that An aſs loaden with gold mounts nimbly up the hill; and, Preſents break rocks; and, Pray to god devoutly, and hammer on ſtoutly; and, One *take* is worth two *I'll give thee's*. Then my maſter, inſtead of wheedling and coaxing me, to make myſelf of wool and carded cotton, ſays, if he takes me in hand, he will tie me naked with a rope to a tree, and double me the doſe of ſtripes. Beſides, theſe compaſſionate gentlefolks ought to conſider, that they do not only deſire to have a ſquire whipped, but a governor, as if it were like drinking after cherries, a thing of courſe. Let them learn, let them learn, in an ill hour, how to aſk and intreat, and to have breeding; for all times are not alike, nor are men always in a good humour. I am at this time juſt ready to burſt with grief to ſee my green jacket torn; and people come to deſire me to whip myſelf, of my own good-will, I having as little mind to it as to turn *Indian* prince. In truth, friend *Sancho*, quoth the duke, if you do not relent, and become ſofter than a ripe fig, you ſinger no government. It were good indeed, that I ſhould ſend my iſlanders a cruel flinty-hearted governor; one who relents not at the tears of afflicted damſels, nor at the intreaties of wiſe, awful, and ancient enchanters and ſages. In fine, *Sancho*, either you muſt whip yourſelf, or let others whip you, or be no governor. My lord, anſwered *Sancho*, may I not be allowed two days time to conſider what is beſt for me to do? No, in no wiſe, quoth *Merlin*: here, at this

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this inſtant, and upon this ſpot, the buſineſs muſt be ſettled; or *Dulcinea* muſt return to *Monteſinos*'s cave, and to her former condition of a country-wench; or elſe in her preſent form be carried to the *Elyſian* fields, where ſhe muſt wait till the number of the laſhes be fulfilled. Come, honeſt *Sancho*, quoth the ducheſs, be of good cheer, and ſhew gratitude for the bread you have eaten of your maſter *Don Quixote*'s, whom we are all bound to ſerve for his good qualities and his high chivalries. Say *yes*, ſon, to this whipping-bout, and the devil take the devil, and let the wretched fear; for, A good heart breaks bad fortune, as you well know. To theſe words *Sancho* anſwered with theſe extravagancies: for, ſpeaking to *Merlin*, he ſaid: Pray tell me, Signor *Merlin*: The courier-devil, who came hither, delivered my maſter a meſſage from Signor *Monteſinos*, bidding him wait for him here, for he was coming to give directions about the diſenchantment of the lady *Dulcinea del Toboſo*; and to this hour we have neither ſeen *Monteſinos*, nor any likeneſs of his: pray, where is he? To which *Merlin* anſwered: The devil, friend *Sancho*, is a blockhead, and a very great raſcal: I ſent him in queſt of your maſter, with a meſſage, not from *Monteſinos*, but from me, for *Monteſinos* is ſtill in his cave, plotting, or, to ſay better, expecting his diſenchantment; for the worſt is ſtill behind [1]: if he owes you aught, or you have any buſineſs with him, I will fetch him hither, and ſet him wherever you think fit: and therefore come to a concluſion, and ſay *yes* to this diſcipline; and, believe me, it will do you much good as well for your ſoul as your body; for your ſoul, in regard of the charity with which you will perform it; for your body, becauſe I know you to be of a ſanguine complexion, and letting out a little blood can you do no harm. What a number of doctors there is in the world! the very enchanters are doctors, replied *Sancho*. But ſince every body tells me ſo, though I ſee no reaſon for

1 *Aun le falta la cola por deſollar.* i. e. [*The Tail ſtill remains to be flay'd.* Which is the moſt troubleſome and hard to be done.

it

it myſelf, I ſay, I am contented to give myſelf the three thouſand three hundred laſhes, upon condition that I may lay them on whenever I pleaſe, without being tied to days or times; and I will endeavour to get out of debt the ſooneſt that I poſſibly can, that the world may enjoy the beauty of the lady *Dulcinea del Toboſo*, ſince, contrary to what I thought, it ſeems ſhe is in reality beautiful. I article likewiſe, that I will not be bound to draw blood with the whip, and if ſome laſhes happen only to fly-flap, they ſhall be taken into the account. *Item*, if I ſhould miſtake in the reckoning, Signor *Merlin*, who knows every thing, ſhall keep the account, and give me notice how many I want, or have exceeded. As for the exceedings, there is no need of keeping account, anſwered *Merlin*; for, as ſoon as you arrive at the complete number, the lady *Dulcinea del Toboſo* will be inſtantly diſenchanted, and will come, in a moſt grateful manner, to ſeek honeſt *Sancho*, to thank, and even reward him for the good deed done. So that there need be no ſcruple about the ſurpluſſes or deficiencies; and heaven forbid I ſhould cheat any body of ſo much as a hair of their head. Go to then, in god's name, quoth *Sancho*; I ſubmit to my ill-fortune; I ſay, I accept of the penance upon the conditions ſtipulated.

Scarcely had *Sancho* uttered theſe laſt words, when the muſic of the waits ſtruck up, and a world of muſquets were again diſcharged; and *Don Quixote* clung about *Sancho*'s neck, giving him a thouſand kiſſes on the forehead and cheeks. The duke and ducheſs, and all the by-ſtanders, gave ſigns of being mightily pleaſed, and the car began to move on; and, in paſſing by, the fair *Dulcinea* bowed her head to the duke and ducheſs, and made a low courtſy to *Sancho*. By this time the cheerful and joyous dawn came on apace: the flowrets of the field expanded their fragrant boſoms, and erected their heads; and the liquid cryſtals of the brooks, murmuring through the white and grey pebbles, went to pay their tribute to the rivers that expected them. The earth rejoiced, the ſky was clear, and the air ſerene; each ſingly, and all together, giving

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giving manifeſt tokens, that the day, which trod upon *Aurora*'s heels, would be fair and clear. The duke and ducheſs, being ſatisfied with the ſport, and having executed their deſign ſo ingeniouſly and happily, returned to their caſtle, with an intention of ſeconding their jeſt; ſince nothing real could have afforded them more pleaſure.

CHAP. IV.

Wherein is related the ſtrange and never imagined adventure of the afflicted matron, alias *the counteſs* Trifaldi; *with a letter written by* Sancho Pança *to his wife* Tereſa Pança.

THE duke had a ſteward, of a very pleaſant and facetious wit, who repreſented *Merlin*, and contrived the whole apparatus of the late adventure, compoſed the verſes, and made a page act *Dulcinea*. And now, with the duke and ducheſs's leave, he prepared another ſcene, of the pleaſanteſt and ſtrangeſt contrivance imaginable.

The next day, the ducheſs aſked *Sancho*, whether he had begun the taſk of the penance he was to do for the diſenchanting of *Dulcinea*. He ſaid, he had, and had given himſelf five laſhes that night. The ducheſs deſired to know with what he had given them. He anſwered with the palm of his hand. That, replied the ducheſs, is rather clapping than whipping, and I am of opinion Signor *Merlin* will hardly be contented at ſo eaſy a rate. Honeſt *Sancho* muſt get a rod made of briars, or of whip-cord, that the laſhes may be felt: for letters written in blood ſtand good, and the liberty of ſo great a lady as *Dulcinea* is not to be purchaſed ſo eaſily, or at ſo low a price. And take notice, *Sancho*, that works of charity, done faintly and coldly, loſe their merit and ſignify nothing. To which *Sancho* anſwered: Give me then, madam, ſome rod or convenient bough, and I will whip my ſelf with it, provided it do not ſmart too much: for I would have your ladyſhip know, that, though I am a clown, my

flesh

fleſh has more of the cotton than of the ruſh, and there is no reaſon I ſhould hurt myſelf for other folks good. You ſay well, anſwered the ducheſs: to-morrow I will give you a whip, which ſhall ſuit you exactly, and agree with the tenderneſs of your fleſh, as if it were its own brother. To which *Sancho* ſaid: Your highneſs muſt know, dear lady of my ſoul, that I have written a letter to my wife *Tereſa Pança*, giving her an account of all that has befallen me, ſince I parted from her: here I have it in my boſom, and it wants nothing but the ſuperſcription. I wiſh your diſcretion would read it; for methinks it runs as becomes a governor, I mean, in the manner that governors ought to write. And who indited it? demanded the ducheſs. Who ſhould indite it, but I my ſelf, ſinner as I am? anſwered *Sancho*. And did you write it? ſaid the ducheſs. No, indeed, anſwered *Sancho*; for I can neither read nor write, though I can ſet my mark. Let us ſee it, ſaid the ducheſs; for, no doubt, you ſhew in it the quality and ſufficiency of your genius. *Sancho* pulled an open letter out of his boſom, and the ducheſs, taking it in her hand, ſaw the contents were as follow.

Sancho Pança's letter to his wife *Tereſa Pança*.

IF I have been finely laſhed, I have been finely mounted: if I have got a good government, it has coſt me many good laſhes. This, my dear Tereſa, *you will not underſtand at preſent; another time you will. You muſt know,* Tereſa, *that I am determined you ſhall ride in your coach, which is ſomewhat to the purpoſe; for all other ways of going are creeping upon all four like a cat. You ſhall be a governor's wife: ſee then whether any body will tread on your heels. I here ſend you a green hunting-ſuit, which my lady ducheſs gave me: fit it up, ſo that it may ſerve our daughter for a jacket and petticoat. They ſay, in this country, my maſter* Don Quixote *is a ſenſible madman, and a pleaſant fool, and I am not a whit ſhort of him. We have been in* Montefinos's *cave, and the ſage* Merlin *has pitched upon me for the diſenchanting of* Dulcinea del Toboſo, *who,*

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among you, is called Aldonça Lorenzo. *With three thousand and three hundred lashes, lacking five, that I am to give myself, she will be as much disenchanted as the mother that bore her. Say nothing of this to any body; for, go to counsel about what is your own, and one will cry, it is white, another, it is black. A few days hence I shall go to the government, whither I go with an eager desire to make money; for, I am told, all new governors go with the self-same intention. I will feel its pulse, and send you word whether you shall come and be with me, or no.* Dapple *is well, and sends his hearty service to you: I do not intend to leave him, though I were to be made the great* Turk. *The duchess, my mistress, kisses your hands a thousand times: return her two thousand; for nothing costs less, nor is cheaper, as my master says, than compliments of civility. God has not been pleased to bless me with another portmanteau, and another hundred crowns, as once before: but be in no pain, my dear* Teresa; *for he that has the repique in hand* [1] *is safe, and all will out in the bucking of the government. Only one thing troubles me: for I am told, if I once try it, I shall eat my very fingers after it; and, if so, it would be no very good bargain; though the crippled and lame in their hands enjoy a kind of petty-canonry in the alms they receive: so that, by one means or another, you are sure to be rich and happy. God make you so, as he easily can, and keep me to serve you.*

From this castle the 20th of *July*, 1614.

Your husband, the Governor,

SANCHO PANÇA.

The duchess, having read the letter, said to *Sancho:* In two things the good governor is a little out of the way: the one, in saying, or insinuating, that this government is given him on account of the lashes he is to give himself; whereas he knows, and cannot deny it, that, when my lord duke promised it him, no body dreamed of any such thing as lashes in the world: the other is, that he shews himself in it very covetous; and I would not have him be griping; for, Avarice

[1] In allusion to the game of picquett.

burst

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burſts the bag, and, The covetous governor does ungoverned juſtice. That is not my meaning, madam, anſwered *Sancho*; and, if your ladyſhip thinks this letter does not run as it ſhould do, it is but tearing it, and writing a new one, and perhaps it may prove a worſe, if it be left to my noddle. No, no, replied the duchefs, this is a very good one, and I will have the duke ſee it.

Hereupon they went to a garden, where they were to dine that day, and the duchefs ſhewed *Sancho*'s letter to the duke, who was highly diverted with it. They dined, and, after the cloth was taken away, and they had entertained themſelves a good while with *Sancho*'s reliſhing converſation, on a ſudden they heard the diſmal ſound of a fife, and alſo that of a hoarſe and unbraced drum. They all diſcovered ſome ſurprize at the confuſed, martial, and doleful harmony; eſpecially *Don Quixote*, who could not contain himſelf in his ſeat through pure emotion. As for *Sancho*, it is enough to ſay, that fear carried him to his uſual refuge, which was the duchefs's ſide, or the ſkirts of her petticoat: for the ſound they heard was really and truly moſt horrid and melancholy. And, while they were thus in ſuſpenſe, they perceived two men enter the garden, clad in mourning robes ſo long and extended, that they trailed upon the ground. They came beating two great drums covered alſo with black. By their ſide came the fifer, black and frightful like the reſt. Theſe three were followed by a perſonage of gigantic ſtature, not clad but mantled about, with a robe of the blackeſt dye, the train whereof was of a monſtrous length. This robe was girt about with a broad black belt, at which there hung an unmeaſurable ſcymitar in a black ſcabbard. His face was covered with a tranſparent black veil through which appeared a prodigious long beard as white as ſnow. He marched to the ſound of the drums, with much gravity and compoſure. In ſhort, his huge bulk, his ſtatelineſs, his blackneſs, and his attendants, might very well ſurprize, as they did all, who beheld him, and were not in the ſecret. Thus he came, with the

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ſtate and appearance aforeſaid, and kneeled down before the duke, who, with the reſt, received him ſtanding. But the duke would in no wiſe ſuffer him to ſpeak, till he roſe up. The monſtrous ſpectre did ſo; and, as ſoon as he was upon his feet, he lifted up his veil, and expoſed to view the horrideſt, the longeſt, the whiteſt, and beſt furniſhed beard, that human eyes till then had ever beheld; and ſtraight he ſent forth, from his broad and ample breaſt, a voice grave and ſonorous; and, fixing his eyes on the duke, he ſaid: Moſt mighty and puiſſant Sir, I am called *Trifaldin of the white beard:* I am ſquire to the counteſs *Trifaldi*, otherwiſe called the *Afflicted matron*, from whom I bring your grandeur a meſſage; which is, that your magnificence would be pleaſed to give her permiſſion and leave to enter, and tell her diſtreſs, which is one of the neweſt and moſt wonderful, that the moſt diſtreſſed thought in the world could ever have imagined: but, firſt, ſhe deſires to know, whether the valorous and invincible *Don Quixote de la Mancha* reſides in this your caſtle; in queſt of whom ſhe is come on foot, and without breaking her faſt, from the kingdom of *Candaya* to this your territory; a thing, which may, and ought to be conſidered as a miracle, or aſcribed to the force of enchantment. She waits at the door of this fortreſs, or country-houſe, and only ſtays for your good pleaſure to come in. Having ſaid this, he hemmed, and ſtroaked his beard from top to bottom with both his hands, and with much tranquillity ſtood expecting the duke's anſwer, which was: It is now many days, honeſt ſquire *Trifaldin* of the white beard, ſince we have had notice of the misfortune of my lady the counteſs *Trifaldi*, whom the enchanters have occaſioned to be called the afflicted matron. Tell her, ſtupendous ſquire, ſhe may enter, and that the valiant knight *Don Quixote de la Mancha* is here, from whoſe generous diſpoſition ſhe may ſafely promiſe herſelf all kind of aid and aſſiſtance. Tell her alſo from me, that, if my favour be neceſſary, it ſhall not be wanting, ſince I am bound to it by being a knight; for to ſuch it particularly belongs to protect all ſorts of women, eſpecially injured

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injured and afflicted matrons, such as her ladyship. *Trifaldin*, hearing this, bent a knee to the ground, and, making a sign to the fife and drums to play, he walked out of the garden to the same tune, and with the same solemnity as he came in, leaving every one in admiration at his figure and deportment.

The duke then, turning to *Don Quixote*, said: In short, renowned knight, neither the clouds of malice, nor those of ignorance, can hide or obscure the light of valour and virtue. This I say, because it is hardly six days that your goodness has been in this castle, when, behold, the sorrowful and afflicted are already come in quest of you, from far distant and remote countries, and not in coaches, or upon dromedaries, but on foot, and fasting, trusting they shall find, in that strenuous arm of yours, the remedy for their troubles and distresses: thanks to your grand exploits, which run and spread themselves over the whole face of the earth. I wish, my lord duke, answered *Don Quixote*, that that same ecclesiastic, who the other day expressed so much ill-will and so great a grudge to knights-errant, were now here, that he might see with his eyes, whether or no such knights as those are necessary in the world: at least he would be made sensible, that the extraordinarily afflicted and disconsolate, in great cases, and in enormous mishaps, do not fly for a remedy to the houses of scholars, nor to those of country parish-priests, nor to the cavalier, who never thinks of stirring from his own town, nor to the lazy courtier, who rather enquires after news to tell again, than endeavours to perform actions and exploits for others to relate or write of him. Remedy for distress, relief in necessities, protection of damsels, and consolation of widows, are no where so readily to be found, as among knights-errant; and that I am one, I give infinite thanks to heaven, and shall not repine at any hardship or trouble that can befal me in so honourable an exercise. Let this matron come, and make what request she pleases: for I will commit her redress to the force of my arm, and the intrepid resolution of my courageous spirit.

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CHAP. V.

In which is continued the famous adventure of the afflicted matron [1].

THE duke and ducheſs were extremely delighted to ſee how well *Don Quixote* anſwered their expectation; and here *Sancho* ſaid: I ſhould be loth that this madam *Duenna* ſhould lay any ſtumbling-block in the way of my promiſed government; for I have heard an apothecary of *Toledo*, who talked like any goldfinch, ſay, that, where *Duennas* have to do, no good thing can e'er enſue. Ods my life! what an enemy was that apothecary to them! and therefore, ſince all *Duennas* are troubleſome and impertinent, of what quality or condition ſo ever they be, what muſt the afflicted be, as they ſay this ſame counteſs *Three-ſkirts*, or *Three-tails*, is [2]? for, in my country, ſkirts and tails, and tails and ſkirts, are all one. Peace, friend *Sancho*, ſaid *Don Quixote*: for, ſince this lady *Duenna* comes in queſt of me from ſo remote a country, ſhe cannot be one of thoſe the apothecary has in his liſt. Beſides, this is a counteſs; and when counteſſes ſerve as *Duennas*, it muſt be as attendants upon queens and empreſſes; for in their own houſes they command, and are ſerved by other *Duennas*. To this *Donna Rodriguez*, who was preſent, anſwered: My lady ducheſs has *Duennas* in her ſervice, who might have been counteſſes, if fortune had pleaſed; but, Laws go on kings errands: and let no one ſpeak ill of *Duennas*, eſpecially of the ancient maiden ones; for though I am not of that number, yet I well know, and clearly perceive, the advantage a maiden *Duenna* has over a widow *Duenna*; though a pair of ſheers cut us all out of the ſame piece. For all that, replied *Sancho*, there is ſtill ſo much to be ſheered about your *Duennas*, as my barber tells me, that it is better not to

1 In *Spaniſh*, *Duenna*, which ſignifies an elderly waiting-woman.

2 Alluding to the name *Trifaldi*, as if it were *Tres-faldas*.

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ſtir the rice, though it burn to the pot. Theſe ſquires, quoth *Donna Rodriguez*, are always our enemies; and as they are a kind of faries that haunt the anti-chambers, and ſpy us at every turn, the hours they are not at their beads, which are not a few, they employ in ſpeaking ill of us, unburying our bones and burying our reputations. But let me tell theſe moving blocks, that, in ſpite of their teeth, we ſhall live in the world, and in the beſt families too, though we ſtarve for it, and cover our delicate or not delicate bodies with a black weed, as people cover a dung-hill with a piece of tapeſtry on a proceſſion day. In faith, if I might, and if I had time, I would make all here preſent, and all the world beſides, know, that there is no virtue, but is contained in a *Duenna*. I am of opinion, quoth the ducheſs, that my good *Donna Rodriguez* is in the right, and very much ſo: but ſhe muſt wait for a fit opportunity to ſtand up for herſelf, and the reſt of the *Duennas*, to confound the ill opinion of that wicked apothecary, and root out that, which the great *Sancho* has in his breaſt. To which *Sancho* anſwered: Ever ſince the fumes of government have got into my head, I have loſt the megrims of ſquireſhip, and care not a fig for all the *Duennas* in the world.

This dialogue about *Duennas* had continued, had they not heard the drum and fife ſtrike up again; by which they underſtood, that the afflicted matron was juſt entering. The ducheſs aſked the duke, whether it was not proper to go and meet her, ſince ſhe was a counteſs and a perſon of quality. As ſhe is a counteſs, quoth *Sancho*, before the duke could anſwer, it is very fit your grandeurs ſhould go to receive her; but, as ſhe is a *Duenna*, I am of opinion you ſhould not ſtir a ſtep. Who bid you intermeddle in this matter, *Sancho?* ſaid *Don Quixote*. Who, Sir? anſwered *Sancho*: I myſelf, who have a right to intermeddle as a ſquire, who has learned the rules of courteſy in the ſchool of your worſhip, who is the beſt bred knight courteſy ever produced: and, in theſe matters, as I have heard your worſhip ſay, one may as well loſe the game by a card too much as a card too little; and a word to the

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wife. It is even ſo as *Sancho* ſays, quoth the duke: we ſhall ſoon ſee what kind of a counteſs this is, and by that we ſhall judge what courteſy is due to her. And now the drums and fife entered, as they did the firſt time. And here the author ended this ſhort chapter, and began another with the continuation of the ſame adventure, being one of the moſt notable in the hiſtory.

CHAP. VI.

In which an account is given of the afflicted matron's misfortune.

AFTER the doleful muſic, there began to enter the garden twelve *Duennas*, divided into two files, all clad in large mourning habits, ſeemingly of milled ſerge, with white veils of thin muſlin, ſo long that only the border of the robe appeared. After theſe came the counteſs *Trifaldi*, whom ſquire *Trifaldin* of the white beard led by the hand. She was clad in a robe of the fineſt ſerge; which, had it been napped, each grain would have been of the ſize of a good *Ronceval*-pea. The train or tail (call it which you will) was divided into three corners, ſupported by three pages, clad alſo in mourning, making a ſightly and mathematical figure with the three acute angles, formed by the three corners; from which, all, that ſaw them, concluded ſhe was from thence called the counteſs *Trifaldi*, as much as to ſay, the counteſs of the three ſkirts: and *Ben-engeli* ſays, that was the truth of the matter, and that her right title was the counteſs of *Lobuna*, becauſe that earldom produced abundance of wolves [1]; and, had they been foxes [2] inſtead of wolves, ſhe would have been ſtyled counteſs of *Zorruna*, it being the cuſtom in thoſe parts for great perſons to take their titles from the thing or things with which their country moſt abounded. But this counteſs, in favour of the new cut of her train, quitted that of *Lobuna*, and took that of *Trifaldi*. The twelve *Duennas*, with the lady, advan-

1 *Lobos.* 2 *Zorras.*

ced

ced a proceſſion-pace, their faces covered with black veils, and not tranſparent like *Trifaldin*'s, but ſo cloſe, that nothing could be ſeen through them. Now, upon the appearance of this ſquadron of *Duennas*, the duke, ducheſs, and *Don Quixote*, roſe from their ſeats, as did all the reſt who beheld this grand proceſſion. The twelve *Duennas* halted, and made a lane, through which the Afflicted advanced, without *Trifaldin*'s letting go her hand. Which the duke, ducheſs, and *Don Quixote* ſeeing, they ſtepped forward about a dozen paces to receive her. She, kneeling on the ground, with a voice rather harſh and coarſe, than fine and delicate, ſaid: May it pleaſe your grandeurs to ſpare condeſcending to do ſo great a courteſy to this your valet, I mean your hand-maid; for ſuch is my affliction, that I ſhall not be able to anſwer as I ought, becauſe my ſtrange and unheard-of misfortune has carried away my underſtanding. I know not whither; and ſure it muſt be a vaſt way off, ſince the more I ſeek it, the leſs I find it. He would want it, lady counteſs, quoth the duke, who could not judge of your worth by your perſon, which, without ſeeing any more, merits the whole cream of courteſy, and the whole flower of well-bred ceremonies; and, raiſing her by the hand, he led her to a chair cloſe by the ducheſs, who alſo received her with much civility. *Don Quixote* held his peace, and *Sancho* was dying with impatience to ſee the face of the *Trifaldi*, or of ſome one of her many *Duennas*: but it was not poſſible, till they of their own accord unveiled themſelves.

Now all keeping ſilence, and in expectation who ſhould break it, the afflicted matron began in theſe words. Confident I am, moſt mighty lord, moſt beautiful lady, and moſt diſcreet by-ſtanders, that my moſt miſerableneſs will find in your moſt valorous breaſts a protection, no leſs placid than generous and dolorous; for ſuch it is, as is ſufficient to mollify marbles, ſoften diamonds, and melt the ſteel of the hardeſt hearts in the world. But, before it ventures on the public ſtage of your hearing, not to ſay of your ears, I ſhould be glad to be informed whether the refinediſſimo knight, *Don*

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Quixote de la Manchiſſima, and his ſquiriſſimo *Pança*, be in this boſom, circle, or company. *Pança*, ſaid *Sancho*, before any body elſe could anſwer, is here, and alſo *Don Quixotiſſimo*; and therefore, afflicted-iſſima matroniſſima, ſay what you have a mindiſſima; for we are all ready and preparediſſimos to be your ſervitoriſſimos [1]. Upon this *Don Quixote* ſtood up, and, directing his diſcourſe to the afflicted matron, ſaid: If your diſtreſſes, afflicted lady, can promiſe themſelves any remedy from the valour or fortitude of any knight-errant, behold mine, which, though weak and ſcanty, ſhall all be employed in your ſervice. I am *Don Quixote de la Mancha*, whoſe function it is to ſuccour the diſtreſſed of all ſorts; and this being ſo, as it really is, you need not, madam, beſpeak good-will, nor have recourſe to preambles, but plainly, and without circumlocution, tell your griefs; for you are within hearing of thoſe, who know how to compaſſionate, if not to redreſs them. Which the afflicted matron hearing, ſhe made a ſhew as if ſhe would proſtrate herſelf at *Don Quixote*'s feet; and actually did ſo, and, ſtruggling to kiſs them, ſaid: I proſtrate myſelf, O invincible knight, before theſe feet and legs, as the baſis and pillars of knight-errantry: theſe feet will I kiſs, on whoſe ſteps the whole remedy of my misfortune hangs and depends, O valorous errant, whoſe true exploits outſtrip and obſcure the fabulous ones of the *Amadiſes*, *Eſplandians*, and *Belianiſes*. And leaving *Don Quixote*, ſhe turned to *Sancho Pança*, and, taking him by the hand, ſaid; O thou the moſt truſty ſquire that ever ſerved knight-errant, in the preſent or paſt ages, whoſe goodneſs is of greater extent than the beard of my companion *Trifaldin* here preſent, well mayeſt thou boaſt, that in ſerving *Don Quixote*, thou doſt ſerve in miniature the whole tribe of knights that ever handled

1 It is obſervable that *Sancho* has acuteneſs enough to anſwer the matron in her own ſuſtian ſtyle; while *Don Quixote*, having no notion of ridicule, lets it paſs. The reader muſt have taken notice how much *Sancho* is improved in this *ſecond part*: for acuteneſs or affectation ſeem not to have belonged to his original character.

arms

arms in the world: I conjure thee, by what thou owest to thy own fidelity and goodneſs, to become an importunate interceſſor for me with thy lord, that he would inſtantly favour the humbleſt and unhappieſt of counteſſes. To which *Sancho* anſwered: Whether my goodneſs, madam, be, or be not, as long and as broad as your ſquire's beard, ſignifies little to me: ſo that my ſoul be bearded and whiſkered, when it departs this life, I care little or nothing for beards here below: but, without theſe wheedlings and beſeechings, I will deſire my maſter, who I know has a kindneſs for me, eſpecially now that he wants me for a certain buſineſs, to favour and aſſiſt your ladyſhip in whatever he can. Unbundle your griefs, madam, and let us into the particulars; and leave us alone to manage, for we ſhall underſtand one another. The duke and ducheſs were ready to burſt with laughing at all this, as knowing the drift of this adventure; and commended, in their thoughts, the ſmartneſs and diſſimulation of the *Triſaldi*, who, returning to her ſeat, ſaid.

Of the famous kingdom of *Candaya*, which lies between the great *Taprobana* and the *South-Sea*, two leagues beyond *Cape Comorin*, was queen *Donna Maguncia*, widow of king *Archipiela* her lord and huſband; from which marriage ſprung the *Infanta Antonomaſia*, heireſs of the kingdom; which *Infanta Antonomaſia* was educated under my care and inſtruction, as being the moſt antient *Duenna*, and of the beſt quality, among thoſe that waited upon her mother. Now, in proceſs of time, the young *Antonomaſia* arrived to the age of fourteen, with ſuch perfection of beauty, that nature could not raiſe it a pitch higher: and, what is more, diſcretion itſelf was but a child to her; for ſhe was as diſcreet as fair, and ſhe was the faireſt creature in the world, and is ſo ſtill, if envious fates and hard-hearted deſtinies have not cut ſhort her thread of life. But, ſure, they have not done it; for heaven would never permit, that ſo much injury ſhould be done to the earth, as to tear off ſuch an unripe cluſter from the faireſt vine of the univerſe. Of this beauty, never ſufficiently extolled by my feeble tongue, an infinite

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nite number of princes, as well natives as foreigners, grew enamoured. Among whom, a private gentleman of the court dared to raiſe his thoughts to the heaven of ſo much beauty, confiding in his youth, his genteel finery, his many abilities and graces, and the facility and felicity of his wit; for I muſt tell your grandeurs, if it be no offence, that he touched a guitar ſo as to make it ſpeak. He was beſides a poet, and a fine dancer, and could make bird-cages ſo well as to get his living by it, in caſe of extreme neceſſity. So many qualifications and endowments were ſufficient to over-ſet a mountain, and much more a tender virgin. But all his gentility, graceful behaviour, and fine accompliſhments, would have ſignified little or nothing towards the conqueſt of my girl's fortreſs, if the robber and ruffian had not artfully contrived to reduce me firſt. The aſſaſſin and barbarous vagabond began with endeavouring to obtain my good-will, and ſuborn my inclination, that I might, like a treacherous keeper as I was, deliver up to him the keys of the fortreſs I guarded. In ſhort, he impoſed upon my underſtanding, and got from me my conſent, by means of I know not what toys and trinkets he preſented me with. But that, which chiefly brought me down, and levelled me with the ground, was a ſtanza, which I heard him ſing one night, through a grate that looked into an alley where he ſtood; and if I remember right, the verſes were theſe:

The tyrant Fair, whoſe beauty ſent
The throbbing miſchief to my heart,
The more my anguiſh to augment,
Forbids me to reveal the ſmart.

The ſtanza ſeemed to me to be of pearls, and his voice of barley-ſugar; and many a time ſince have I thought, conſidering the miſhap I fell into, that poets, at leaſt the laſcivious, ought, as *Plato* adviſed, to be baniſhed from all good and well-regulated commonwealths; becauſe they write couplets, not like thoſe of the marquiſs of *Mantua*, which divert, and make children

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dren and women weep, but ſuch pointed things as, like ſmooth thorns, pierce the ſoul, and wound like lightning, leaving the garment whole and unſinged. Another time he ſung:

Come, Death, *with gently ſtealing pace,*
And take me unperceiv'd away,
Nor let me ſee thy wiſh'd-for face,
Leſt joy my fleeting life ſhou'd ſtay.

with other ſuch couplets and ditties as enchant when ſung, and ſurprize when written. Now, when they condeſcend to compoſe a kind of verſes, at that time in faſhion in *Candaya,* which they call *roundelays,* they preſently occaſion a dancing of the ſoul, a tickling of the fancy, a perpetual agitation of the body, and, laſtly, a kind of quick-ſilver of all the ſenſes. And therefore I ſay, moſt noble auditors, that ſuch verſifiers deſerve to be baniſhed to the *Iſle of Lizzards:* though in truth they are not to blame, but the ſimpletons who commend them, and the ideots who believe them: and, had I been the honeſt *Duenna* I ought, his nightly ſerenades had not moved me, nor had I believed thoſe poetical expreſſions: *dying, I live; in ice I burn; I ſhiver in flames; in deſpair I hope; I go, yet ſtay;* with other impoſſibilities of the like ſtamp, of which their writings are full. And when they promiſe us the *Phœnix of Arabia,* the *Crown of Ariadne,* the *Hairs of the Sun,* the *Pearls of the South-Sea,* the *Gold of Tiber,* and the *Balſam of Panchaia;* they then give their pen the greateſt ſcope, as it coſts them little to promiſe what they never intend, nor can perform. But, woe is me, unhappy wretch! whither do I ſtray? what folly, or what madneſs hurries me to recount the faults of others, having ſo many of my own to relate? Woe is me again, unhappy creature! for not his verſes, but my own ſimplicity, vanquiſhed me; not the muſic, but my levity, my great ignorance, and my little caution, melted me down, opened the way, and ſmoothed the paſſage for *Don Clavijo;* for that is the name of the aforeſaid cavalier. And ſo, I being the go-between, he

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was often in the chamber of the, not by him but me, betrayed *Antonomaſia*, under the title of her lawful huſband: for, though I am ſinner enough, I would never have conſented, without his being her huſband, that he ſhould have come within the ſhadow of her ſhoe-ſtring. No, no, marriage muſt be the forerunner of any buſineſs of this kind undertaken by me: only there was one miſchief in it, which was the diſparity between them, *Don Clavijo* being but a private gentleman, and the *Infanta Antonomaſia* heireſs, as I have already ſaid, of the kingdom. This intrigue lay concealed and wrapped up in the ſagacity of my cautious management for ſome time, 'till I perceived it began to ſhew itſelf in I know not what kind of ſwelling in *Antonomaſia*'s belly; the apprehenſion whereof made us three lay our heads together; and the reſult was, that, before the unhappy ſlip ſhould come to light, *Don Clavijo* ſhould demand *Antonomaſia* in marriage before the vicar-general, in virtue of a contract, ſigned by the *Infanta* and given him, to be his wife, worded by my wit, and in ſuch ſtrong terms, that the force of *Sampſon* was not able to break through it. The buſineſs was put in execution; the vicar ſaw the contract, and took the lady's confeſſion: ſhe acknowledged the whole, and was ordered into the cuſtody of an honeſt alguazil [1] of the court. Here *Sancho* ſaid: What! are there court-alguazils, poets, and roundelays in *Candaya* too? if ſo, I ſwear, I think, the world is the ſame every where: but, madam *Trifaldi*, pray make haſte; for it grows late, and I die to hear the end of this ſo very long ſtory. That I will, anſwered the counteſs.

CHAP. VII.

Wherein Trifaldi *continues her ſtupendous and memorable hiſtory.*

AT every word *Sancho* ſpoke, the ducheſs was in as high delight as *Don Quixote* was at his wit's

1 A ſort of bailiff or ſerjeant.

end;

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end; who commanding him to hold his peace, the *Afflicted* went on saying: In short, after many *pro*'s and *con*'s, the *Infanta* standing stiffly to her engagement, without varying or departing from her first declaration, the vicar pronounced sentence in favour of *Don Clavijo*, and gave her to him to wife: at which the queen *Donna Maguncia*, mother to the *Infanta Antonomasia*, was so much disturbed, that we buried her in three days time. She died then, I suppose, quoth *Sancho*. Most assuredly, answered *Trifaldin*; for in *Candaya* they do not bury the living, but the dead. Master squire, replied *Sancho*, it has happened ere now, that a person in a swoon has been buried for dead; and, in my opinion, queen *Maguncia* ought to have swooned away rather than have died; for while there is life there is hope; and the *Infanta*'s transgression was not so great, that she should lay it so much to heart. Had the lady married one of her pages, or any other servant of the family, as many others have done, as I have been told, the mischief had been without remedy; but, she having made choice of a cavalier, so much a gentleman, and of such parts, as he is here painted to us, verily, verily, though perhaps it was foolish, it was not so very much so as some people think: for, according to the rules of my master, who is here present, and will not let me lye, as bishops are made out of learned men, so kings and emperors may be made out of cavaliers, especially if they are errant. You are in the right, *Sancho*, said *Don Quixote*; for a knight-errant, give him but two inches of good luck, and he is next oars to being the greatest lord in the world. But let madam *Afflicted* proceed; for I fancy the bitter part of this hitherto sweet story is still behind. The bitter behind! answered the countess: ay, and so bitter, that, in comparison, wormwood is sweet, and rue savoury.

The queen being now dead, and not swooned away, we buried her; and scarcely had we covered her with earth, and pronounced the last farewel, when, *Quis talia fando temperet a lacrymis?* upon the queen's sepulchre

ſepulchre appeared, mounted on a wooden horſe, the giant *Malambruno*, her couſin-german, who, beſides being cruel, is an enchanter alſo. This giant, in revenge of his couſin's death, and in chaſtiſement of the boldneſs of *Don Clavijo*, and the folly of *Antonomaſia*, left them both enchanted by his art upon the very ſepulchre; her converted into a monkey of braſs, and him into a fearful crocodile of an unknown metal; and between them lies a plate of metal likewiſe, with letters engraved upon it in the *Syriac* language, which, being rendered into the *Candayan*, and now into the *Caſtilian*, contain this ſentence: *Theſe two preſumptuous lovers ſhall not recover their priſtine form, 'till the valorous* Manchegan *ſhall enter into ſingle combat with me: for the deſtinies reſerve this unheard-of adventure for his great valour alone.* This done, he drew out of the ſcabbard a broad and unmeaſurable ſcymitar, and, taking me by the hair of my head, he made ſhew as if he would cut my throat, or whip off my head at a blow. I was frighted to death, and my voice ſtuck in my throat: nevertheleſs, recovering myſelf as well as I could, with a trembling and doleful voice, I uſed ſuch intreaties as prevailed with him to ſuſpend the execution of ſo rigorous a puniſhment. Finally, he ſent for all the *Duennas* of the palace, being thoſe here preſent, and after having exaggerated our fault, and inveighed againſt the qualities of *Duennas*, their wicked plots, and worſe intrigues, and charging them with all that blame, which I alone deſerved, he ſaid, he would not chaſtiſe us with capital puniſhment, but with other lengthened pains, which ſhould put us to a kind of civil and perpetual death: and in the very inſtant he had done ſpeaking, we all felt the pores of our faces open, and a pricking pain all over them like the pricking of needles. Immediately we clapped our hands to our faces, and found them in the condition you ſhall ſee preſently.

Then the *Afflicted*, and the reſt of the *Duennas*, lifted up the veils, which concealed them, and diſcovered their faces all planted with beards, ſome red, ſome black, ſome white, and ſome pye-bald: at which ſight the

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the duke and ducheſs ſeemed to wonder, *Don Quixote* and *Sancho* were amazed, and all preſent aſtoniſhed; and the *Trifaldi* proceeded: Thus that wicked and evil-minded felon *Malambruno* puniſhed us, covering the ſoft ſmoothneſs of our faces with the ruggedneſs of theſe briſtles: would to heaven he had ſtruck off our heads with his unmeaſurable ſcymitar, rather than have obſcured the light of our countenances with theſe bruſhes that overſpread them! for, noble lords and lady, if we rightly conſider it, and what I am now going to ſay, I would ſpeak with rivers of tears, but that the conſideration of our misfortune, and the ſeas our eyes have already wept, keep them without moiſture, and dry as beards of corn; and therefore I will ſpeak it without tears: I ſay then, whither can a *Duenna* with a beard go? what father or what mother will bewail her? who will ſuccour her? for, even when her grain is the ſmootheſt, and her face tortured with a thouſand ſorts of waſhes and ointments, ſcarcely can ſhe find any body to ſhew kindneſs to her; what muſt ſhe do then, when her face is become a wood? O ye *Duennas*, my dear companions, in an unlucky hour were we born, and in an evil minute did our fathers beget us: and, ſo ſaying, ſhe ſeemed to faint away.

CHAP. VIII.

Of matters relating and appertaining to this adventure, and to this memorable hiſtory.

IN reality and truth, all, who delight in ſuch hiſtories as this, ought to be thankful to its original author *Cid Hamet*, for his curious exactneſs in recording the minuteſt circumſtances thereof, without omitting any thing how trifling ſoever, but bringing every thing diſtinctly to light. He paints thoughts, diſcovers imaginations, anſwers the ſilent, clears up doubts, reſolves arguments; and, laſtly, manifeſts the leaſt atoms of the moſt inquiſitive deſire. O moſt celebrated author! O happy *Don Quixote!* O famous *Dulcinea!* O facetious *Sancho Pança!* Live each jointly and ſeverally infinite

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infinite ages, for the general pleaſure and paſtime of the living!

Now the ſtory ſays, that, when *Sancho* ſaw the *Afflicted* faint away, he ſaid: Upon the faith of an honeſt man, and by the blood of all my anceſtors, the *Panças*, I ſwear, I never heard or ſaw, nor has my maſter ever told me, nor did ſuch an adventure as this ever enter into his thoughts. A thouſand devils take thee (I would not curſe any body) for an enchanter, and a giant, *Malambruno!* couldeſt thou find no other kind of puniſhment to inflict upon theſe ſinners, but that of bearding them? Had it not been better (I am ſure it had been better for them) to have whipt off half their noſes, though they had ſnuffled for it, than to have clapped them on beards? I will lay a wager, they have not wherewith to pay for ſhaving. That is true, Sir, anſwered one of the twelve; we have not wherewithal to keep ourſelves clean; and therefore, to ſhift as well as we can, ſome of us uſe ſticking plaiſters of pitch; which being applied to the face, and pulled off with a jerk, we remain as ſleek and ſmooth as the bottom of a ſtone mortar: for, though there are women in *Candaya*, who go from houſe to houſe, to take off the hair of the body, and ſhape the eye-brows, and do other jobs pertaining to women, we, who are my lady's *Duennas*, would never have any thing to do with them; for moſt of them ſmell of the procureſs, having ceaſed to be otherwiſe ſerviceable [1]: and, if we are not relieved by Signor *Don Quixote*, with beards ſhall we be carried to our graves. Mine, quoth *Don Quixote*, ſhall be plucked off in the country of the *Moors*, rather than not free you from yours.

By this time the *Trifaldi* was come to herſelf, and ſaid: The murmuring ſound of that promiſe, valorous knight, in the midſt of my diſmay, reached my ears, and was the occaſion of my coming out of it, and recovering my ſenſes: and ſo once again I beſeech you,

1 Here is a pun in the original. *Oficios à* terceras, *aviendo dexàdo de ſer* primas. *Tercera* ſignifies a *Third* or *Go-between*, and *Prima* a *Firſt* or *Principal*. That is, in plain *Engliſh*, *Bawd after Whore*.

illuſtrious

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illuſtrious errant, and invincible Sir, that your gracious promiſes may be converted into deeds. It ſhall not reſt at me, anſwered *Don Quixote:* inform me, madam, what it is I am to do; for my inclination is fully diſpoſed to ſerve you. The caſe is, anſwered the *Afflicted*, that, from hence to the kingdom of *Candaya*, if you go by land, it is five thouſand leagues, one or two more or leſs; but if you go through the air in a direct line, it is three thouſand, two hundred, and twenty ſeven. You muſt know alſo, that *Malambruno* told me, that, when fortune ſhould furniſh me with the knight our deliverer, he would ſend him a ſteed, much better, and with fewer vitious tricks, than a poſt-horſe returned to his ſtage: for it is to be that very wooden horſe, upon which the valiant *Peter* of *Provence* carried off the fair *Magalona*. This horſe is governed by a pin he has in his fore-head, which ſerves for a bridle, and he flies through the air with ſuch ſwiftneſs, that one would think the devil himſelf carried him. This ſame horſe, according to ancient tradition, was the workmanſhip of the ſage *Merlin*, who lent him to *Peter*, who was his friend; upon which he took great journies, and ſtole, as has been ſaid, the fair *Magalona*, carrying her behind him through the air, and leaving all, that beheld him from the earth, ſtaring and aſtoniſhed: and he lent him to none but particular friends, or ſuch as paid him a handſome price. Since the grand *Peter* to this time, we know of no body that has been upon his back. *Malambruno* procured him by his art, and keeps him in his power, making uſe of him in the journies he often takes through divers parts of the world: to day he is here, to-morrow in *France*, and the next day in *Potoſi:* and the beſt of it is, that this ſame horſe neither eats nor ſleeps, nor wants any ſhoeing, and ambles ſuch a pace through the air, without wings, that his rider may carry a diſhful of water in his hand, without ſpilling a drop, he travels ſo ſmooth and eaſy; which made the fair *Magalona* take great delight in riding him.

To this *Sancho* ſaid: For ſmooth and eaſy goings, commend me to my *Dapple*; though he goes not through the

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the air; but by land, I will match him againſt all the amblers in the world. This ſet the company a laughing, and the *Afflicted* proceeded. Now this horſe, if *Malambruno* intends to put an end to our misfortunes, will be here with us within half an hour after it is dark; for he told me, that the ſign, by which I ſhould be aſſured of having found that knight I ſought after, ſhould be the ſending me the horſe to the place, where the knight was, with conveniency and ſpeed. And, pray, quoth *Sancho*, how many can ride upon this ſame horſe? Two perſons, anſwered the *Afflicted*; one in the ſaddle, and the other behind on the crupper: and generally theſe two perſons are the knight and his ſquire, when there is no ſtolen damſel in the caſe. I ſhould be glad to know, madam *Afflicted*, quoth *Sancho*, what this horſe's name is. His name, anſwered the *Afflicted*, is not *Pegaſus*, as was that of *Bellerophon*; nor *Bucephalus*, as was that of *Alexander the great*; nor *Brilladore*, as was that of *Orlando Furioſo*: nor is it *Bayarte*, which belonged to *Reynaldos* of *Montalvan*; nor *Frontino*, which was *Rogero*'s: nor is it *Bootes*, nor *Pyrithous*, as they ſay the horſes of the ſun are called: neither is he called *Orelia*, the horſe which the unfortunate *Roderigo*, the laſt king of the *Goths* in *Spain*, mounted in that battle wherein he loſt his kingdom and life. I will venture a wager, quoth *Sancho*, ſince they have given him none of thoſe famous and well known names, neither have they given him that of my maſter's horſe *Rozinante*, which in propriety exceeds all that have been hitherto named. True, anſwered the bearded counteſs; but ſtill it ſuits him well: for he is called *Clavileno the winged*; which name anſwers to his being of wood, to the peg in his fore-head, and to the ſwiftneſs of his motion; ſo that, in reſpect of his name, he may very well come in competition with the renowned *Rozinante*. I diſlike not the name, replied *Sancho*: but with what bridle, or with what halter, is he guided? I have already told you, anſwered the *Trifaldi*, that he is guided by a peg, which the rider turning this way and that makes him go, either aloft in the air, or elſe ſweeping, and, as it were, bruſhing the earth; or in the middle

middle region, which is what is generally aimed at, and is to be kept to in all well-ordered actions. I have a great desire to see him, answered *Sancho*; but to think that I will get upon him, either in the saddle or behind upon the crupper, is to look for pears upon an elm-tree. It were a good jest, indeed, for me, who can hardly sit my own *Dapple*, though upon a pannel softer than the very silk, to think now of getting upon a crupper of boards, without either pillow or cushion: in faith, I do not intend to flay myself, to take off any body's beard: let every one shave as he likes best; I shall not bear my master company in so long a journey: besides, I am out of the question; for I can be of no service towards the shaving these beards, as I am for the disenchanting of my lady *Dulcinea*. Indeed but you can, friend, answered the *Trifaldi*, and of so much service, that, without you, as I take it, we are likely to do nothing at all. In the king's name, quoth *Sancho*, what have squires to do with their master's adventures? must they run away with the fame of those they accomplish, and must we undergo the fatigue? Body of me! did the historians but say; such a knight atchieved such and such an adventure, with the help of such a one his squire, without whom it had been impossible for him to finish it, it were something: but you shall have them dryly write thus; *Don Paralipomenon* of the three stars atchieved the adventure of the six goblins; without naming his squire, who was present all the while, as if there had been no such person in the world. I say again, good my lord and lady, my master may go by himself, and much good may do him; for I will stay here by my lady duchess: and, perhaps, when he comes back, he may find madam *Dulcinea*'s business pretty forward [1]; for I intend, at idle and leisure whiles, to give myself such a whipping-bout, that not a hair shall interpose.

For all that, honest *Sancho*, quoth the duchess, you must bear him company, if need be, and that at the

[1] Literally, *Bettered by a tierce and a quint*. An allusion to the game of Picquet, often used by our author.

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requeſt of ſeveral good people; for it would be a great pity the faces of theſe ladies ſhould remain thus buſhy, through your needleſs fears. In the king's name, once more replied *Sancho*, were this piece of charity undertaken for modeſt ſober damſels, or for poor innocent hoſpital girls, a man might venture upon ſome pains-taking: but, to endure it to rid *Duennas* of their beards, with a murrain to them, I had rather ſee them all bearded from the higheſt to the loweſt, and from the niceſt to the moſt flatternly. You are upon very bad terms with the *Duennas*, friend *Sancho*, ſaid the ducheſs, and are much of the *Toledan* apothecary's mind: but in troth you are in the wrong; for I have *Duennas* in my family fit to be patterns to all *Duennas:* and here ſtands *Donna Rodriguez*, who will not contradict me. Your excellency may ſay what you pleaſe, quoth *Rodriguez*; for god knows the truth of every thing, and, good or bad, bearded or ſmooth, ſuch as we are our mothers brought us forth, like other women; and ſince god caſt us into the world, he knows for what; and I rely upon his mercy, and not upon any body's beard whatever.

Enough, miſtreſs *Rodriguez*, quoth *Don Quixote*; and, madam *Trifaldi* and company, I truſt in god, that he will look upon your diſtreſſes with an eye of goodneſs; and as for *Sancho*, he ſhall do what I command him. I wiſh *Clavileno* were once come, and that *Malambruno* and I were at it; for I am confident, no razor would more eaſily ſhave your ladyſhips beards, than my ſword ſhall ſhave off *Malumbruno*'s head from his ſhoulders: for, though god permits the wicked to proſper, it is but for a time. Ah! quoth the *Afflicted*, at this juncture, valorous knight, may all the ſtars of the celeſtial regions behold your worſhip with eyes of benignity, and infuſe into your heart all proſperity and courage, to be the ſhield and refuge of our reviled and dejected order, abominated by apothecaries, murmured at by ſquires, and ſcoffed at by pages. Ill betide the wretch, who, in the flower of her age, does not rather profeſs herſelf a nun, than a *Duenna*. Unfortunate we the *Duennas!* though we deſcended in a direct male-line from

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from *Hector* of *Troy*, our miſtreſſes will never forbear *thouing* us, were they to be made queens for it. O giant *Malambruno*, who, though thou art an enchanter, art very punctual in thy promiſes, ſend us now the incomparable *Clavileno*, that our misfortune may have an end; for, if the heats come on, and theſe beards of ours continue, woe be to us. The *Trifaldi* uttered this with ſo deep a concern, that ſhe drew tears from the eyes of all the by-ſtanders, and even made *Sancho*'s overflow; and he purpoſed in his heart to accompany his maſter to the fartheſt part of the world, if on that depended the clearing thoſe venerable faces of their wool.

CHAP. IX.

Of the arrival of Clavileno, *with the concluſion of this prolix adventure.*

IN the mean while night came on, and with it the point of time prefixed for the arrival of the famous horſe *Clavileno*; whoſe ſtay perplexed *Don Quixote* very much, thinking that, ſince *Malambruno* delayed ſending him, either he was not the knight, for whom this adventure was reſerved, or *Malambruno* durſt not encounter him in ſingle combat. But, behold, on a ſudden, four ſavages enter the garden, all clad in green ivy, and bearing on their ſhoulders a large wooden horſe. They ſet him upon his legs on the ground, and one of the ſavages ſaid: Let him, who has courage to do it, mount this machine. Not I, quoth *Sancho*; for, neither have I courage, nor am I a knight: and the ſavage proceeded, ſaying; and let the ſquire, if he has one, get up behind, and truſt the valorous *Malambruno*; for no other body's ſword or malice ſhall hurt him: and there is no more to do, but to ſcrew the pin he has in his forehead, and he will bear them through the air to the place where *Malambruno* expects them: But leſt the height and ſublimity of the way ſhould make their heads ſwim, their eyes muſt be covered 'till the horſe neighs, which is to be the ſignal of his being ar-

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rived at his journey's end. This ſaid, leaving *Clavileno*, with courteous demeanour they returned by the way they came.

As ſoon as the *Afflicted* eſpied the horſe, almoſt with tears, ſhe ſaid to *Don Quixote:* Valorous knight, *Malambruno* has kept his word; here is the horſe; our beards are encreaſing, and every one of us, with every hair of them, beſeech you to ſhave and ſheer *us*, ſince there is no more for you to do, but to mount, with your ſquire behind you, and ſo give a happy beginning to your new journey. That I will with all my heart, and moſt willingly, madam *Trifaldi*, quoth *Don Quixote*, without ſtaying to procure a cuſhion, or put on my ſpurs, to avoid delay; ſo great is the deſire I have to ſee your ladyſhip, and all theſe *Duennas*, ſhaven and clean. That will not I, quoth *Sancho*, with a bad or a good will, or any wife; and if this ſhaving cannot be performed without my riding behind, let my maſter ſeek ſome other ſquire to bear him company, and theſe madams ſome other way of ſmoothing their faces; for I am no wizzard to delight in travelling through the air: beſides, what will my iſlanders ſay, when they hear that their governor is taking the air upon the wings of the wind? And another thing; it being three thouſand leagues from hence to *Candaya*, if the horſe ſhould tire, or the giant be out of humour, we ſhall be half a dozen years in coming back, and by that time I ſhall have neither iſland nor iſlanders in the world, that will know me; and, as the common ſaying is, The danger lies in the delay, and, When they give you a heifer, make haſte with the halter. Theſe gentlewomen's beards muſt excuſe me: St. *Peter* is well at *Rome*; I mean, that I am very well in this houſe, where they make much of me, and from the maſter of which I expect ſo great a benefit as to be made a governor. To which the duke ſaid: Friend *Sancho*, the iſland I have promiſed you is not a floating one, nor will it run away: it is ſo faſt rooted in the abyſs of the earth, that it cannot be plucked up, nor ſtirred from the place where it is, at three pulls: and ſince you know there is no kind of office, of any conſiderable value,

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value, but is procured by some kind of bribe, more or less, what I expect for this government, is, that you go with your master *Don Quixote*, to accomplish and put an end to this memorable adventure; and, whether you return upon *Clavileno* with the expedition his speed promises, or the contrary fortune betides you, and you come back on foot, turned pilgrim, from house to house, and from inn to inn, return when you will, you will find your island where you left it, and your islanders with the same desire to receive you for their governor; and my good-will shall be always the same: And to doubt this truth, Signor *Sancho*, would be doing a notorious injury to the inclination I have to serve you. No more, good Sir, quoth *Sancho*; I am a poor squire, and cannot carry so much courtesy upon my back: let my master get up; let these eyes of mine be hood-winked, and commend me to god; and pray tell me, when we are in our altitudes, may I not pray to god, and invoke the holy angels to protect me? To which the *Trifaldi* answered: You may pray to god, *Sancho*, or to whom you will; for, though *Malambruno* be an enchanter, he is a christian, and performs his enchantments with much sagacity, great precaution, and without disturbing any body. Come on then, quoth *Sancho*; God and the most holy trinity of *Gaeta*[1] help me! Since the memorable adventure of the fulling-mills, said *Don Quixote*, I never saw *Sancho* in so much fear as now; and, were I as superstitious as other people, his pusillanimity would a little discourage me: but, come hither, *Sancho*; for, with the leave of these noble persons, I would have a word or two with you in private.

Then going aside with *Sancho* among some trees in the garden, and taking hold of both his hands, he said to him: You see, brother *Sancho*, the long journey we are going to undertake, and god knows when we shall return, or what convenience and leisure business will afford us; and therefore my desire is, that you retire to your chamber, as if to fetch something

1 A church in *Italy* of special devotion to the blessed trinity.

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neceſſary for the road, and, in a twinkling, give your-ſelf if it be but five hundred laſhes, in part of the three thouſand and three hundred you ſtand engaged for; for, Well begun is half ended. Before god, quoth *Sancho*, your worſhip is ſtark mad: This is juſt the ſaying; You ſee I am in haſte, and you charge me with a maiden-head: now that I am juſt going to ſit upon a bare board, would you have me gall my but-tocks? verily, verily, your worſhip is in the wrong; let us now go and trim theſe *Duennas*, and, at my re-turn, I promiſe you I will make ſuch diſpatch to get out of debt, that your worſhip ſhall be contented, and I ſay no more. *Don Quixote* anſwered: With this promiſe then, honeſt *Sancho*, I am ſomewhat com-forted, and believe you will perform it; for, though you are not over-wiſe, you are true-blue. I am not blue, but brown, quoth *Sancho*; but though I were a mixture of both, I would make good my promiſe.

Upon this they came back, in order to mount *Cla-vileno*; and, at getting up, *Don Quixote* ſaid: *Sancho*, hood-wink yourſelf, and get up, *Sancho*; for whoever he be that ſends for us from countries ſo remote, he cannot ſurely intend to deceive us, conſidering the lit-tle glory he will get by deceiving thoſe who confide in him: but, ſuppoſe the very reverſe of what we imagine ſhould happen, no malice can obſcure the glory of having attempted the exploit. Let us be go-ing, Sir, quoth *Sancho*, for the beards and tears of theſe ladies have pierced my heart, and I ſhall not eat a bit to do me good, 'till I ſee them reſtored to their former ſmoothneſs. Mount you, Sir, and hood-wink firſt; for, if I am to ride behind, it is plain, he, who is to be in the ſaddle, muſt get up firſt. That is true, replied *Don Quixote*, and, pulling a handkerchief out of his pocket, he deſired the *Afflicted* to cover his eyes cloſe: which being done, he uncovered them again, and ſaid; If I remember right, I have read in *Virgil* that ſtory of the *Palladium* of *Troy*, which was a wooden horſe, dedicated by the *Greeks* to the god-deſs *Pallas*, and filled with armed knights, who after-wards proved the final deſtruction of *Troy*; and there-fore

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fore it will not be amiſs to ſee firſt what *Clavileno* has in his belly. There is no need of that, ſaid the *Afflicted*; for I am confident that *Malambruno* has nothing of the trickſter or traytor in him: your worſhip, Signor *Don Quixote*, may mount without fear, and upon me be it if any harm happens to you. *Don Quixote* conſidered, that to talk any more of his ſecurity would be a reflection upon his courage; and ſo, without farther conteſt, he mounted *Clavileno*, and tried the pin, which ſcrewed about very eaſily: and having no ſtirrups, and his legs dangling down, he looked like a figure in a *Roman* triumph, painted or woven in ſome antique piece of *Flemiſh* tapeſtry.

By little and little, and much againſt his will, *Sancho* got up behind, adjuſting himſelf the beſt he could upon the crupper; which he found not over ſoft, and begged the duke, if it were poſſible, to accommodate him with ſome pillow or cuſhion from the ducheſs's ſtate *Sopha*, or from one of the pages beds; the horſe's crupper ſeeming rather to be of marble than of wood. To this the *Trifaldi* replied, that *Clavileno* would not endure any kind of furniture upon him; but that he might ſit ſideways like a woman, and then he would not be ſo ſenſible of the hardneſs. *Sancho* did ſo, and, bidding adieu, he ſuffered his eyes to be blindfolded. But, ſoon putting by the bandage, and looking ſorrowfully and with tears upon all the folks in the garden, he begged them to aſſiſt him, in that danger, with two *pater-noſters*, and as many *ave-maries*, as they wiſhed god might provide ſomebody to do the like good office for them in the like extremity. To which *Don Quixote* ſaid: Thief, are you upon the gallows, or at the laſt gaſp, that you have recourſe to ſuch doleful prayers? Are you not, poor-ſpirited and daſtardly creature, in the ſame place which the fair *Magalona* occupied, and from which ſhe deſcended, not to the grave, but to be queen of *France*. if hiſtories lye not? And I, who ſit by you, may I not vye with the valorous *Peter*, who preſſed this very ſeat that I now preſs. Cover, cover your eyes, heartleſs animal, and ſuffer not your fear to eſcape out of your mouth, at leaſt in my

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preſence. Hood-wink me then, anſwered *Sancho*, and, ſince you have no mind I ſhould commend myſelf to god, nor that others do it for me, what wonder if I am afraid leſt ſome legion of devils may be lurking hereabouts, to hang us firſt, and try us afterwards [1]?

They were now hood-winked, and *Don Quixote*, perceiving he was fixed as he ſhould be, began to turn the peg; and ſcarce had he put his fingers to it, when all the *Duennas* and the ſtanders-by lifted up their voices, ſaying; God be your guide, valorous knight; god be with you, intrepid ſquire: now, now you mount into the air, breaking it with more ſwiftneſs than an arrow; now you begin to ſurprize and aſtoniſh all who behold you from the earth: ſit faſt, valorous *Sancho*; for you totter; beware, leſt you fall; for your fall will be worſe than that of the daring youth, who aſpired to rule the chariot of his father the ſun. *Sancho* heard the voices, and, neſtling cloſer to his maſter, and embracing him with his arms, ſaid: How can they ſay, Sir, we are got ſo high, when their voices reach us; and methinks they are talking here hard by us? Never mind that, *Sancho*, quoth *Don Quixote*; for, as theſe matters, and theſe flights, are out of the ordinary courſe, you may ſee and hear any thing a thouſand leagues off: but do not ſqueeze me ſo hard; for you will tumble me down: and, to ſay the truth, I do not ſee why you are ſo diſturbed, and frighted; for I can ſafely ſwear, I never was upon the back of an eaſier-paced ſteed in all the days of my life: methinks we do not ſo much as ſtir from our place. Baniſh fear, friend; for, in ſhort, the buſineſs goes as it ſhould, and we have the wind in our poop That is true, anſwered *Sancho*; for, on this ſide, the wind blows ſo ſtrong, that a thouſand pair of bellows ſeem to be fanning me. And ſo indeed it was; for they were airing him with ſeveral huge pair of bellows; and ſo well was this adventure concerted by the duke, the duchefs, and the ſteward,

1 Literally, *to carry us to Peralvillo*. *Pineda* ſays, it is a village near *Ciudad Real* in *Caſtile*, where the holy brotherhood, or officers for apprehending offenders, diſpatch thoſe they take in the fact, without bringing them to trial: like what we call, hanging a man and trying him afterwards.

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that nothing was wanting to make it complete. *Don Quixote* now, feeling the wind, ſaid: Without all doubt, *Sancho*, we muſt by this time have reached the ſecond region of the air, where the hail and ſnows are formed: thunder and lightning are engendered in the third region; and, if we go on mounting at this rate, we ſhall ſoon reach the region of fire; and I know not how to manage this peg, ſo as not to mount where we ſhall be ſcorched.

While they were thus diſcourſing, ſome flax, ſet on fire at the end of a long cane, at ſome diſtance, began to warm their faces. *Sancho* feeling the heat, ſaid: May I be hanged, if we are not already at that ſame fire-place, or very near it; for it has ſinged a great part of my beard; and, Sir, I am juſt going to peep out, and ſee whereabouts we are. By no means, anſwered *Don Quixote:* remember the true ſtory of the licenciate *Torralva*, whom the devils carried through the air, riding on a cane, with his eyes ſhut; and in twelve hours he arrived at *Rome*, and alighted on the tower of *Nona*, which is a ſtreet of that city, and ſaw all the tumult, aſſault, and death of the conſtable of *Bourbon*; and the next morning he returned to *Madrid*, where he gave an account of all he had ſeen. He ſaid likewiſe, that, during his paſſage through the air, the devil bid him open his eyes, and ſo he did, and found himſelf, to his thinking, ſo near the body of the moon, that he could have laid hold of it with his hand; and that he durſt not look down towards the earth for fear of being giddy. So that, *Sancho*, we muſt not uncover our faces; for he, who has taken upon him the charge of us, will give an account of us; and perhaps we are now making a point, and ſoaring aloft to a certain height, to come ſowſe down upon the kingdom of *Candaya*, like a hawk upon a heron. And though to us it does not ſeem more than half an hour ſince we left the garden, believe me, we muſt have made a great deal of way. I know nothing as to that, anſwered *Sancho Pança*; I can only ſay, that if madam *Magallanes* or *Magalona* was contented to ride upon

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this crupper, her flesh must not have been of the tenderest.

All this discourse of the two heroes was over-heard by the duke and duchess, and all that were in the garden; with which they were extremely delighted; and being now willing to put an end to this strange and well-concerted adventure, they clapped some lighted flax to *Clavileno*'s tail; and that instant he, being full of squibs and crackers, blew up with a strange noise, and threw to the ground *Don Quixote* and *Sancho*, half singed. By this time the *Trifaldi*, with the whole bearded squadron of *Duennas*, were vanished, and all that remained in the garden, counterfeiting a trance, lay flat upon the ground. *Don Quixote* and *Sancho* got up, in but indifferent plight, and, looking about them on all sides, were amazed to find themselves in the same garden, from whence they set out, and to see such a number of folks stretch'd upon the ground. But their wonder was increased, when, on one side of the garden, they perceived a great launce sticking in the earth, and a smooth piece of white parchment hanging to it by two green silken strings; upon which was written, in large letters of gold, what follows.

The renowned knight Don Quixote de la Mancha *has finished and atchieved the adventure of the countess* Trifaldi, *otherwise called* the afflicted matron, *and company, only by attempting it.* Malambruno *is entirely satisfied, and desires no more; the Chins of the* Duennas *are smooth and clean, and* Don Clavijo *and* Antonomasia *have recovered their pristine estate: and when the squirely whipping shall be accomplished, the white dove shall be delivered from the cruel pounces of the hawks that pursue her, and shall find herself in the arms of her beloved turtle: for so it is ordained by the sage* Merlin, *the prince of enchanters.*

Don Quixote, having read the inscription on the parchment, understood plainly, that it spoke of the disenchantment of *Dulcinea*, and, giving abundance of thanks

thanks to heaven for his having atchieved ſo great an exploit, with ſo little danger, reducing thereby the venerable faces of the *Duennas* to their former complexion, he went where the duke and ducheſs lay, being not yet come to themſelves; and, pulling the duke by the arm, he ſaid: Courage, courage, good my lord; the adventure is over without damage to the bars, as yon regiſter plainly ſhews. The duke, by little and little, like one awaking out of a ſound ſleep, came to himſelf, and in like manner the ducheſs, and all that were in the garden, with ſuch ſhew of wonder and affright, that what they had ſo well acted in jeſt, ſeemed almoſt to themſelves to have happened in earneſt. The duke read the ſcroll with his eyes half ſhut, and preſently, with open arms, embraced *Don Quixote*, aſſuring him he was the braveſt knight that ever lived. *Sancho* looked up and down for the *Afflicted*, to ſee what kind of face ſhe had now ſhe was beardleſs, and whether ſhe was as handſome without it, as her gallant preſence ſeemed to promiſe: but he was told, that as *Clavileno* came flaming down through the air, and tumbled upon the ground, the whole ſquadron of *Duennas*, with the *Trifaldi*, diſappeared, and their beards vaniſhed, roots and all.

The ducheſs enquired of *Sancho*, how it fared with him in that long voyage? To which *Sancho* anſwered: I perceived, madam, as my maſter told me, that we were paſſing by the region of fire, and I had a mighty mind to peep a little; and, though my maſter, whoſe leave I aſked, would not conſent to it, I, who have I know not what ſpice of curioſity, and a deſire of knowing what is forbidden and denied me, ſoftly, and without being perceived by any body, ſhoved up the kerchief near my noſtrils, and thence looked down toward the earth; and methought it was no bigger than a grain of muſtard ſeed, and the men that walked upon it little bigger than hazle-nuts: judge you, madam, how high we muſt have been then. To this quoth the ducheſs: Take care, friend *Sancho*, what you ſay; for it is plain you ſaw not the earth, but the men only that walked upon it; for if the earth appeared but like a

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grain of muſtard-ſeed, and each man like a hazle-nut, one man alone muſt needs cover the whole earth. That is true, anſwered *Sancho*; but, for all that, I had a ſide view of it, and ſaw it all. Take heed, *Sancho*, ſaid the ducheſs; for, by a ſide view, one does not ſee the whole of what one looks at. I do not underſtand theſe kind of views, replied *Sancho:* I only know, it is fit your ladyſhip ſhould underſtand, that, ſince we flew by enchantment, by enchantment I might ſee the whole earth, and all the men, whichever way I looked: and, if you do not believe this, neither will your ladyſhip believe me, when I tell you, that, thruſting up the kerchief cloſe to my eye-brows, I found myſelf ſo near to heaven, that from me to it was not above a ſpan and half; and I can take my oath, madam, that it is hugeous big: and it ſo fell out, that we paſſed by where the ſeven little ſhe-goats are [1]; and, upon my conſcience and ſoul, having been in my childhood a goatherd in my own country, I no ſooner ſaw them, but I had a longing deſire to divert myſelf with them a while, and, had I not done it, I verily think I ſhould have burſt. Well, then, what does me I? why, without ſaying a word to any body, not even to my maſter, fair and ſoftly, I ſlipped down from *Clavileno*, and played with thoſe ſhe-goats, which are like ſo many violets, about the ſpace of three quarters of an hour; and all the while *Clavileno* moved not from the place, nor ſtirred a foot [2]. And, while honeſt *Sancho* was diverting himſelf with the goats, quoth the duke, how did Signor *Don Quixote* amuſe himſelf? To which *Don Quixote* anſwered: As theſe, and the like accidents, are out of the order of nature, no wonder *Sancho* ſays what he does: for my own part, I can ſay, I neither looked up nor down, and ſaw neither heaven nor earth, nor ſea nor ſands: It is very true, I was ſenſible that I paſſed through the

1 The *Pleiades* are vulgarly called in *Spain*, the *ſeven little ſhe-goats.*

2 Here *Sancho* is got into a labyrinth of lies, and *Don Quixote* dares not directly contradict nor reprove him, being conſcious of the wonders he had related, and vouched to have ſeen in *Monteſinos*'s cave.

region

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region of the air, and even touched upon that of fire; but, that we paſſed beyond it, I cannot believe: for the fiery region being between the ſphere of the moon and the utmoſt region of the air, we could not reach that heaven, where the ſeven goats, *Sancho* ſpeaks of, are, without being burnt; and, ſince we were not burnt, either *Sancho* lyes, or *Sancho* dreams. I neither lye nor dream, anſwered *Sancho:* do but aſk me the marks of thoſe ſame goats, and by them you may gueſs whether I ſpeak the truth or not. Tell us them, *Sancho,* quoth the ducheſs. They are, replied *Sancho,* two of them green, two carnation, two blue, and one motley-coloured. A new kind of goats theſe ſame, quoth the duke: In our region of the earth we have no ſuch colours, I mean, goats of ſuch colours. The reaſon is plain, quoth *Sancho:* there muſt be a difference between the goats of heaven, and thoſe of earth. Pr'ythee, *Sancho,* ſaid the duke, was there ever a he-goat[1] among them? No, Sir, anſwered *Sancho;* for, they told me, none paſs beyond the horns of the moon. They would not aſk *Sancho* any more queſtions about his journey, perceiving he was in a humour of rambling all over the heavens, and giving an account of what paſſed there, without ſtirring from the garden.

In fine, this was the concluſion of the adventure of the afflicted matron, which furniſhed the duke and ducheſs with matter of laughter, not only at that time, but for their whole lives, and *Sancho* ſomething to relate for ages, had he lived ſo long: and *Don Quixote,* coming to *Sancho,* whiſpered him in the ear, ſaying; *Sancho,* ſince you would have us believe all you have ſeen in heaven, I expect you ſhould believe what I ſaw in *Monteſinos*'s cave; I ſay no more.

1 *Cabron.* A jeſt on the double meaning of that word, which ſignifies both a *He-goat* and a *Cuckold. Sancho,* by his anſwer, ſeems to take, or hit by chance on the jeſt.

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CHAP. X.

Of the inſtructions Don Quixote *gave* Sancho Pança, *before he went to govern his iſland; with other matters well conſidered.*

THE duke and ducheſs were ſo ſatisfied with the happy and glorious ſucceſs of the adventure of the *Afflicted*, that they reſolved to carry the jeſt ſtill farther, ſeeing how fit a ſubject they had to paſs it on for earneſt: and ſo, having projected the ſcheme, and given the neceſſary orders to their ſervants and vaſſals, how they were to behave to *Sancho* in his government of the promiſed iſland, the day following *Clavileno*'s flight, the duke bid *Sancho* prepare, and get himſelf in readineſs, to go to be a governor; for his iſlanders already wiſhed for him, as for rain in *May*. *Sancho* made his bow, and ſaid: Ever ſince my deſcent from heaven, and ſince from its lofty ſummit I beheld the earth, and obſerved it to be ſo ſmall, the great deſire I had of being a governor is, in part, cooled: for what grandeur is it to command on a grain of muſtard-ſeed, or what dignity or dominion is there in governing half a dozen men no bigger than hazle-nuts, for methought the whole earth was nothing more[1]? If your lordſhip would be pleaſed to give me but ſome ſmall portion of heaven, though it were no more than half a league, I would accept it with a better will, than the biggeſt iſland in the world: Look you, friend *Sancho*, anſwered the duke, I can give away no part of heaven, though no bigger than one's nail; for god has reſerved the diſpoſal of thoſe favours and graces in his power. But what I can give you, I give you; and that is, an iſland ready made, round and ſound, and well proportioned, and above meaſure fruitful and abundant, where, if you manage dexterouſly, you may, with the riches of the earth, purchaſe the treaſures of heaven.

1 An admirable moral inſtruction drawn from the very lies *Sancho* had told.

Well

Well then, anſwered *Sancho*, let this iſland come; for it ſhall go hard but I will be ſuch a governor, that, in ſpite of rogues, I ſhall go to heaven: and think not, it is out of covetouſneſs, that I forſake my humble cottage, and aſpire to greater things, but for the deſire I have to taſte how it reliſhes to be a governor. If once you taſte it, *Sancho*, quoth the duke, you will eat your fingers after it. ſo very ſweet a thing it is to command, and be obeyed. Sure I am, when your maſter comes to be an emperor (for doubtleſs he will be one in the way his affairs are) no one will be able to wreſt it from him, and it will grieve and vex him to the heart, to have been ſo long a time without being one. Sir, replied *Sancho*, I am of opinion, it is good to command, though it be but a flock of ſheep. Let me be buried with you, *Sancho*, for you know ſomething of every thing, anſwered the duke; and I doubt not, you will prove ſuch a governor, as your wit ſeems to promiſe. Let this ſuffice for the preſent; and take notice, that, to-morrow without fail, you ſhall depart for the government of the iſland, and this evening you ſhall be fitted with a convenient garb, and with all things neceſſary for your departure. Let them dreſs me, quoth *Sancho*, how they will; for, howſoever I go clad, I ſhall ſtill be *Sancho Pança*. That is true, ſaid the duke; but our dreſs muſt be ſuitable to the employment or dignity we are in: for it would be prepoſterous for a lawyer to be habited like a ſoldier, or a ſoldier like a prieſt. You, *Sancho*, muſt go dreſſed partly like a ſcholar, and partly like a captain; for, in the iſland I give you, arms are as neceſſary as letters, and letters as arms. Letters, anſwered *Sancho*, I know but little of; for I can ſcarce ſay the *A. B. C.* but it is ſufficient to have the *Chriſtus* [1] to be a good governor; and, as to arms, I ſhall handle ſuch as are given me 'till I fall, and god be my guide. With ſo good a memory, quoth the duke, *Sancho* can never err. By this time *Don Quixote* came up, and,

1 The *Croſs* put at the beginning of the *A. B. C.* from thence called the *Chriſt-croſs-row.*

learning

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learning what had paſſed, and how ſuddenly *Sancho* was to depart to his government, with the duke's leave, he took him by the hand, and carried him with him to his chamber, purpoſing to give him advice how to behave himſelf in his employment. Being come into the apartment, he ſhut the door after him, and, almoſt by force, made *Sancho* ſit down by him, and with a compoſed voice, ſaid to him. Infinite thanks give I to heaven, friend *Sancho*, that, firſt, and before I have met with any good-luck myſelf, good-fortune has gone forth to meet and receive you. I, who had made over my future good ſucceſs, for the payment of your paſt ſervices, find myſelf ſtill at the beginning of my advancement, whilſt you, before the due time, and againſt all rule of reaſonable expectation, find yourſelf in full poſſeſſion of your wiſhes. Others bribe, importune, ſolicit, attend early, pray, perſiſt, and yet do not obtain what they aim at: another comes, and, without knowing how or which way, carries that employment or office againſt all other pretenders. And this makes good the old ſaying; In pretenſions luck is all. You, who, in reſpect to me, without doubt are a blockhead, without riſing early, or ſitting up late, and without taking any pains at all, by the air alone of knight-errantry breathing on you, ſee yourſelf, without more ado, governor of an iſland, as if it were a matter of nothing. All this I ſay, O *Sancho*, that you may not aſcribe the favour done you to your own merit, but give thanks, firſt to heaven, which diſpoſes things ſo ſweetly, and, in the next place, to the grandeur inherent in the profeſſion of knight-errantry. Now, your heart being diſpoſed to believe what I have been ſaying, be attentive, ſon, to me your *Cato*, who will be your counſellor, your north-ſtar and guide, to conduct and ſteer you ſafe into port, out of that tempeſtuous ſea, wherein you are going to be ingulphed; for offices and great employments are nothing elſe but a profound gulph of confuſions.

Firſt, My ſon, fear God; for, To fear him is wiſdom, and, being wiſe, you cannot err.

Secondly,

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Secondly, Conſider who you were, and endeavour to know yourſelf, which is the moſt difficult point of knowledge imaginable. The knowledge of yourſelf will naturally keep you from puffing yourſelf up like the frog, who ſtrove to equal herſelf to the ox; for the conſideration of your having been a ſwine-herd in your own country will be, to the wheel of your fortune, like the peacock's ugly feet [1]. True, anſwered *Sancho*; when I was a boy, I kept ſwine; but afterwards, when I grew towards man, I look'd after geeſe, and not after hogs. But this, methinks, is nothing to the purpoſe; for all governors are not deſcended from the loins of kings. Granted, replied *Don Quixote*; and therefore thoſe, who are not of noble deſcent, ſhould accompany the gravity of the office they bear with a kind of gentle ſweetneſs, which, guided by prudence, exempts them from that ill-natured murmuring, which no ſtate of life can well eſcape.

Value yourſelf, *Sancho*, upon the meanneſs of your family, and be not aſhamed to own you deſcend from peaſants; for, when people ſee, that you yourſelf are not aſhamed, no body elſe will endeavour to make you ſo; and think it greater merit to be a virtuous mean man, than a proud ſinner: infinite is the number of thoſe, who, born of low extraction, have riſen to the higheſt dignities, both papal and imperial; and of this truth I could produce examples enough to tire you.

Look you, *Sancho*, if you take virtue for a mean, and value yourſelf upon doing virtuous actions, you need not envy lords and princes; for blood is inherited, but virtue acquired; and virtue has an intrinſic worth, which blood has not.

This being ſo, as it really is, if peradventure one of your kindred comes to ſee you, when you are in your iſland, do not deſpiſe nor affront him, but receive, cheriſh, and make much of him; for, in ſo doing, you will pleaſe god, who will have no body deſpiſe his workmanſhip; and you will act agreeably to nature well diſpoſed.

1 The peacock, in the fable, prided herſelf in her beauty, 'till ſhe was put in mind of her ugly feet.

If

If you take your wife along with you (and it is not proper for those, who govern, to be long without one) teach, instruct, and polish her from her natural rudeness; for, many times, all that a discreet governor can acquire, is dissipated and lost by an ill-bred and foolish woman.

If you chance to become a widower (a thing which may happen) and your station entitles you to a better match, seek not such an one as may serve you for an hook and angling-rod, or a friar's hood to receive alms in [1]: for, believe me, whatever the judge's wife receives, the husband must account for at the general judgment, and shall pay fourfold after death for what he made no reckoning of in his life.

Be not governed by the law of your own will, which is wont to bear much sway with the ignorant, who presume upon being discerning.

Let the tears of the poor find more compassion, but not more justice, from you, than the informations of the rich.

Endeavour to sift out the truth amidst the presents and promises of the rich, as well as among the sighs and importunities of the poor.

When equity can, and ought to take place, lay not the whole rigour of the law upon the delinquent; for the reputation of the rigorous judge is not better than that of the compassionate one.

If perchance the rod of justice be warped a little, let it not be by the weight of a gift, but by that of mercy.

If it happens, that the cause of your enemy comes before you, fix not your mind on the injury done you, but upon the merits of the case.

Let not private affection blind you in another man's cause; for the errors you shall commit thereby are often without remedy, and, if there should be one, it

[1] *Del no quiero de tu capilla.* Which cannot be rendered into *English*. *Cervantes* alludes to this proverb; *No quiero, mas echadmelo en mi capilla.* i. e. 'I will not, but throw it into my hood.' It is applied to the begging friars, who refuse to take money, but suffer it to be thrown into their hood.

will

will be at the expence both of your reputation and fortune.

If a beautiful woman comes to demand justice, turn away your eyes from her tears, and your ears from her sighs, and consider, at leisure, the substance of her request, unless you have a mind your reason should be drowned in her tears, and your integrity in her sighs.

Him you are to punish with deeds, do not evil-intreat with words; for the pain of the punishment is enough for the wretch to bear, without the addition of ill language.

In the criminal, who falls under your jurisdiction, consider the miserable man, subject to the condition of our depraved nature; and, as much as in you lies, without injuring the contrary party, shew pity and clemency; for, though the attributes of god are all equal, that of his mercy is more pleasing and attractive in our eyes, than that of his justice.

If, *Sancho*, you observe these precepts and these rules, your days will be long, and your fame eternal, your recompence full, and your felicity unspeakable. You shall match your children as you please; they, and your grand-children, shall inherit titles; you shall live in peace, and in favour with all men; and, at the end of your life, death shall find you in a sweet and mature old age, and your eyes shall be closed by the tender and pious hands of your grandchildren's children.

What I have hitherto taught you, *Sancho*, are documents for the adorning your mind: listen now to those, which concern the adornments of the body.

CHAP. XI.

Of the second instructions Don Quixote *gave* Sancho Pança.

WHO that had heard the foregoing discourse of *Don Quixote's*, but would have taken him for a prudent and intelligent person? But, as it has been often said in the progress of this grand history, he talked

talked foolishly only when chivalry was the subject, and in the rest of his conversation shewed himself master of a clear and agreeable understanding; insomuch that his actions perpetually bewrayed his judgment, and his judgment his actions. But in these second instructions given to *Sancho*, he shewed a great deal of pleasantry, and pushed his discretion and his madness to an high pitch.

Sancho listened to him most attentively, endeavouring to preserve his instructions in memory, like one that intended to observe them, and, by their means, hoped to be safely delivered of the pregnancy of his government. *Don Quixote* proceeded saying.

As to what concerns the government of your own person and family, *Sancho*, in the first place, I enjoin you to be cleanly, and to pair your nails, and not let them grow, as some do, whose ignorance has made them believe, that long nails beautify the hands; as if that excrement and excrescence were a nail, whereas it is rather the talon of a lizzard-hunting kestrell; a swinish and monstrous abuse!

Go not loose and unbuttoned, *Sancho*; for a slovenly dress betokens a careless mind, unless the discomposure and negligence fall under the article of cunning and design, as was judged to be the case of *Julius Cæsar*.

Feel, with discretion, the pulse of what your office may be worth, and, if it will afford your giving liveries to your servants, give them such as are decent and useful, rather than shewy and modish: and divide between your servants and the poor; I mean, if you can keep six pages, cloath but three, and three of the poor; and thus you will have pages for heaven and for earth too; a new way of giving liveries, which the vain-glorious never thought of.

Eat neither garlick nor onion, lest people guess, by the smell, at your peasantry. Walk leisurely, and speak deliberately; but not so as to seem to be hearkening to yourself; for all affectation is bad.

Eat little at dinner, and less at supper; for the health of the whole body is tempered in the forge of the stomach.

Be

Be temperate in drinking, considering that excess of wine neither keeps secrets, nor performs promises.

Take heed, *Sancho*, not to chew on both sides of your mouth at once, nor to eruct before company. I do not understand your eructing, quoth *Sancho*. To *eruct*, said *Don Quixote*, means, to *belch*, a filthy, though very significant, word; and therefore your nice people have recourse to the *Latin*, and, instead of, to *belch*, say, to *eruct*, and, instead of *belchings*, *eructations*: and though some do not understand these terms, it is no great matter; for, by usage, they will come hereafter to be understood; and this is to enrich language [1], over which the vulgar and custom bear sway. In truth, Sir, quoth *Sancho*, one of the counsels and instructions, I intend to carry in my memory, shall be this, of not belching; for I am wont to do it very frequently. Eructing, *Sancho*, and not belching, quoth *Don Quixote*. Eructing it shall be henceforward, and, in faith, I will not forget it.

Likewise, *Sancho*, intermix not in your discourse that multitude of proverbs you are wont: for, though proverbs are short sentences, you often drag them in so by the head and shoulders, that they seem rather cross purposes, than sentences. God alone can remedy that, quoth *Sancho*; for I know more proverbs than will fill a book, and when I talk, they crowd so thick into my mouth, that they justle which shall get out first: but my tongue tosses out the first it meets, though it be not always very pat. But, for the future, I will take heed to utter such as become the gravity of my place: for, In a plentiful house supper is soon dressed; and He that cuts does not deal; and, He that has the repique is safe; and, To spend and to spare,

[1] Here our author justifies the introducing expressive words out of one language into another, agreeable to *Horace*'s

Et nova fictaque nuper habebunt verba fidem, si
Græco fonte cadant, parcè detorta. Ars Poet. l. 52.

What he says of the force of custom is borrowed from the same poet's

Si volet Usus,
Quem penes arbitrium est, et jus et norma loquendi. Ib. l. 71.

require

require judgment. So, ſo, *Sancho*, quoth *Don Quixote*; thruſt in, rank, and ſtring on your proverbs; no body is going about to hinder you. My mother whips me, and I tear on. I am warning you to abſtain from proverbs, and in an inſtant you pour forth a litany of them, which ſquare with what we are upon, as much as *Over the Hills and far away* [1]. Look you, *Sancho*, I do not ſay a proverb is amiſs when ſkillfully applied, but to accumulate and ſtring them at random, renders a diſcourſe flat and low.

When you are on horſe-back, ſit not leaning your body backwards over your ſaddle, nor carry your legs ſtiff, ſtretched, and ſtraddling from the horſe's belly: nor yet dangle them ſo, as if you were ſtill upon *Dapple*; for ſitting a horſe makes ſome look like gentlemen, others like grooms.

Let your ſleep be moderate; for he, who is not up with the ſun, does not enjoy the day: and take notice, O *Sancho*, that diligence is the mother of good-fortune, and ſloth her oppoſite never reached the end of a good-wiſh.

The laſt article of advice I am about to give you, though it concerns not the adorning of the body, yet I would have you bear it carefully in mind; for I believe it will be of no leſs uſe to you than thoſe I have already given you. It is this: Never ſet yourſelf to decide conteſts about families, at leaſt by comparing them, ſince perforce one muſt have the advantage; and he who is poſtponed will hate you, and he who is preferred will not reward you.

Your habit ſhall be breeches and ſtockings, a long coat [2], and a cloak [3] ſomewhat longer; but for trowzers [4] or trunk-hoſe, think not of them; for they are not becoming either to cavaliers or governors.

1 In the original, *By the rocks of* Ubeda. It is the beginning of an old ſong.

2 Such a coat as our drums and trumpets wear, with hanging-ſleeves, and borders about the top of the arms, where they join to the ſhoulders.

3 Such as the *Jeſuits* wear, without a cape, but with a collar.

4 Such as our beef-eaters on guard wear.

This

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This is all that occurs to me at preſent, by way of advice to you: as time goes on, and according to the occaſions, ſuch ſhall my inſtructions be, provided you take care to inform me of the ſtate of your affairs. Sir, anſwered *Sancho*, I ſee very well, that all your worſhip has been ſaying is good, holy and profitable: but what good will it do me, if I remember nothing of it? It is true, I ſhall not forget what you have ſaid about not letting my nails grow, and about marrying again if I may: but for your other gallimawfries, quirks, and quillets, I neither do, nor ever ſhall, remember any more of them, than of laſt year's clouds; and therefore it will be neceſſary to give me them in writing; for though I can neither read nor write, I will give them to my confeſſor, that he may inculcate and hammer them into me, whenever there ſhall be need. Ah! ſinner that I am! anſwered *Don Quixote*; how ill does it look in a governor not to be able to read or write! for you muſt know, O *Sancho*, that for a man not to know how to read, or to be left-handed, implies one of theſe two things; either that he ſprung from very mean and low parents, or that he was ſo untoward and perverſe, that no good could be beaten into him. It is a very great defect you carry with you, and therefore I would by all means have you learn to write your name, if poſſible. I can ſign my name very well, anſwered *Sancho*; for when I was ſteward of the brotherhood in our village, I learned to make certain characters, like thoſe raddled upon a wool-pack, which, I was told, ſpelt my name: but, at the worſt, I can pretend my right hand is lame, and make another ſign for me: for there is a remedy for every thing but death; and I, having the command of the ſtaff, will do what I pleaſe. Beſides, He whoſe father is mayor, *&c.* you know [1], and I, being a governor, am ſurely ſomething more than mayor. Let them come and play at bo-peep. Ay, 'ay, let them ſlight and back-bite me: they may come for wool, and be ſent back ſhorn; and, Whom god loves, his houſe

1 *Sancho* hints at ſome well known proverb.

ſmells

ſmells ſavoury to him; and the rich man's blunders paſs for maxims in the world; and I, being a governor, and conſequently bountiful to boot, as I intend to be, no body will ſee my defects. No, no, Get yourſelf honey, and clowns will have flies. As much as you have, ſo much you are worth, ſaid my grannam; and, There is no revenging yourſelf upon a rich man. O! god's curſe light on you, *Sancho*, cried out *Don Quixote* at this inſtant; ſixty thouſand devils take you, and your proverbs! you have been ſtringing of them this full hour, and putting me to the rack [1] with every one of them. Take my word for it, theſe proverbs will one day bring you to the gallows: upon their account your ſubjects will ſtrip you of your government, or at leaſt conſpire againſt you. Tell me, where find you them, ignorant? or how apply you them, dunce? For my own part, to utter but one, and apply it properly, I ſweat and labour as if I were digging. Before god, maſter of mine, replied *Sancho*, your worſhip complains of very trifles. Why the devil are you angry, that I make uſe of my own goods; for I have no other, nor any ſtock, but proverbs upon proverbs: and juſt now I have four that preſent themſelves pat to the purpoſe, and fit like pears in a pannier [2]: but I will not produce them; for, To keep ſilence well is called *Sancho* [3]. That you will never do, *Sancho*, quoth *Don Quixote*; for you are ſo far from keeping ſilence well, that you are an arrant prate-apace, and an eternal babbler. But, for all that, I would fain know what four proverbs occurred to you juſt now, ſo pat to the purpoſe; for I have been running over my own memory, which is a pretty good one, and I can think of none. Can there be better,

1 The original is *Draughts of the rack*. It alludes to a particular kind of torture in *Spain*, namely, a thin piece of gawze moiſtened and put to the lips of a perſon dying with thirſt, who ſwallows it down by degrees, and then it is pulled up again by the end the executioner holds in his hand.

2 Pears ſent to *Madrid* from *Daroca*, in *March* when they are ſcarce, and made up nicely, to prevent bruiſing.

3 The proverb is, *To keep ſilence well is called* (ſanto) *holy*; but *Sancho* changes it out of archneſs or ignorance.

quoth

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quoth *Sancho*, than: Never venture your fingers between two eye-teeth; and, To get out of my houſe; what would you have with my wife? there is no reply; and, Whether the pitcher hits the ſtone, or the ſtone the pitcher, it is bad for the pitcher: All which fit to a hair. Let no one conteſt with his governor or his governor's ſubſtitutes; for he will come off by the worſt, like him who claps his finger between two eye-teeth: but though they be not eye-teeth, ſo they be the teeth, it matters not. To what a governor ſays, there is no replying; for it is like, Get you out of my houſe, what buſineſs have you with my wife? Then, as to the ſtone and the pitcher, a blind man may ſee into it. So that he who ſees a mote in another man's eye, ſhould firſt look to the beam in his own; that it may not be ſaid of him, The dead woman was afraid of her that was flayed: And your worſhip knows full well, that, The fool knows more in his own houſe, than the wiſe in another man's. Not ſo, *Sancho*, anſwered *Don Quixote*: The fool knows nothing either in his own houſe, or another's; for knowledge is not a ſtructure to be erected upon ſo ſhallow a foundation as folly. And ſo much for that, *Sancho*; for if you govern ill, yours will be the fault, but the ſhame will be mine. But I comfort myſelf, that I have done my duty in adviſing you as ſeriouſly and as diſcreetly as I poſſibly could: and ſo I am acquitted both of my obligation and my promiſe. God ſpeed you, *Sancho*, and govern you in your government, and deliver me from a ſuſpicion I have, that you will turn the whole iſland topſy-turvy: which I might prevent, by letting the duke know what you are, and telling him, that all that paunch-gut and little carcaſs of thine is nothing but a ſackful of proverbs and fly remarks. Sir, replied *Sancho*, if your worſhip thinks I am not fit for this government, I renounce it from this moment; for I love the little black of the nail of my ſoul better than my whole body, and plain *Sancho* can live as well upon bread and onion, as governor *Sancho* upon capon and partridge. Beſides, while we are aſleep, the great and the ſmall, the

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the poor and the rich, are all equal. And if your worſhip reflects, you will find, it was your worſhip that put me upon the ſcent of governing; for I know no more of the government of iſlands than a buſtard; and, if you fancy the devil will have me, if I am a governor, I had rather go *Sancho* to heaven, than a governor to hell. Before god, *Sancho*, quoth *Don Quixote*, for thoſe laſt words of yours, I think you deſerve to be governor of a thouſand iſlands. You are good-natured, without which no knowledge is of any value: Pray to god, and endeavour not to err in your intention; I mean, always take care to have a firm purpoſe and deſign of doing right in whatever buſineſs occurs; for heaven conſtantly favours a good intention. And ſo let us go to dinner; for I believe the lord and lady ſtay for us.

CHAP. XII.

How Sancho Pança *was carried to his government, and of the ſtrange adventure which befel* Don Quixote *in the caſtle.*

WE are told, that, in the original of this hiſtory, it is ſaid, *Cid Hamet*, coming to write this chapter, the interpreter did not tranſlate it, as he had written it: which was a kind of complaint the *Moor* made of himſelf, for having undertaken a hiſtory ſo dry, and ſo confined, as that of *Don Quixote*, thinking he muſt be always talking of him and *Sancho*, without daring to launch into digreſſions and epiſodes of more weight and entertainment. And he ſaid, that to have his invention, his hand, and his pen, always tied down to write upon one ſubject only, and to ſpeak by the mouths of few characters, was an inſupportable toil, and of no advantage to the author; and that, to avoid this inconvenience, he had, in the firſt part, made uſe of the artifice of introducing novels, ſuch as that of the *Curious impertinent*, and that of the *Captive*; which are in a manner detached from the hiſtory; though moſt of what is related in that part are accidents, which happened

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pened to *Don Quixote* himſelf, and could not be omitted. He alſo thought, as he tells us, that many readers, carried away by their attention to *Don Quixote*'s exploits, could afford none to the novels, and would either run them over in haſte, or with diſguſt, not conſidering how fine and artificial they were in themſelves, as would have been very evident, had they been publiſhed ſeparately, without being tacked to the extravagancies of *Don Quixote* and the ſimplicities of *Sancho*. And therefore, in this ſecond part, he would introduce no looſe nor inconnected novels; but only ſome epiſodes, reſembling them, and ſuch as flow naturally from ſuch events as the truth offers; and even theſe, with great limitation, and in no more words than are ſufficient to expreſs them: and, ſince he reſtrains and confines himſelf within the narrow limits of the narration, though with ability, genius and underſtanding, ſufficient to treat of the whole univerſe, he deſires his pains may not be undervalued, but that he may receive applauſe, not for what he writes, but for what he has omitted to write: and then he goes on with his hiſtory, ſaying.

Don Quixote, in the evening of the day he gave the inſtructions to *Sancho*, gave them him in writing, that he might get ſomebody to read them to him: but ſcarce had he delivered them to *Sancho*, when he dropped them, and they fell into the duke's hands, who communicated them to the ducheſs; and they both admired afreſh at the madneſs and capacity of *Don Quixote*; and ſo, going on with their jeſt, that evening they diſpatched *Sancho* with a large retinue to the place, which, to him, was to be an iſland. The perſon, who had the management of the buſineſs, was a ſteward of the duke's, a perſon of pleaſantry and diſcretion (for there can be no true pleaſantry without diſcretion) and who had already perſonated the counteſs *Trifaldi*, with the humour already related; and with theſe qualifications, and the inſtructions of his lord and lady how to behave to *Sancho*, he performed his part to admiration. Now it fell out, that *Sancho* no ſooner caſt his eyes on this ſame ſteward, but he fancied he ſaw in his face the very features

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features of the *Trifaldi*; and, turning to his master, he said: Sir, either the devil shall run away with me from the place where I stand for an honest man and a believer, or your worship shall confess to me, that the countenance of this same steward of the duke's here is the very same with that of the *Afflicted*. *Don Quixote* beheld him attentively, and, having view'd him, said to *Sancho*: There is no need of the devil's running away with you, *Sancho*, either as an honest man, or a believer; for, though I know not what you mean, I see plainly the steward's face is the same with the *Afflicted*'s, and yet the steward is not the *Afflicted*; for that would imply a palpable contradiction. But this is no time to enter into these enquiries, which would involve us in an intricate labyrinth. Believe me, friend, we ought earnestly to pray to our lord to deliver us from wicked wizzards and enchanters. It is no jesting matter, Sir, replied *Sancho*; for I heard him speak before, and methought the *Trifaldi*'s voice sounded in my ears. Well, I say no more; but I will not fail to be upon the watch henceforward, to see whether I can discover any other sign, to confirm or remove my suspicion. Do so, *Sancho*, quoth *Don Quixote*, and give me advice of all you discover in this affair, and all that happens to you in your government.

At length *Sancho* set out with a great number of followers. He was habited like one of the gown, having on a wide surtout of murry-coloured camblet, with a cap of the same, and mounted *a la Gineta* [1] upon a mule. And behind him, by the duke's order, was led his *Dapple*, with ass-like furniture, all of flaming fine silk. *Sancho* turned back his head every now and then to look at his ass, with whose company he was so delighted, that he would not have changed conditions with the emperor of *Germany*.

At taking leave of the duke and duchess, he kissed their hands, and begged his master's blessing, which he gave with tears, and *Sancho* received blubbering. Now, loving reader, let honest *Sancho* depart in peace, and

1 With short stirrops.

in

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in a good hour, and expect two bushels of laughter from the accounts how he demeaned himself in his employment; and, in the mean time, attend to what befel his master that night; which if it does not make you laugh, you will at least open your lips with the grin of a monkey: for the adventures of *Don Quixote* must be celebrated either with admiration or laughter.

It is related then, that, scarce was *Sancho* departed, when *Don Quixote* began to regret his own solitary condition, and had it been possible for him to have recalled the commission, and taken the government from him, he would certainly have done it. The duchess soon perceived his melancholy, and asked him why he was so sad: If for the absence of *Sancho*, there were squires, *Duennas*, and damsels enough in her house, ready to serve him to his heart's desire. It is true, madam, answered *Don Quixote*, that I am concerned for *Sancho*'s absence: but that is not the principal cause that makes me appear sad; and, of all your excellency's kind offers, I accept and choose that only of the good-will with which they are tendered; and for the rest I humbly beseech your excellency, that you would be pleased to consent and permit, that I alone may wait upon myself in my chamber. Truly, Signor *Don Quixote*, quoth the duchess, it must not be so, but you shall be served by four of my damsels, all beautiful as flowers. To me, answered *Don Quixote*, they will not be flowers, but very thorns, pricking me to the soul: they shall no more come into my chamber, nor any thing like it, than they shall fly. If your grandeur would continue your favours to me, without my deserving them, suffer me to be alone, and let me serve myself within my own doors, that I may keep a wall betwixt my passions and my modesty; a practice I would not forego for all your highness's liberality towards me. In short, I will sooner lie in my cloaths, than consent to let any body help to undress me. Enough, enough, Signor *Don Quixote*, replied the duchess: I promise you, that I will give order, that not so much as a fly shall enter your chamber, much less a damsel. I would by no means be accessory to the violation of Signor *Don*

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Quixote's decency; for, by what I can perceive, the most conspicuous of his many virtues is his modesty. Your worship, Sir, may undress and dress by yourself, your own way, when, and how you please; for no body shall hinder you, and in your chamber you will find all the necessary utensils; so that you may sleep with the door locked, and no natural want need oblige you to open them. A thousand ages live the grand *Dulcinea del Toboso*, and be her name extended over the whole globe of the earth, for meriting the love of so valiant and so chaste a knight; and may indulgent heaven infuse into the heart of *Sancho Pança*, our governor, a disposition to finish his whipping speedily, that the world may again enjoy the beauty of so great a lady. To which *Don Quixote* said: Your highness has spoken like yourself, and from the mouth of such good ladies nothing that is bad can proceed: and *Dulcinea* will be more happy, and more known in the world, by the praises your grandeur bestows on her, than by those of the most eloquent on earth. Signor *Don Quixote*, replied the duchess, the hour of supper draws near, and the duke may be staying for us: come, Sir, let us sup, and to bed betimes; for your yesterday's journey from *Candaya* was not so short, but it must have somewhat fatigued you. Not at all, madam, answered *Don Quixote*; for I can safely swear to your excellency, that in all my life I never bestrid a soberer beast, nor one of an easier pace, than *Clavileño*; and I cannot imagine what possessed *Malambruno* to part with so swift and so gentle a steed, and burn him so, without more ado. We may suppose, answered the duchess, that, repenting of the mischief he had done to the *Trifaldi*, and her companions, and to other persons, and of the iniquities he has committed as a wizzard and an enchanter, he had a mind to destroy all the instruments of his art, and as the principal, and that which gave him the most disquiet, by having carried him up and down from country to country, he burnt *Clavileño*; and thus, with his ashes, and the trophy of the parchment, has eternalized the valour of the grand *Don Quixote de la Mancha*. *Don Quixote* gave thanks afresh to the duchess,

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duchess, and, when he had supped, he retired to his chamber alone, not consenting to let any body come in to wait upon him; so afraid was he of meeting with temptations to move or force him to let go that modest decency he had preserved towards his lady *Dulcinea*, bearing always in mind the chastity of *Amadis*, the flower and mirrour of knights-errant. He shut his door after him, and, by the light of two wax candles, pulled off his cloaths; and, at stripping off his stockings (O mishap unworthy of such a personage!) forth burst, not sighs, nor any thing else that might discredit his cleanliness, but some two dozen stitches of a stocking, which made it resemble a lattice-window. The good gentleman was extremely afflicted, and would have given an ounce of silver to have had there a drachm of green silk; I say, green, because his stockings were green.

Here *Ben-engeli* exclaims, and, writing on, says: O poverty, poverty! I cannot imagine what moved the great *Cordovan* poet to call thee *a holy, thankless gift*. I, though a *Moor*, know very well by the intercourse I have had with the christians, that holiness consists in charity, humility, faith, obedience and poverty. But for all that, I say, a man must have a great share of the grace of god, who can bring himself to be contented with poverty, unless it be that kind of it, of which one of the greatest saints speaks, saying: *Possess all things as not possessing them*. And this is called poverty in spirit. But thou, O second poverty (which is that I am speaking of) why dost thou chuse to pinch gentlemen, and such as are well-born, rather than other people? Why dost thou force them to cobble their shoes, and to wear one button of their coats of silk, one of hair, and one of glass? Why must their ruffs be, for the most part, ill ironed, and worse starched? ——— By this you may see the antiquity of the use of ruffs and starch. Then he goes on — Wretched, well-born gentleman! who is administering jelly-broths to his honour, while he is starving his carcass, dining with his door locked upon him, and making a hypocrite of his toothpick, with which he walks

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out into the ſtreet, after having eaten nothing to oblige him to this cleanlineſs. Wretched he, I ſay, whoſe ſkittiſh honour is always ready to ſtart, apprehenſive that every body ſees, a league off, the patch upon his ſhoe, the ſweating through of his hat, the thread-bareneſs of his cloak, and the hunger of his ſtomach!

All theſe melancholy reflections recurred to *Don Quixote*'s thoughts upon the rent in his ſtocking [1]: but his comfort was, that *Sancho* had left behind him a pair of travelling-boots, which he reſolved to put on next day. Finally he laid himſelf down, penſive and heavy-hearted, as well for lack of *Sancho*, as for the irreparable misfortune of his ſtocking, whoſe ſtitches he would gladly have dearned, though with ſilk of another colour: which is one of the greateſt ſigns of miſery a gentleman can give in the courſe of his tedious needineſs. He put out the lights: the weather was hot, and he could not ſleep: he got out of bed, and opened the caſement of a grate-window, which looked into a fine garden, and at opening it, he perceived and heard ſomebody walking and talking in the garden. He ſet himſelf to liſten attentively; and thoſe below raiſed their voices ſo high, that he could diſtinguiſh theſe words. Preſs me not, O *Emerencia*, to ſing; for you know, ever ſince this ſtranger came into this caſtle, and my eyes beheld him, I cannot ſing, but weep. Beſides, my lady ſleeps not ſound, and I would not have her find us here for all the treaſure of the world. But, ſuppoſe ſhe ſhould ſleep, and not awake, my ſinging will ſtill be in vain, if this new *Æneas*, who is arrived in my territories to leave me forlorn, ſleeps on, and awakes not to hear it. Do not fancy ſo, dear *Altiſidora*, anſwered the other; for doubtleſs the ducheſs, and every body elſe in the houſe, is aſleep, excepting the maſter of your heart, and diſturber of your repoſe: for even now I heard him open his caſement,

1 Some critics object to *Don Quixote*'s concern about a ſtitch fallen in his ſtocking, as beneath the notice of a knight-errant, the whole world being bound to ſupply him with every thing. But, if we conſider it as a ſketch of the *Spaniſh* pride, it will be found to be a pleaſant and agreeable piece of ſatire.

and,

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and, without doubt, he must be awake. Sing, my afflicted creature, in a low and sweet voice, to the sound of your harp; and, if the duchess should hear us, we will plead the excessive heat of the weather. That is not the point, O *Emerencia*, answered *Altisidora*, but that I am afraid my song should betray my heart, and so I may be taken for a light longing hussey by those, who are unacquainted with the powerful effects of love. But come what will; better a blush in the face than a blot in the heart. Presently a harp was heard to sound most sweetly. Which *Don Quixote* hearing, he was ravish'd: for, in that instant, came into his mind an infinite number of adventures of the like kind, of casements, grates, and gardens, serenades, courtships, and faintings away, of which he had read in his idle books of chivalry. He straight imagined, that some damsel of the duchess's was fallen in love with him, and that modesty obliged her to conceal her passion. He was a little afraid of being captivated, but resolved in his own thoughts not to yield; and so, commending himself, with all his soul and with all his might, to his mistress *Dulcinea del Toboso*, he determined to listen to the music; and, to let them know he was there, he gave a feigned sneeze; at which the damsels were not a little glad, desiring nothing more than that *Don Quixote* should hear them. Now, the harp being tuned and touched, *Altisidora* began this song.

SONG.

Gentle knight, la Mancha's *glory*,
Fam'd in never-dying story;
Of a purer, finer, mould,
Than Arabia's *finest gold*:
Thou that in thy downy bed,
Wrapt in Holland *sheets, art laid*,
And with out-stretch'd legs art yawning,
Or asleep till morrow's dawning;
Hear a woful maid complaining,
Who must die by thy disdaining,

Since thy eyes have ſcorch'd her ſoul,
And have burnt it to a coal.
If the aim of thy adventures
In relieving damſels centers,
Canſt thou wound a tender maid,
And refuſe thy wonted aid?
Tell, O tell me, I conjure thee,
So may heav'nly help ſecure thee,
Wert thou born where lions roar
On remoteſt Afric's *ſhore?*
Wert thou ſome bleak mountain's care,
And did'ſt ſuck, thy nurſe, a bear?
Fair Dulcinny, *tall and ſlender,*
Well may boaſt thy heart's ſurrender,
Since thoſe charms muſt ſtand confeſt,
That could tame a tiger's breaſt:
And henceforth ſhe ſhall be known
From the Tagus *to the* Rhone.
Could I take Dulcinny's *place,*
And but ſwap with her's my face,
O, I'd give my Sunday's *ſuit,*
And fring'd petticoat to boot.
Happy ſhe, that in thoſe arms
Claſp'd, enjoys thy manly charms,
Or but, ſitting by thy bed,
Chafes thy feet, or rubs thy head!
Ah! I wiſh and aſk too much:
Let me but thy great toe touch;
'Twere to humble me a bleſſing,
And reward beyond expreſſing.
Oh! how would I laviſh riches,
Satin veſts and damaſk breeches,
To adorn and dreſs my dear!
Oh! what night-caps he ſhould wear!
I'm a virgin, neat and clean,
And, in faith, not quite fifteen;
Tall and ſtraight, and very ſound,
And my ringlets bruſh the ground.
Though my mouth be ſomewhat wide,
In my coral teeth I pride;
And the flatneſs of my noſe
Here for finiſh'd beauty goes.

How

How I ſing, I need not ſay,
If perchance thou hear'ſt this lay.
Theſe, and twenty graces more-a,
Court thee to Altiſidora.

Here ended the ſong of the ſore-wounded *Altiſidora*, and began the alarm of the courted *Don Quixote*, who, fetching a deep ſigh, ſaid within himſelf: Why am I ſo unhappy a knight-errant, that no damſel can ſee me but ſhe muſt preſently fall in love with me? Why is the peerleſs *Dulcinea* ſo unlucky, that ſhe muſt not be ſuffered ſingly to enjoy this my incomparable conſtancy? Queens, what would ye have with her? Empreſſes, why do ye perſecute her? Damſels, from fourteen to fifteen, why do ye plague her? Leave, leave the poor creature; let her triumph, glory, and plume herſelf in the lot which love beſtowed upon her in the conqueſt of my heart, and the ſurrender of my ſoul. Take notice, enamoured multitude, that to *Dulcinea* alone I am paſte and ſugar, and to all others flint: to her I am honey, and to the reſt of ye aloes. To me, *Dulcinea* alone is beautiful, diſcrete, lively, modeſt, and well-born; and the reſt of her ſex, foul, fooliſh, fickle, and baſe-born. To be hers, and hers alone, nature threw me into the world. Let *Altiſidora* weep or ſing; let the lady deſpair, on whoſe account I was buffetted in the caſtle of the enchanted *Moor*[1]. Boiled, or roaſted, *Dulcinea*'s I muſt be, clean, well-bred, and chaſte, in ſpite of all the necromantic powers on earth. This ſaid, he clapped to the caſement, and, in deſpite and ſorrow, as if ſome great misfortune had befallen him, threw himſelf upon his bed; where, at preſent, we will leave him, to attend the great *Sancho Pança*, who is deſirous of beginning his famous government.

[1] Alluding to the ſtory of *Maritornes* and the carrier, in the former part of the hiſtory.

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CHAP. XIII.

How the great Sancho Pança *took poſſeſſion of his iſland, and of the manner of his beginning to govern it.*

O Thou perpetual diſcoverer of the antipodes, torch of the world, eye of heaven, ſweet motive of wine-cooling bottles [1]; here *Thimbrius*, there *Phœbus*; here archer, there phyſician; father of poeſy, inventor of muſic; thou, who always riſeſt, and, though thou ſeemeſt to do ſo, never ſetteſt! To thee I ſpeak, O ſun, by whoſe aſſiſtance man begets man; thee I invoke to favour and enlighten the obſcurity of my genius, that I may be able punctually to deſcribe the government of the great *Sancho Pança*: for, without thee, I find myſelf indolent, diſpirited, and confuſed.

I ſay then, that *Sancho*, with all his attendants, arrived at a town that contained about a thouſand inhabitants, and was one of the beſt the duke had. They gave him to underſtand, that it was called the iſland of *Barataria*, either becauſe *Barataria* was really the name of the place, or becauſe he obtained the government of it at ſo cheap a rate [2]. At his arrival near the gates of the town, which was walled about, the magiſtrates, in their formalities, came out to receive him, the bells rung, and the people gave demonſtrations of a general joy, and, with a great deal of pomp, conducted him to the great church to give thanks to god. Preſently after, with certain ridiculous ceremonies, they preſented him the keys of the town, and admitted him as perpetual governor of the iſland of *Barataria*. The garb, the beard, the thickneſs, and ſhortneſs of the new governor, held in admiration all that were not in the ſecret, and even thoſe that were, who were not a few. In fine, as ſoon as they had brought him out of the church,

1 *Cantimplora*. A ſort of bottle for keeping wine cool, with a very long neck, and very broad and flat below, that the ice may lie conveniently upon it in the pail, and a broad cork fitted to the pail, with a hole in the middle to let the neck of the bottle through.

2 *Baratо* in *Spaniſh* ſignifies *Cheap*.

they

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they carried him to the tribunal of juſtice, and placed him in the chair, and the duke's ſteward ſaid to him: It is an ancient cuſtom here, my lord governor, that he, who comes to take poſſeſſion of this famous iſland, is obliged to anſwer to a queſtion put to him, which is to be ſomewhat intricate and difficult; and, by his anſwer, the people are enabled to feel the pulſe of their new governor's underſtanding, and, accordingly, are either glad or ſorry for his coming.

While the ſteward was ſaying this, *Sancho* was ſtaring at ſome capital letters written on the wall oppoſite to his chair, and, becauſe he could not read, he aſked what that painting was on the wall, He was anſwered, Sir, it is there written, on what day your honour took poſſeſſion of this iſland; and the inſcription runs thus: *This day* (ſuch a day of the month and year) *Signor* Don Sancho Pança *took poſſeſſion of this iſland, and long may he enjoy it*. And, pray, quoth he, who is it they call *Don Sancho Pança?* Your lordſhip, anſwered the ſteward; for no other *Pança*, beſides him now in the chair, ever came into this iſland. Take notice, brother, quoth *Sancho*, *Don* does not belong to me, nor ever did to any of my family: I am called plain *Sancho Pança*; my father was a *Sancho*, and my grandfather a *Sancho*, and they were all *Panças*, without any addition of *Dons* or *Donnas*; and I fancy there are more *Dons* than ſtones in this iſland: but enough; god knows my meaning, and, perhaps, if my government laſts four days, I may weed out theſe *Dons*, that over-run the country, and, by their numbers, are as troubleſome as gnats[1]. On with your queſtion, maſter ſteward, and I will anſwer the beſt I can, let the people be ſorry or not ſorry.

At this inſtant two men came into the court, the one clad like a country fellow, and the other like a tailor, with a pair of ſheers in his hand; and the tailor ſaid: My lord governor, I, and this countryman, come before your worſhip, by reaſon this honeſt man came yeſterday to my ſhop, (for, ſaving

[1] A ſevere ſatire on the *Spaniſh* pride and affectation of gentility.

your presence, I am a tailor, and have passed my examination, god be thanked) and, putting a piece of cloth into my hands, asked me; Sir, is there enough of this to make me a cap? I, measuring the piece, answered, Yes. Now he imagining, as I imagine (and I imagined right) that doubtless I had a mind to cabbage some of the cloth, grounding his conceit upon his own knavery, and upon the common ill opinion had of tailors, bid me view it again, and see if there was not enough for two. I guessed his drift, and told him there was. My gentleman, persisting in his knavish intention, went on encreasing the number of caps, and I adding to the number of Yes's, 'till we came to five caps; and even now he came for them. I offered them to him, and he refuses to pay me for the making, and pretends I shall either return him his cloth, or pay him for it. Is all this so, brother? demanded *Sancho*. Yes, answered the man; but pray, my lord, make him produce the five caps he has made me. With all my heart, answered the tailor, and, pulling his hand from under his cloak, he shewed the five caps on the ends of his fingers and thumb, saying: Here are the five caps this honest man would have me make, and, on my soul and conscience, not a shred of the cloth is left, and I submit the work to be viewed by any inspectors of the trade. All that were present laughed at the number of the caps, and the novelty of the suit. *Sancho* set himself to consider a little, and said: I am of opinion, there needs no great delay in this suit, and it may be decided very equitably off hand; and therefore I pronounce, that the tailor lose the making, and the countryman the stuff, and the caps be confiscated to the use of the poor; and there is an end of that. If the sentence he afterwards passed on the purse of the herdsmen caused the admiration of all the by-standers, this excited their laughter. In short, what the governor commanded was executed.

The next that presented themselves before him, were two antient men, the one with a cane in his hand for a staff; and he without a staff said: My lord, some time ago I lent this man ten crowns of gold, to oblige

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and ſerve him, upon condition he ſhould return them on demand. I let him alone a good while, without aſking for them, becauſe I was loth to put him to a greater ſtrait to pay me, than he was in when I lent them. But at length, thinking he was negligent of the payment, I aſked him, more than once or twice, for my money, and he not only refuſes payment, but denies the debt, and ſays, I never lent him any ſuch ſum, and, if I did, that he has already paid me: and I having no witneſſes of the loan, or he of the payment, I intreat your worſhip will take his oath; and, if he will ſwear that he has returned me the money, I acquit him from this minute before god and the world. What ſay you to this, old gentleman with the ſtaff? quoth *Sancho*. To which the old fellow replied: I confeſs, my lord, he did lend me the money; and, if your worſhip pleaſes to hold down your wand of juſtice, ſince he leaves it to my oath, I will ſwear I have really and truly returned it him. The governor held down the wand, and the old fellow gave the ſtaff to his creditor to hold, while he was ſwearing, as if it encumbered him; and preſently laid his hand upon the croſs of the wand, and ſaid, it was true indeed that he had lent him thoſe ten crowns he aſked for; but that he had reſtored them to him into his own hand, and becauſe, he ſuppoſed, he had forgot it, he was every moment aſking him for them. Which the great governor ſeeing, he aſked the creditor, what he had to anſwer to what his antagoniſt had alledged. He replied, he did not doubt but his debtor had ſaid the truth; for he took him to be an honeſt man, and a good chriſtian; and that he himſelf muſt have forgot, when, and where, the money was returned; and that, from thenceforward, he would never aſk him for it again. The debtor took his ſtaff again, and, bowing his head, went out of court. *Sancho* ſeeing this, and that he was gone without more ado, and obſerving alſo the patience of the creditor, he inclined his head upon his breaſt, and, laying the fore-finger of his right hand upon his eye-brows and noſe, he continued, as it were, full of thought, a ſhort ſpace, and then, lifting up his head,

he

he ordered the old man with the staff, who was already gone, to be called back. He was brought back accordingly, and *Sancho*, seeing him, said: Give me that staff, honest friend; for I have occasion for it. With all my heart, answered the old fellow; and delivered it into his hand. *Sancho* took it, and, giving it to the other old man, said: Go about your business, in god's name, for you are paid. I, my lord? answered the old man; what! is this cane worth ten golden crowns? Yes, quoth the governor, or I am the greatest dunce in the world; and now it shall appear whether I have a head to govern a whole kingdom. Straight he commanded the cane to be broken before them all. Which being done, there were found in the hollow of it ten crowns in gold. All were struck with admiration, and took their new governor for a second *Solomon*. They asked him whence he had collected, that the ten crowns were in the cane. He answered, that, upon seeing the old man give it his adversary, while he was taking the oath, and swearing that he had really and truly restored them into his own hands, and, when he had done, ask for it again, it came into his imagination, that the money in dispute must be in the hollow of the cane. Whence it may be gathered, that god almighty often directs the judgments of those who govern, though otherwise mere blockheads: besides he had heard the priest of his parish tell a like case; and, were it not that he was so unlucky as to forget all that he had a mind to remember, his memory was so good, there would not have been a better in the whole island. At length both the old men marched off, the one ashamed, and the other satisfied: the by-standers were surprized, and the secretary, who minuted down, the words, actions, and behaviour of *Sancho Pança*, could not determine with himself, whether he should set him down a wise man or a fool.

This cause was no sooner ended, but there came into court a woman, keeping fast hold of a man, clad like a rich herdsman. She came crying aloud; Justice, my lord governor, justice; if I cannot find it on earth,

I will

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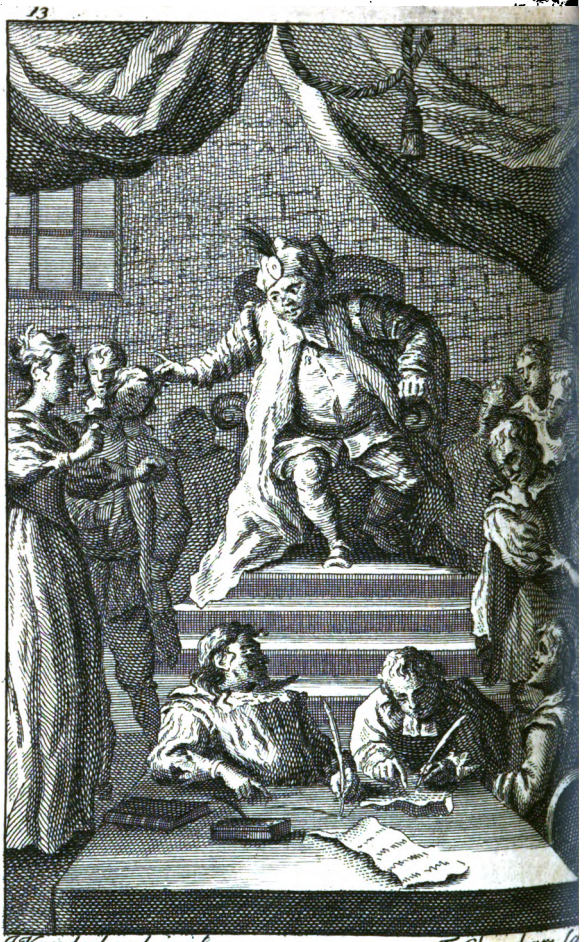

J. Vanderbank inv.t

T. Chambars Sc

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I will ſeek it in heaven: Lord governor of my ſoul, this wicked man ſurprized me in the middle of a field, and made uſe of my body, as if it had been a dish-clout, and, woe is me, has robbed me of what I have got above theſe three and twenty years, defending it againſt *Moors* and *Chriſtians*, natives and foreigners. I have been as hard as a cork-tree, and preſerved my ſelf entire as a *Salamander* in the fire, or as wool among briars, that this honeſt man ſhould come with his clean hands to handle me. It remains to be examined, quoth *Sancho*, whether this galant's hands are clean or no; and turning to the man, he aſked him what he had to ſay, and what anſwer to make to this woman's complaint. The man, all in confuſion, replied: Sirs, I am a poor herdſman and deal in ſwine, this morning (under favour be it ſpoken) I went out of this town to ſell four hogs, and, what between duties and exactions, the officers took from me little leſs than they were worth. I was returning home, and by the way I lighted upon this good dame, and the devil, the author of all miſchief, yoked us together. I paid her handſomely: but ſhe, not contented, laid hold on me, and has never let me go 'till ſhe has dragged me to this place: ſhe ſays, I forced her; but, by the oath I have taken, or am to take, ſhe lyes; and this is the whole truth. Then the governor aſked him, if he had any ſilver money about him. He ſaid, Yes, he had about twenty ducats in a leathern purſe in his boſom. He ordered him to produce it, and deliver it juſt as it was to the plaintiff. He did ſo, trembling. The woman took it, and, making a thouſand courtſies, after the *Moriſco* manner, and praying to god for the life and health of the lord governor, who took ſuch care of poor orphans and maidens, out of the court ſhe went, holding the purſe with both hands: but firſt ſhe looked to ſee if the money, that was in it, was ſilver. She was ſcarce gone out, when *Sancho* ſaid to the herdſman, who was in tears, and whoſe eyes and heart were gone after his purſe: Honeſt man, follow that woman and take away the purſe from her whether ſhe will or no, and come back hither with it. This was

not

not ſaid to the deaf or the ſtupid; for inſtantly he flew after her like lightning, and went about what he was bid. All preſent were in great ſuſpenſe, expecting the iſſue of this ſuit; and preſently after came in the man and woman clinging together cloſer than the firſt time, ſhe with her petticoat tuck'd up, and the purſe lapped up in it, and the man ſtruggling to take it from her, but in vain, ſo tightly ſhe defended it, crying out; Juſtice from god and the world! ſee, my lord governor, the impudence, and want of fear, of this varlet, who, in the midſt of the town, and of the ſtreet, would take from me the purſe which your worſhip commanded to be given me. And has he got it? demanded the governor. Got it? anſwered the woman, I would ſooner let him take away my life, than my purſe. A pretty baby I ſhould be, indeed: otherguiſe cats muſt claw my beard, and not ſuch pitiful, ſneaking, tools: pincers and hammers, crows and chizzels, ſhall not get it out of my clutches, nor even the paws of a lion; my ſoul and body ſhall ſooner part. She is in the right, quoth the man, and I yield myſelf worſted and ſpent, and confeſs I have not ſtrength enough to take it from her: and ſo he left her. Then ſaid the governor to the woman: Give me that purſe, virtuous virago. She preſently delivered it, and the governor returned it to the man, and ſaid to the forceful, but not forced, damſel: Siſter of mine, had you ſhewn the ſame, or but half as much, courage and reſolution, in defending your chaſtity, as you have done in defending your purſe, the ſtrength of *Hercules* could not have forced you. Be gone, in god's name, and in an ill hour, and be not found in all this iſland, nor in ſix leagues round about it, upon pain of two hundred ſtripes: be gone inſtantly, I ſay, thou prating, ſhameleſs, cheating huſſey! The woman was confounded, and went away, hanging down her head and diſcontented; and the governor ſaid to the man: Honeſt man, go home, in the name of god, with your money, and from henceforward, unleſs you have a mind to loſe it, take care not to yoke with any body. The country man gave him thanks after the cloweniſheſt

manner

manner he could, and went his way; and the by-standers were in fresh admiration at the decisions and sentences of their new governor. All which, being noted down by his historiographer, was immediately transmitted to the duke, who waited for it with a longing impatience. And here let us leave honest *Sancho*; for his master, greatly disturbed at *Altisidora*'s music, calls in haste for us.

CHAP. XIV.

Of the dreadful, bell-ringing and cattish, conflernation Don Quixote *was put into in the progress of the enamoured* Altisidora's *amour.*

WE left the great *Don Quixote* wrapped up in the reflections occasioned by the enamoured damsel *Altisidora*. He carried them with him to bed; and, as if they had been fleas, they would not suffer him to sleep, or take the least rest. To these was added the disaster of the stocking. But as time is swift, and no bar can stop him, he came riding upon the hours, and that of the morning posted on apace. Which *Don Quixote* perceiving, he forsook his downy pillow, and in haste put on his *shamois* doublet, and his travelling boots, to conceal the misfortune of his stocking. He threw over his shoulders his scarlet mantle, and clapped on his head a green velvet cap trimmed with silver lace. He hung his trusty trenchant blade in his shoulder-belt[1]. On his wrist he wore a large rosary[2], which he always carried about him. And with great state and solemnity he marched towards the anti-chamber, where the duke and duchess, who were ready dressed, expected him; and as he passed through a gallery, *Altisidora*, and the other damsel her friend,

[1] Here his belt, according to the true signification of *Tahali*, is one hung on his shoulders: at *Diego de Miranda*'s it seemed to be a belt girded about his loins, and was made of a skin proper for the weakness he was supposed to have in them.

[2] A string of beads: an instrument of devotion in popish countries.

stood

ſtood purpoſely poſted, and waiting for him. As ſoon as *Altiſidora* eſpied *Don Quixote*, ſhe pretended to faint away, and her companion catched her in her lap, and in a great hurry was unlacing her ſtays. *Don Quixote*, ſeeing it, drew near to them, and ſaid: I very well know, whence theſe accidents proceed. I know not from whence, anſwered her friend; for *Altiſidora* is the healthieſt damſel in all this family, and I have never heard ſo much as an *oh* from her ſince I have known her; ill betide all the knights-errant in the world, if they are all ungrateful. Leave this place, Signor *Don Quixote*; for the poor girl will not come to herſelf ſo long as your worſhip ſtays here. To which *Don Quixote* anſwered: Be pleaſed, madam, to give order that a lute be left in my chamber to night, and I will comfort this poor damſel the beſt I am able: for, in the beginnings of love, to be early undeceived is the readieſt cure. And ſo ſaying, away he went, to avoid the obſervation of thoſe who might ſee him there. He was hardly gone, when *Altiſidora*, recovering from her ſwoon, ſaid to her companion: By all means let him have the lute; for doubtleſs he intends us ſome muſic, and it cannot be bad, if it be his. They preſently went, and gave the ducheſs an account of what had paſſed, and of *Don Quixote*'s deſiring a lute; and ſhe, being exceedingly rejoiced thereat, concerted with the duke and her damſels how they might play him ſome trick, which ſhould be more merry than miſchievous. And, being pleaſed with their contrivance, they waited for night, which came on as faſt as the day had done, which they ſpent in reliſhing converſation with *Don Quixote*. That ſame day the ducheſs diſpatched one of her pages, being he, who, in the wood, had perſonated the figure of the enchanted *Dulcinea*, to *Terefa Pança*, with her huſband *Sancho Pança*'s letter, and a bundle he had left to be ſent, charging him to bring back an exact account of all that ſhould paſs. This being done, and eleven a clock at night being come, *Don Quixote* found in his chamber a lute. He touched it; he opened his caſement, and perceived that people were walking

in

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in the garden: and having again run over the ſtrings of the inſtrument, and tuned it as well as he could, he hemmed, and cleared his pipes, and then, with a hoarſe though not unmuſical voice, he ſung the following ſong, which he himſelf had compoſed that day.

The SONG.

Love, with idleneſs its friend,
O'er a maiden gains its end:
But let buſineſs and employment
Fill up ev'ry careful moment,
Theſe an antidote will prove
'Gainſt the pois'nous arts of love.
Maidens, that aſpire to marry,
In their looks reſerve ſhould carry:
Modeſty their price ſhould raiſe,
And be herald of their praiſe.
Knights, whom toils of arms employ,
With the free may laugh and toy;
But the modeſt only chooſe,
When they tie the nuptial nooſe.
Love, that riſes with the ſun,
With his ſetting beams is gone;
Love, that gueſt-like viſits hearts,
When the banquet's o'er departs:
And the love that comes to-day,
And to-morrow wings its way,
Leaves no traces on the ſoul,
Its affections to controul.
Where a ſovereign beauty reigns,
Fruitleſs are a rival's pains.
O'er a finiſh'd picture who
E'er a ſecond picture drew?
Fair Dulcinea, *queen of beauty,*
Rules my heart, and claims its duty:
Nothing there can take her place;
Nought her image can eraſe.
Whether fortune ſmile or frown,
Conſtancy's the lover's crown;

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And its force divine to prove,
Miracles performs in love.

Thus far *Don Quixote* had proceeded in his ſong, to which ſtood attentive the duke and duchess, *Altisidora*, and almoſt all the folks of the caſtle, when, on a ſudden, from an open gallery directly over *Don Quixote*'s window, a rope was let down, to which above an hundred bells were faſtened; and immediately after them was emptied a great ſackful of cats, which had ſmaller bells tied to their tails. The noiſe of the jangling of the bells, and the mewing of the cats, was ſo great, that the duke and duchess, though the inventors of the jeſt, were frighted thereat, and *Don Quixote* himſelf was in a panic: and fortune ſo ordered it, that two or three of the cats got in at the caſement of his chamber, and ſcouring about from ſide to ſide, one would have thought a legion of devils was broke looſe in it. They extinguiſhed the lights that were burning in the chamber, and endeavoured to make their eſcape. The cord, to which the bells were faſtened, was let down and pulled up inceſſantly. Moſt of the folks of the caſtle, who were not in the ſecret, were in ſuſpenſe and admiration. *Don Quixote* got upon his feet; and, laying hold on his ſword, he began to make thruſts at the caſement, and cried out aloud: Avaunt, ye malicious enchanters, avaunt, ye rabble of wizzards! for I am *Don Quixote de la Mancha*, againſt whom your wicked arts are of no force nor effect. And turning to the cats, who were running about the room, he gave ſeveral cuts at them. They took to the caſement, and got out of it all but one, which, finding itſelf hard preſſed by *Don Quixote*'s flaſhing, flew at his face, and ſeized him by the noſe with its claws and teeth; the pain whereof made him roar as loud as he was able. Which the duke and duchess hearing, and gueſſing the occaſion, they ran in all haſte up to his chamber, and opening it with a maſter-key, they found the poor gentleman ſtriving with all his might to diſengage the cat from his face. They entered with lights, and beheld the unequal combat. The duke ran to part the fray, and

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and *Don Quixote* cried aloud: Let no one take him off; leave me to battle it with this demon, this wizzard, this enchanter; for I will make him know the difference betwixt him and me, and who *Don Quixote de la Mancha* is. But the cat, not regarding these menaces, growled on, and kept her hold. At length the duke forced open her claws, and threw her out at the window. *Don Quixote* remained with his face like a sieve, and his nose not over whole, though greatly dissatisfied that they would not let him finish the combat he had so toughly maintained against that caitif enchanter. They fetched some oil of *Aparicio*, and *Altisidora* herself, with her lily-white hands, bound up his wounds; and, while she was so employed, she said to him in a low voice: All these misadventures befal you, hard-hearted knight, for the sin of your stubborn disdain: and god grant, that *Sancho* your squire may forget to whip himself, that this same *Dulcinea* of yours may never be released from her enchantment, nor you ever enjoy her, or approach her nuptial bed, at least while I live, who adore you. To all this *Don Quixote* returned no other answer than a profound sigh, and then stretched himself at full length upon his bed, humbly thanking the duke and duchess for their assistance, not as being afraid of that cattish, bell-ringing, necromantic crew, but as he was sensible of their good intention by their readiness to succour him. The duke and duchess left him to his rest, and went away, not a little concerned at the ill success of their joke; for they did not think this adventure would have proved so heavy and so hard upon *Don Quixote*; for it cost him five days confinement to his bed; where another adventure befel him more relishing than the former, which his historian will not relate at present, that he may attend *Sancho Panza*, who went on very busily and very pleasantly with his government.

CHAP.

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CHAP. XV.

Giving a farther account of Sancho's *behaviour in his government.*

THE hiſtory relates, that they conducted *Sancho Pança* from the court of judicature to a ſumptuous palace, where, in a great hall, was ſpread an elegant and ſplendid table; and as ſoon as *Sancho* entered the hall, the waits ſtruck up, and in came four pages with water to waſh his hands, which *Sancho* received with great gravity. The muſic ceaſed, and *Sancho* ſat down at the upper end of the table: for there was but that one chair, and no other napkin or plate. A perſonage, who afterwards proved to be a phyſician, placed himſelf, ſtanding, on one ſide of him, with a whalebone rod in his hand. They removed a very fine white cloath, which covered ſeveral fruits, and a great variety of eatables. One, who looked like a ſtudent, ſaid grace, and a page put a laced bib under *Sancho*'s chin. Another, who play'd the ſewer's part, ſet a plate of fruit before him[1]: but ſcarce had he eaten a bit, when, he of the wand touching the diſh with it, the waiters ſnatched it away from before him with great haſte. But the ſewer ſet another diſh of meat in its place. *Sancho* was going to try it, but before he could reach or taſte it, the wand had been already at it, and a page whipped that away alſo with as much ſpeed as he had done the fruit. *Sancho*, ſeeing it, was ſurprized, and looking about him, aſked, if this repaſt was to be eaten like a ſhew of ſlight of hand? To which he of the wand replied: My lord governor, here muſt be no other kind of eating but ſuch as is uſual and cuſtomary in other iſlands, where there are governors. I, Sir, am a phyſician, and have an appointed ſalary in this iſland, for ſerving the governors of it in that capacity; and I conſult their healths much more

1 The *Spaniards* and *Italians* begin dinner with melon or other fruit, as we end it.

than

than my own, ſtudying night and day, and ſounding the governor's conſtitution, the better to know how to cure him when he is ſick: and my principal buſineſs is to attend at his meals, to let him eat of what is moſt proper for him, and to remove from him whatever I imagine will do him harm, and be hurtful to his ſtomach. And therefore I ordered the diſh of fruit to be taken away, as being too moiſt; and that other diſh of meat I alſo ordered away, as being too hot, and having in it too much ſpice, which increaſes thirſt; for he, who drinks much, deſtroys and conſumes the radical moiſture, in which life conſiſts. Well then, quoth *Sancho*; yon plate of roaſted partridges, which ſeem to me to be very well ſeaſoned, will they do me any harm? To which the doctor anſwered: My lord governor ſhall not eat a bit of them while I have life. Pray, why not? quoth *Sancho*. The phyſician anſwered: Becauſe our maſter *Hippocrates*, the north-ſtar, and luminary of medicine, ſays in one of his aphoriſms, *Omnis ſaturatio mala, perdicis autem peſſima*; that is to ſay, All repletion is bad, but that of partridges the worſt of all. If it be ſo, quoth *Sancho*, pray ſee, Signor doctor, of all the diſhes upon the table, which will do me moſt good, and which leaſt harm, and let me eat of it without conjuring it away with your wand: for, by the life of the governor, and as god ſhall give me leave to uſe it, I am dying with hunger; and to deny me my victuals, though it be againſt the grain of Signor doctor, and though he ſhould ſay as much more againſt it, I ſay, is rather the way to ſhorten my life, than to lengthen it. Your worſhip is in the right, my lord governor, anſwered the phyſician, and therefore I am of opinion, you ſhould not eat of yon ſtewed coneys, becauſe they are a ſharp-haired food: Of that veal, perhaps, you might pick a bit, were it not *a-la-dobed*; but as it is, not a morſel. Said *Sancho:* that great diſh, ſmoaking yonder, I take to be an *olla-podrida* [1], and, amidſt the diverſity of things contained in it, ſurely I may light upon ſomething both wholeſome and

[1] Variety of meats ſtewed together.

tooth-

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toothsome. *Absit*, quoth the doctor; far be such a thought from us: there is not worse nutriment in the world than your *olla-podridas*: leave them to prebends, and rectors of colleges, or for country-weddings; but let the tables of governors be free from them, where nothing but neatness and delicacy ought to preside; and the reason is, because simple medicines are more esteemed, than compound, by all persons, and in all places; for in simples there can be no mistake, but in compounds there may, by altering the quantities of the ingredients. Therefore what I would advise at present for Signor governor's eating, to corroborate and preserve his health, is, about an hundred of rolled-up wafers, and some thin slices of marmalade, that may sit easy upon the stomach, and help digestion. *Sancho*, hearing this, threw himself backward in his chair, and, surveying the doctor from head to foot, with a grave voice, asked him his name, and where he had studied. To which he answered: My lord governor, I am called doctor *Pedro Rezio de Aguero*: I am a native of a place called *Tirteafuera*, lying between *Caraquel* and *Almodobar del campo*, on the right hand, and have taken my doctor's degree in the university of *Ossuna* [1]. To which *Sancho*, burning with rage, answered: Why then, Signor doctor *Pedro Rezio de Aguero* [2], native of *Tirteafuera*, lying on the right hand as we go from *Caraquel* to *Almodobar del Campo*, graduate in *Ossuna*, get out of my sight this instant, or by the sun, I will take a cudgel, and, beginning with you, will so lay about me, that there shall not be left one physician in the whole island, at least of those I find to be ignorant: as for those that are learned, prudent, and discreet, I shall respect and honour them as divine persons. And I say again, let *Pedro Rezio* quit my presence, or I shall take this chair I sit upon, and fling it at his head; and,

1 The doctor's name and birth-place are fictitious: *Rezio de Aguero*, signifies *Positive of the omen*; and, *Tirteafuera*, *take yourself away*.

2 In the original, *Sancho* calls him *Rezio de mal Aguero*, that is, *Doctor positive of the ill omen*: But this piece of humour is unavoidably lost in the translation.

if

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if I am called to an account for it before the judge, when I am out of office, I will justify myself by saying, I did good service in killing a bad physician, the hangman of the public. And give me to eat, or take back your governments; for an office that will not find a man in victuals, is not worth two beans.

The doctor was frighted at seeing the governor so choleric, and would have taken himself [1] out of the hall, had not the sound of a post-horn been heard that instant in the street. The sewer going to the window, and looking out, came back, and said: A courier is arrived from my lord duke, and must certainly have brought some dispatches of importance. The courier entered sweating and in a hurry, and, pulling a pacquet out of his bosom, he delivered it into the governor's hands, and *Sancho* gave it to the steward, bidding him read the superscription, which was this: *To Don Sancho Pança, Governor of the island of Barataria, to be delivered into his own hands, or into his secretary's.* Which *Sancho* hearing, he said: Which is my secretary here? one of those present answered: I am he, Sir; for I can read and write, and am a *Biscainer*. With that addition, quoth *Sancho*, you may very well be secretary to the emperor himself: Open the pacquet, and see what it contains. The new-born secretary did so, and having cast his eye over the contents, he said, it was a business which required privacy. *Sancho* commanded the house to be cleared, and that none should stay but the steward and the sewer; and all the rest, with the physician, being withdrawn, the secretary read the following letter.

IT *is come to my knowledge, Signor* Don Sancho Pança, *that certain enemies of mine, and of the island, intend one of these nights to assault it furiously. You must be watchful and diligent, that they may not attack you unprepared. I am informed also, by trusty spies, that four persons in disguise are got into the island, to take*

[1] According to the original, *would have tirtea fuera'd it*, alluding to the doctor's fictitious name. It is in some measure preserved by using our cant-phrase of *taking one's self away*.

away

away your life, because they are in fear of your abilities. Have your eyes about you, and be careful who is admitted to speak to you, and be sure eat nothing sent you as a present. I will take care to send you assistance, if you are in any want of it. And, upon the whole, I do not doubt but you will act as is expected from your judgment.

From this place the 16th of *August*, at four in the morning. Your friend, the DUKE.

Sancho was astonished, and the rest seemed to be so too; and turning to the steward, he said: What must be done, and that presently, is to clap doctor *Rezio* into prison; for if any body has a design to kill me, it is he, and that by a lingering and the worst of deaths, by hunger. Said the steward: It is my opinion, your honour would do well to eat nothing of all this meat here upon the table; for it was presented by some nuns; and it is a saying, The devil lurks behind the cross. I grant it, quoth *Sancho*, and, for the present, give me only a piece of bread, and some four pound of grapes: no poison surely can be conveyed in them; for, in short, I cannot live without eating: and if we must hold ourselves in readiness for these wars that threaten us, it will be necessary we should be well victualled; for the guts uphold the heart, and not the heart the guts. And you, secretary, answer my lord duke, and tell him, his commands shall be punctually obeyed, just as he gives them, and present my humble service to my lady duchess, and beg her not to forget sending my letter and the bundle by a special messenger to my wife *Teresa Pança*, which I shall look upon as a particular favour, and will be her humble servant to the utmost of my power. And, by the way, you may put in a service to my master *Don Quixote de la Mancha*, that he may see I am grateful bread [1]; and, like a good secretary, and a staunch *Biscainer*,

1 *Pan agradecido.* When the country-people would define an honest good-natured man, they say, *He is as good as bread itself.*

you

you may add what you pleaſe, or what will turn to beſt account: and, pray, take away the cloth, and give me ſomething to eat; for I will deal well enough with all the ſpies, murderers, and enchanters, that ſhall attack me, or my iſland.

Now a page came in, and ſaid: Here is a countryman about buſineſs, who would ſpeak with your lordſhip concerning an affair, as he ſays, of great importance. A ſtrange caſe this, quoth *Sancho*, that theſe men of buſineſs ſhould be ſo ſilly, as not to ſee, that ſuch hours as theſe are not proper for buſineſs! what! belike, we, who govern, and are judges, are not made of fleſh and bones, like other men? Are we made of marble ſtone, that we muſt not refreſh, at times, when neceſſity requires it? Before god, and upon my conſcience, if my government laſts, as I have a glimmering it will not, I ſhall hamper more than one of theſe men of buſineſs. Bid this honeſt man come in, for this once; but firſt ſee that he be not one of the ſpies, or one of my murtherers. No, my lord, anſwered the page; he looks like a pitcher-ſoul'd fellow; and I know little, or he is as harmleſs as a piece of bread[1]. You need not fear, quoth the ſteward, while we are preſent. Is it not poſſible, ſewer, quoth *Sancho*, now that doctor *Pedro Rezio* is not here, for me to eat ſomething of ſubſtance and weight, though it were but a luncheon of bread, and an onion? To-night at ſupper, quoth the ſewer, amends ſhall be made for the defects of dinner, and your lordſhip ſhall have no cauſe to complain. God grant it, anſwered *Sancho*.

Then came in the countryman, who was of a goodly preſence; and one might ſee, a thouſand leagues off, that he was an honeſt, good, ſoul. The firſt thing he ſaid, was: Which is the lord governor here? Who ſhould, anſwered the ſecretary, but he who is ſeated in the chair? I humble myſelf in his preſence, quoth the countryman, kneeling down, and begging his hand to kiſs. *Sancho* refuſed it, and commanded him to riſe, and to tell his buſineſs. The countryman did ſo, and then ſaid: My lord, I am a countryman, a native of *Miguel Turra*, two leagues from *Ciudad Real*. What!

[1] See the note in the foregoing page.

another *Tirteafuera?* quoth *Sancho:* Say on, brother; for, let me tell you, I know *Miguel Turra* very well: it is not far from our town. The buſineſs is this, Sir, proceeded the peaſant. By the mercy of God I was married in peace, and in the face of the holy catholic *Roman* church. I have two ſons, bred ſcholars: the younger ſtudies for batchelor, and the elder for licenciate. I am a widower; for my wife died, or rather a wicked phyſician killed her, by purging her when ſhe was with child; and, if it had been god's will the child had been born, and had proved a ſon, I would have put him to ſtudy for doctor, that he might not envy his two brothers, the batchelor and licenciate. So that, quoth *Sancho,* if your wife had not died, or had not been killed, you had not now been a widower! No, certainly, my lord, anſwered the peaſant. We are much the nearer, replied *Sancho:* go on, brother; for this is an hour rather for bed than buſineſs. I ſay then, quoth the countryman, that this ſon of mine, who is to be the batchelor, fell in love, in the ſame village, with a damſel called *Clara Perlerina,* daughter of *Andres Perlerino,* a very rich farmer; and this name of *Perlerino* came not to them by lineal, or any other, deſcent, but becauſe all of that race are ſubject to the palſy [1]; and, to mend the name, they call them *Perlerinos:* though, to ſay the truth, the damſel is like any oriental *pearl,* and, looked at on the right ſide, ſeems a very flower of the field: but, on the left, ſhe is not quite ſo fair; for, on that ſide, ſhe wants an eye, which ſhe loſt by the ſmall-pox: and, though the pits in her face are many and deep, her admirers ſay, they are not pits, but ſepulchres, wherein the hearts of her lovers are buried. She is ſo cleanly, that, to prevent defiling her face, ſhe carries her noſe ſo cocked up, that it ſeems to be flying from her mouth: and, for all that, ſhe looks extremely well; for ſhe has a large mouth: and, did ſhe not lack half a ſcore or a dozen teeth and grinders, ſhe might paſs, and make a figure, among ladies of the beſt faſhion. I ſay nothing of her lips;

1 *Perlaticos.*

for

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for they are so thin and slender, that, were it the fashion to reel lips, as they do yarn, one might make a skein of them: but, being of a different colour from what is usually found in lips, they have a marvellous appearance; for they are marbled with blue, green, and orange-tawney. And, pray, my lord governor, pardon me, if I paint so minutely the parts of her, who, after all, is to be my daughter; for I love her, and like her mightily. Paint what you will, quoth *Sancho*; for I am mightily taken with the picture; and, had I but dined, I would not desire a better desert than your portrait. It shall always be at your service, answered the peasant; and the time may come, when we may be acquainted, though we are not so now: and, I assure you, my lord, if I could but paint her genteelness, and the tallness of her person, you would admire: but that cannot be, because she is crooked, and crumpled up together, and her knees touch her mouth; though, for all that, you may see plainly, that, could she but stand upright, she would touch the cieling with her head. And she would ere now have given her hand to my batchelor, to be his wife, but that she cannot stretch it out, it is so shrunk: nevertheless her long guttered nails shew the goodness of its make. So far, so good, quoth *Sancho*; and now, brother, make account that you have painted her from head to foot: what is it you would be at? come to the point, without so many windings and turnings, so many fetches and digressions. What I desire, my lord, answered the countryman, is, that your lordship would do me the favour to give me a letter of recommendation to her father, begging his consent to the match, since we are pretty equal in our fortunes and natural endowments: for, to say the truth, my lord governor, my son is possessed, and there is scarce a day, in which the evil spirits do not torment him three or four times; and, by having fallen once into the fire, his face is as shrivelled as a piece of scorched parchment, and his eyes are somewhat bleared and running: but he is as good conditioned as an angel; and, did he not buffet, and give himself frequent cuffs, he would be a very

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saint. Would you have any thing else, honest friend, replied *Sancho*. One thing more I would ask, quoth the peasant, but that I dare not: yet, out it shall; for, in short, it shall not rot in my breast, come of it what will. I say then, my lord, I could be glad your worship would give me three or six hundred ducats towards the fortune of my batchelor; I mean, towards the furnishing his house; for, in short, they are to live by themselves, without being subject to the impertinences of their fathers-in-law. Well, quoth *Sancho*, see if you would have any thing else, and be not ashamed to tell it. No, for certain, answered the peasant: and scarce had he said this, when the governor, getting up, and, laying hold of the chair he sat on, said: I vow to god, *Don* lubberly, sawcy, bumpkin, if you do not get you gone, and instantly avoid my presence, with this chair will I crack your skull: son of a whore, rascal, painter, for the devil himself! at this time of day to come and ask me for six hundred ducats! Where should I have them, stinkard? and, if I had them, why should I give them to thee, jibing fool? What care I for *Miguel Turra*, or for the whole race of the *Perlerinos*? Be gone, I say, or, by the life of my lord duke, I will be as good as my word. You are no native of *Miguel Turra*, but some scoffer sent from hell to tempt me. Impudent scoundrel! I have not yet had the government a day and half, and you would have me have six hundred ducats! The sewer made signs to the countryman to go out of the hall, which he did, hanging down his head, and seemingly afraid, lest the governor should execute his threat; for the knave very well knew how to play his part.

But let us leave *Sancho* in his passion, and peace be with him and company: and let us return to *Don Quixote*, whom we left with his face bound up, and under cure of his cattish wounds, of which he was not quite healed in eight days; in one of which there befel him what *Cid Hamet* promises to relate, with that punctuality and truth, with which he relates every thing belonging to this history, be it never so minute.

CHAP.

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CHAP. XVI.

Of what befel Don Quixote *with* Donna Rodriguez, *the duchess's* Duenna, *together with other accidents, worthy to be written, and had in eternal remembrance.*

ABOVE measure discontented and melancholy was the sore-wounded *Don Quixote*, having his face bound up, and marked, not by the hand of god, but by the claws of a cat; misfortunes incident to knight-errantry. During six days he appeared not in publick; on one night of which, lying awake and restless, meditating on his misfortunes, and the persecution he suffered from *Altisidora*, he perceived somebody was opening his chamber-door with a key, and presently imagined, that the enamoured damsel was coming to assault his chastity, and expose him to the temptation of failing in the fidelity he owed to his lady *Dulcinea del Toboso*. No, said he (believing what he fancied, and so loud as to be over-heard) not the greatest beauty upon earth shall prevail with me to cease adoring her, who is engraven and imprinted in the bottom of my heart, and in the inmost recesses of my entrails; whether, my dearest lady, you be now transformed into a garlick-eating country-wench, or into a nymph of the golden *Tagus*, weaving tissue-webs with gold and silken twist; or whether you are in the power of *Merlin* or *Montesinos:* wherever you are, mine you are, and wherever I am, yours I have been, and yours I will remain. The conclusion of these words, and the opening of the door, were at the same instant. Up he stood upon the bed, wrapped from top to toe in a quilt of yellow satin, a woollen cap on his head, and his face and mustachoes bound up; his face, because of its scratches, and his mustachoes, to keep them from flagging and falling down. In which guise he appeared the most extraordinary fantasm imaginable. He nailed his eyes to the door, and, when he expected to see the poor captivated and sorrowful *Altisidora* enter, he perceived

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approaching a moſt reverend *Duenna*, in a long white veil, that covered her from head to foot. She carried between the fingers of her left hand half a lighted candle, and held her right hand over it, to ſhade her face, and keep the glare from her eyes, which were hidden behind a huge pair of ſpectacles. She advanced very ſlowly, and trod very ſoftly. *Don Quixote* obſerved her from his watch-tower, and perceiving her figure, and noting her ſilence, he fancied ſome witch or ſorcereſs was come in that guiſe to do him ſome ſhrewd turn, and began to croſs himſelf apace. The apparition kept moving forward, and when it came to the middle of the room, it lifted up its eyes, and ſaw in what a hurry *Don Quixote* was croſſing himſelf: and, if he was afraid at ſeeing ſuch a figure, ſhe was no leſs diſmayed at ſight of his, and, ſeeing him ſo lank and ſo yellow, with the quilt, and the bandages, which diſfigured him, ſhe cried out, ſaying: *Jeſus!* what do I ſee? With the fright, the candle fell out of her hand, and, finding herſelf in the dark, ſhe turned about to be gone, and, with the fear, treading on her ſkirts, ſhe tumbled, and down ſhe fell. *Don Quixote*, trembling with affright, began to ſay: I conjure thee, phantom, or whatever thou art, tell me who thou art, and what thou wouldſt have with me: if thou art a ſoul in torment, tell me, and I will do all I can for thee; for I am a catholic chriſtian, and love to do good to all the world: for that purpoſe I took upon me the profeſſion of knight-errantry, an employment which extends to the doing good even to ſouls in purgatory. The bruiſed *Duenna*, hearing herſelf thus exorciſed, gueſſed at *Don Quixote*'s fear by her own, and, in a low and doleful voice, anſwered: Signor *Don Quixote* (if peradventure your worſhip be *Don Quixote*) I am no phantom nor apparition, nor ſoul in purgatory, as your worſhip ſeems to think, but *Donna Rodriguez*, *Duenna* of honour to my lady ducheſs, and am come to your worſhip with one of thoſe caſes of neceſſity, your worſhip is wont to remedy. Tell me then, Signora *Donna Rodriguez*, quoth *Don Quixote*, does your ladyſhip, peradventure, come in quality

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quality of procureſs? If you do, I give you to underſtand I am fit for no body's turn, thanks to the peerleſs beauty of my miſtreſs *Dulcinea del Toboſo*. In ſhort, Signora *Donna Rodriguez*, on condition you wave all amorous meſſages, you may go and light your candle, and return hither, and we will diſcourſe of whatever you pleaſe to command, with exception, as I told you, to all kind of amorous incitements. I bring meſſages, good Sir! anſwered the *Duenna:* your worſhip miſtakes me very much: I am not yet ſo advanced in years, to be forced to betake myſelf to ſo low an employment; for, god be praiſed, my ſoul is ſtill in my body, and all my teeth in my head, excepting a few uſurped from me by catarrhs, ſo common in this country of *Arragon*. But ſtay a little, Sir, 'till I go and light my candle, and I will return inſtantly, to relate my griefs to your worſhip, as to the redreſſer of all the grievances in the world. And, without ſtaying for an anſwer, ſhe went out of the room, leaving *Don Quixote* in expectation of her return.

Straight a thouſand thoughts crowded into his mind, touching this new adventure, and he was of opinion, he had done ill, and judged worſe, to expoſe himſelf to the hazard of breaking his plighted troth to his lady; and he ſaid to himſelf: Who knows but the devil, who is ſubtle and deſigning, means to deceive me now with a *Duenna*, though he has not been able to effect it with empreſſes, queens, ducheſſes, marchioneſſes, or counteſſes? For I have often heard ingenious people ſay, The devil, if he can, will ſooner tempt a man with a flat-noſed, than a hawk-noſed, woman [1]: and who can tell, but this ſolitude, this opportunity, and this ſilence, may awaken my deſires, which are now aſleep, and, in my declining years, make me fall where I never yet ſtumbled? In ſuch caſes, it is better to fly, than ſtand the battle. But ſure I am not in my right ſenſes, to talk ſo idly; for it is impoſſible that a white-veiled, lank, and be-ſpectacled *Duenna* ſhould move, or excite, a wanton thought in the lewdeſt breaſt in the world. Is there a *Duenna* upon earth,

1 That is, *with a foul, than a fair, object.*

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that has tolerable fleſh and blood? Is there a *Duenna* upon the globe, that is not impertinent, wrinkled, and ſqueamiſh? Avaunt then, ye rabble of *Duennas*, uſeleſs to any human pleaſure! O how rightly did that lady act, of whom it is ſaid, that ſhe had, at the foot of her ſtate ſopha, a couple of ſtatues of *Duennas*, with their ſpectacles and bobbin-cuſhions, as if they were at work; which ſtatues ſerved every whit as well for the dignity of her ſtate-room, as real *Duennas!* And, ſo ſaying, he jumped off the bed, deſigning to lock his door, and not let Signora *Rodriguez* enter. But, before he could ſhut it, Signora *Rodriguez* was juſt returned, with a lighted taper of white wax; and, ſeeing *Don Quixote* ſo much nearer, wrapped up in his quilt, with his bandages, and night-cap, ſhe was again frighted, and, retreating two or three ſteps, ſhe ſaid, Sir knight, am I ſafe? for I take it to be no very good ſign of modeſty, that your worſhip is got out of bed. I ſhould rather aſk you that queſtion, madam, anſwered *Don Quixote*, and therefore I do aſk, if I am ſafe from being aſſaulted and raviſhed? By whom? and from whom, Sir knight, do you expect this ſecurity? anſwered the *Duenna*. By you, and from you, replied *Don Quixote*: for I am not made of marble, nor you, I ſuppoſe, of braſs; nor is it ten o'clock in the morning, but midnight, and ſomewhat more, as I imagine; and we are in a room cloſer and more ſecret than the cave, in which the bold and traiterous *Æneas* enjoyed the beautiful and tender-hearted *Dido*. But, madam, give me your hand; for I deſire no greater ſecurity than my own continence and reſerve, beſides what that moſt reverend veil inſpires. And, ſo ſaying, he kiſſed his right hand, and with it took hold of her's, which ſhe gave him with the ſame ceremony.

Here *Cid Hamet* makes a parentheſis, and ſwears by *Mahomet*, he would have given the better of his two veſts, to have ſeen theſe two walking from the door to the bed-ſide, handing and handed ſo ceremoniouſly.

In ſhort, *Don Quixote* got into bed, and *Donna Rodriguez* ſat down in a chair at ſome little diſtance from it, without taking off her ſpectacles, or ſetting down her

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her candle. *Don Quixote* covered himself up close, all but his face, and, they both having paused awhile, the first, who broke silence, was *Don Quixote*, saying: Now, Signora *Donna Rodriguez*, you may unrip and unbosom all that is in your careful heart and piteous bowels: for you shall be heard by me with chaste ears, and assisted by compassionate deeds. I believe it, answered the *Duenna*; for none but so christian an answer could be expected from your worship's gentle and pleasing presence.

The business then is, Signor *Don Quixote*, that, though your worship sees me sitting in this chair, and in the midst of the kingdom of *Arragon*, and in the garb of a poor persecuted *Duenna*, I was born in the *Asturias* of *Oviedo*, and of a family allied to some of the best of that province. But my hard fortune, and the negligence of my parents, which reduced them, I know not which way, to untimely poverty, carried me to the court of *Madrid*, where, for peace sake, and to prevent greater inconveniencies, my parents placed me in the service of a great lady: and I would have your worship know, that in making needle-cases and plain-work, I was never out-done by any body in all my life. My parents left me in service, and returned to their own country; and, in a few years after, I believe, they went to heaven; for they were very good and catholic christians. I remained an orphan, and stinted to the miserable wages, and short commons, usually given in great houses to such kind of servants. About that time, without my giving any encouragement for it, a gentleman-usher of the family fell in love with me; a man in years, with a fine beard, and of a comely person, and above all, as good a gentleman as the king himself; for he was a highlander. We did not carry on our amour so secretly, but it came to the notice of my lady, who, without more ado, had us married in peace, and in the face of our holy mother the catholic *Roman* church: from which marriage sprung a daughter, to finish my good fortune, if I had any; not that I died in child-bed (for I went my full time, and was safely delivered) but because my husband

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died ſoon after of a certain fright he took; and had I but time to tell the manner how, your worſhip, I am ſure, would wonder.

Here ſhe began to weep moſt tenderly, and ſaid: Pardon me, good Signor *Don Quixote*; for I cannot command my ſelf; but as often as I call to mind my unhappy ſpouſe, my eyes are brim-full. God be my aid! with what ſtatelineſs did he uſe to carry my lady behind him on a puiſſant mule, black as the very jet; for in thoſe times coaches and ſide-ſaddles were not in faſhion, as it is ſaid they are now, and the ladies rode behind their ſquires. Nevertheleſs I cannot help telling you the following ſtory, that you may ſee how well-bred, and how punctilious my good huſband was. At the entrance into ſaint *James*'s ſtreet in *Madrid*, which is very narrow, a judge of one of the courts happened to be coming out with two of his officers before him and, as ſoon as my good ſquire ſaw him, he turned his mule about, as if he deſigned to wait upon him. My lady, who was behind him, ſaid to him in a low voice: What are you doing, blockhead? am not I here? The judge civilly ſtopped his horſe, and ſaid: Keep on your way, Sir; for it is my buſineſs rather to wait upon my lady *Donna Caſilda*: that was my miſtreſs's name. My huſband perſiſted, cap in hand in his intention to wait upon the judge. Which my lady perceiving, full of choler and indignation, ſhe pulled out a great pin, or rather, I believe, a bodkin, and ſtuck it into his back: whereupon my huſband bawled out, and, writhing his body, down he came with his lady to the ground. Two of her footmen ran to help her up, as did the judge and his officers. The gate of *Guadalajara*, I mean the idle people that ſtood there, were all in an uproar. My miſtreſs was forced to walk home on foot, and my huſband went to a barber ſurgeon's, telling him he was run quite through and through the bowels. The courteouſneſs and breeding of my ſpouſe was rumoured abroad, inſomuch that the boys got it, and teazed him with it in the ſtreets; and, upon this account, and becauſe he was a little ſhort-ſighted, my lady turned him

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him away; the grief whereof, I verily believe, was the death of him. I was left a widow, and helpleſs, with a daughter upon my hands, who went on encreaſing in beauty, like the foam of the ſea. Finally, as I had the reputation of a good work-woman at my needle, my lady ducheſs, who was then newly married to my lord duke, would needs have me with her to this kingdom of *Arragon*, together with my daughter, where, in proceſs of time, ſhe grew up, and with her all the accompliſhments in the world. She ſings like any lark, dances quick as thought, capers as if ſhe would break her neck, reads and writes like a ſchool-maſter, and caſts account like any uſurer. I ſay nothing of her cleanlineſs; for the running brook is not cleaner: And ſhe is now, if I remember right, ſixteen years of age, five months, and three days, one more or leſs. In a word, the ſon of a very rich country-man, who lives not far off in a village of my lord duke's, grew enamoured of this girl of mine; and to be ſhort, I know not how it came about, but they got together, and, under promiſe of being her huſband, he has fooled my daughter, and now refuſes to perform it. And, though my lord duke knows the affair, and I have complained again and again to him, and begged him to command this ſame young farmer to marry my daughter, yet he turns the deaf ear, and will hardly vouchſafe to hear me: and the reaſon is, becauſe the couzening knave's father is rich, and lends him money, and is bound for him on all occaſions; therefore he will not diſoblige nor offend him in any wiſe. Now, good Sir, my deſire is, that your worſhip take upon you the redreſſing this wrong, either by entreaty, or by force of arms; ſince all the world ſays, your worſhip was born in it to redreſs grievances, to right the injured, and ſuccour the miſerable. And be pleaſed, Sir, to conſider my daughter's fatherleſs condition, her genteelneſs, her youth, and all the good qualities I have already mentioned: for, on my ſoul and conſcience, of all the damſels my lady has, there is not one that comes up to the ſole of her ſhoe: and one of them, called *Altiſidora*, who is reckoned to be

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the liveliest, and gracefullest of them all, falls above two leagues short, in comparison with my daughter: for, you must know, dear Sir, that all is not gold that glitters, and this same *Altisidora* has more self-conceit than beauty, and more assurance than modesty: besides, she is none of the soundest; for her breath is so strong, there is no enduring to be a moment near her. Nay, even my lady duchess herself——but mum for that; for they say, walls have ears.

What of my lady duchess? quoth *Don Quixote.* Tell me, madam *Rodriguez,* by my life. Thus conjured, replied the *Duenna,* I cannot but answer to whatever is asked me with all truth. Your worship, Signor *Don Quixote,* must have observed the beauty of my lady duchess; that complexion like any bright and polished sword; those cheeks of milk and crimson, with the sun in the one, and the moon in the other; and that statelines, with which she treads, or rather disdains the ground she walks on, that one would think she went dispensing health wherever she passes. Let me tell you, Sir, she may thank god for it, in the first place, and next two issues she has, one in each leg, which discharge all the bad humours, of which the physicians say she is full. Holy *Mary!* quoth *Don Quixote,* is it possible my lady duchess has such drains: I should never have believed it, had the bare-footed fryars themselves told it me; but, since madam *Donna Rodriguez* says it, it must needs be so. But such issues, and in such places, must distil nothing but liquid amber: verily I am now convinced, that this making of issues is a matter of great consequence in respect to health.

Scarcely had *Don Quixote* said this, when with a great bounce the chamber door flew open; the surprize at which made *Donna Rodriguez* let fall her candle out of her hand, and the room remained as dark as a wolf's mouth [1], as the saying is; and presently the poor *Duenna* found herself griped so fast by the throat with two hands, that she could not squall, and another per-

[1] Because a wolf's mouth is black, say the dictionaries.

son,

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ſon, very nimbly, without ſpeaking a word, whipped up her petticoats, and with a flipper, as it ſeemed, gave her ſo many ſlaps, that it would have moved one's pity: and though it did that of *Don Quixote*, he ſtirred not from the bed, and, not knowing the meaning of all this, he lay ſtill and ſilent, fearing leſt that round and ſound flogging ſhould come next to his turn. And his fear proved not in vain; for the ſilent executioners, leaving the *Duenna*, who durſt not cry out, well curried, came to *Don Quixote*; and, turning down the bed-cloathes, they pinched him ſo often and ſo hard, that he could not forbear going to fiſty-cuffs in his own defence, and all this in marvellous ſilence. The battle laſted ſome half an hour: the phantoms went off: *Donna Rodriguez* adjuſted her petticoats, and, bewailing her misfortune, marched out of the door without ſaying a word to *Don Quixote*, who, ſad and ſorely be-pinched, confuſed, and penſive, remained alone: where we will leave him impatient to learn, who that perverſe enchanter was, that had handled him ſo roughly. But that ſhall be told in its proper place; for *Sancho Pança* calls upon us, and the method of the hiſtory requires it.

CHAP. XVII.

Of what befel Sancho Pança *as he was going the round of his iſland.*

WE left the grand governor moody and out of humour at the knaviſh picture-drawing peaſant, who, inſtructed by the ſteward, and he by the duke, played off *Sancho*; who, maugre his ignorance, rudeneſs, and inſufficiency, held them all tack, and ſaid to thoſe about him, and to doctor *Pedro Rezio*, who, when the ſecret of the duke's letter was over, came back into the hall: I now plainly perceive, that judges and governors muſt or ought to be made of braſs, if they would be inſenſible of the importunities of your men of buſineſs, who, being intent upon their own affairs alone, come what will of it, at all hours, and at all times, will needs be heard and diſpatched; and if the

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the poor judge does not hear and diſpatch them, either becauſe he cannot, or becauſe it is not the proper time for giving them audience, preſently they murmur and traduce him, gnawing his very bones, and calumniating him and his family. Fooliſh man of buſineſs, impertinent man of buſineſs, be not in ſuch haſte; wait for the proper ſeaſon and conjuncture for negotiation: come not at dinner time, nor at bed time; for judges are made of fleſh and blood, and muſt give to their nature what their nature requires; excepting only poor I, who do not ſo by mine, thanks to Signor doctor *Pedro Rezio Tirteafuera* here preſent, who would have me die of hunger, and affirms, that this kind of dying is in order to live: God grant the ſame life to him, and all thoſe of his tribe; I mean bad phyſicians: for good ones deſerve palms and laurels. All, who knew *Sancho Pança*, were in admiration to hear him talk ſo elegantly, and could not tell what to aſcribe it to, unleſs that offices and weighty employments quicken and enliven ſome underſtandings, as they confound and ſtupify others. In ſhort, doctor *Pedro Rezio Aguero de Tirteafuera* promiſed he ſhould ſup that night, though it were contrary to all the aphoriſms of *Hippocrates*. With this the governor reſted ſatisfied, and expected with great impatience the coming of the night, and the hour of ſupper; and though time, to his thinking, ſtood ſtock-ſtill, yet at length the wiſhed-for hour came, and they gave him ſome cow-beef, haſhed with onions, and calve's feet, ſomewhat of the ſtaleſt, boiled. However he laid about him with more reliſh, than if they had given him *Milan* godwits, *Roman* pheaſants, veal of *Sorento*, partridges of *Moron*, or geeſe of *Lavajos*; and, in the midſt of ſupper, turning to the doctor, he ſaid: Look you, maſter doctor, henceforward take no care to provide me your nice things to eat, nor your tit-bits; for it will be throwing my ſtomach quite off the hinges, which is accuſtomed to goat's-fleſh, cow-beef, and bacon, with turnips and onions; and if perchance you give it court kickſhaws, it receives them with ſqueamiſhneſs, and ſometimes with loathing What maſter ſewer here may do, is to get me ſome of thoſe eatables

bles you call your *olla-podridas*, and the ſtronger they are the better [1]: and you may inſert and ſtuff in them whatever you will: for ſo it be an eatable, I ſhall take it kindly, and will one day make you amends: and let no body play upon me; for either we are, or we are not: and let us all live and eat together in peace and good friendſhip; for when god ſends day-light, it is day for every body. I will govern this iſland, without loſing my own right, or taking away another man's, and let every one keep a good look-out, and mind each man his own buſineſs: for I would have them to know, the devil is in the wind, and, if they put me upon it, they ſhall ſee wonders. Ay, ay, make yourſelves honey, and the waſps will devour you. Certainly, my lord governor, quoth the ſewer, there is reaſon in all your worſhip ſays, and I dare engage in the name of all the iſlanders of this iſland, that they will ſerve your worſhip with all punctuality, love, and good-will; for your ſweet and indulgent way of governing from the very firſt leaves us no room to do, or to think any thing, that may redound to the diſſervice of your worſhip. I believe it, anſwered *Sancho*, and they would be fools, if they did, or thought, otherwiſe. And I tell you again to take care for my ſuſtenance, and for my *Dapple*'s, which is what is moſt material and important in this buſineſs: and when the hour comes, we will go the round; for it is my intention to clear this iſland of all manner of filth, of vagabonds, idlers, and ſharpers. For you muſt underſtand, friends, that idle and lazy people in a commonwealth are the ſame as drones in a bee-hive, which eat the honey that the induſtrious bees lay up in ſtore. My deſign is to protect the peaſants, preſerve to the gentry their privileges,

1 An *olla-podrida* is a diſh conſiſting of a great number of ingredients, as fleſh, fowl, &c. all ſtewed together. *Podrida* is uſually interpreted *rotten*, as if the ſtewing them together was ſuppoſed to have the ſame effect, as to making them tender, as rottenneſs would have. But *Covarruvias*, in his etymologies, derives it from *poderoſo*, *powerful*, becauſe all the ingredients are ſubſtantial and nouriſhing. And this is confirmed by *Sancho*'s adding, *the ſtronger they are the better.*

reward

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reward ingenious artifts, and above all to have regard to religion, and to the honour of the religious. What think ye of this, my friends? Do I fay fomething, or do I crack my brain to no purpofe? My lord governor, quoth the fteward, fpeaks fo well, that I wonder to hear a man, fo void of learning as your worfhip, who, I believe, cannot fo much as read, fay fuch and fo many things, and all fo fententious and inftructive, and fo far beyond all that could be expected from your worfhip's former underftanding, by thofe who fent us, and by us, who are come hither. But every day produces new things; jefts turn into earneft, and jokers are joked upon.

The night came, and, the governor having fupped with the licence of doctor *Rezio*, they prepared for going the round, and he fet out with the fecretary, the fteward, the fewer, and the hiftoriographer, who had the care of recording his actions, together with ferjeants and notaries, enough to have formed a middling battalion. In the midft of them marched *Sancho*, with his white rod of office; and having traverfed a few ftreets, they heard the clafhing of fwords. They hafted to the place, and found two men fighting; who, feeing the officers coming, defifted, and one of them faid: Help, in the name of god and the king! Is it permitted in this town to rob folks, and fet upon them in the ftreets? Hold, honeft man, quoth *Sancho*, and tell me what is the occafion of this fray; for I am the governor. The other, his antagonift, faid: My lord governor, I will briefly relate the matter: Your honour muft underftand, that this gentleman is juft come from winning, in that gaming-houfe yonder over the way, above a thoufand reals, and god knows how; and I, being prefent, gave judgment in his favour, in many a doubtful point, againft the dictates of my conficience. Up he got with the winnings, and, when I expected he would have given me a crown at leaft, by way of prefent, as is the ufage and cuftom among gentlemen of diftinction, fuch as I am, who ftand by, ready at all adventures to back unreafonable demands, and to prevent quarrels, he pocketed up his money, and went out of

of the house. I followed him in dudgeon, and with good words, and civil expressions, desired him to give me though it were but eight reals, since he knows I am a man of honour, and have neither office nor benefice, my parents having brought me up to nothing, and left me nothing: and this knave, as great a thief as *Cacus*, and as arrant a sharper as *Andradilla*, would give me but four reals. Judge, my lord governor, how little shame, and how little conscience, he has. But, in faith, had it not been for your honour's coming, I would have made him disgorge his winnings, and have taught him how many ounces go to the pound. What say you to this, friend, quoth *Sancho?* The other answered, that all his adversary had said was true, and he did not intend to have given him any more than four reals; for he was often giving him something, and they, who expect the benevolence [1], should be mannerly, and take with a chearful countenance whatever is given them, and not stand upon terms with the winners, unless they know them for certain to be sharpers, and that their winnings were unfairly gotten; and, for demonstration of his being an honest man, and no cheat, as the other alledged, there could be no stronger proof than his refusal to comply with his demand; for cheats are always tributaries to the lookers-on, who know them. That is true, quoth the steward: be pleased, my lord governor, to adjudge what is to be done with these men. What shall be done, is this, answered *Sancho:* You, master winner, good, bad, or indifferent, give your hackster here immediately an hundred reals, and pay down thirty more for the poor prisoners: and you, Sir, who have neither office nor benefice, and live without any employment in this island, take these hundred reals instantly, and, sometime to-morrow, get you out of this island for ten years, on pain, if you transgress, of finishing your banishment in the next life: for I will

[1] *Barato.* It originally signifies *cheap:* but, among gamesters, *dar barato* is, when a gamester, by way of courtesy, or for some other reason, gives something to a standers-by. And this in *Spain* is a common practice among all ranks of people.

hang

hang you on a gallows, or at leaſt the hangman ſhall do it for me; and let no man reply, leſt I puniſh him ſeverely. The one diſburſed; the other received: the one went out of the iſland; the other went home to his houſe; and the governor ſaid: It ſhall coſt me a fall, or I will demoliſh theſe gaming-houſes; for I have a ſuſpicion that they are very prejudicial. This, at leaſt, quoth one of the ſcriveners, your honour cannot put down, for a great perſon keeps it, and what he loſes in the year, is beyond compariſon more than what he gets by the cards. Your worſhip may exert your authority againſt petty gaming-houſes, which do more harm, and cover more abuſes: for, in thoſe, which belong to perſons of quality, notorious cheats dare not put their tricks in practice; and, ſince the vice of play is become a common practice, it is better it ſhould go forward in the houſes of people of diſtinction, than in thoſe of mean quality, where they take in unfortunate bubbles after midnight, and ſtrip off their very ſkin. Well, maſter notary, quoth *Sancho*, there is a great deal to be ſaid upon this ſubject.

And now up came a ſerjeant, having laid hold of a young man, and ſaid: My lord governor, this youth was coming towards us; but, as ſoon as he perceived it was the round, he faced about, and began to run like a ſtag; a ſign he muſt be ſome delinquent. I purſued him, and, had he not ſtumbled and fallen, I ſhould never have overtaken him. Why did you fly, young man? quoth *Sancho*. The youth replied: My lord, to avoid anſwering the multitude of queſtions officers are wont to aſk. What trade are you of? quoth *Sancho*. A weaver, anſwered the youth. And what do you weave? quoth *Sancho*. Iron heads for ſpears, an it pleaſe your worſhip. You are pleaſant with me, and value yourſelf upon being a joker [1], quoth *Sancho*: it is very well; and whither were you going? To take the air [2], Sir, replied the lad. And, pray, where do

1 *Chocarrero*: probably the original of our word *Joker*. The pronunciation of the two firſt ſyllables is the ſame; the others the termination of a word, proper to the *Spaniſh*.

2 *Tomar el ayre*. The ſame idiom here in both languages.

people

people take the air in this iſland? ſaid *Sancho*. Where it blows, anſwered the youth. Good, quoth *Sancho*; you anſwer to the purpoſe: you are a diſcreet youth. But now, make account that I am the air, and that I blow in your poop, and drive you to goal. Here, lay hold on him and carry him to priſon: I will make him ſleep there to-night, without air. Before god, quoth the youth, your honour can no more make me ſleep there, than you can make me a king. Why cannot I make you ſleep in priſon? demanded *Sancho*: have I not power to confine or releaſe you, as I pleaſe? How much power ſoever your worſhip may have, you have not enough to make me ſleep in priſon. Why not? replied *Sancho*: away with him immediately, where he ſhall ſee his miſtake with his own eyes; and, leſt the goaler ſhould put his intereſted generoſity in practice, I will ſconce him in the penalty of two thouſand ducats, if he ſuffers you to ſtir a ſtep from the priſon. All this is matter of laughter, anſwered the youth: the buſineſs is, I defy all the world to make me ſleep this night in priſon. Tell me, devil, quoth *Sancho*; have you ſome angel to deliver you, and unlooſe the fetters I intend to have clapped on you? My lord governor, anſwered the youth, with an air of pleaſantry, let us abide by reaſon, and come to the point. Suppoſing your worſhip orders me to goal, and to be loaded with chains and fetters, and clapped into the dungeon, with heavy penalties laid upon the goaler, if he lets me ſtir out; and let us ſuppoſe theſe orders punctually obeyed; yet, for all that, if I have no mind to ſleep, but to keep awake all night, without ſo much as ſhutting my eye-lids, can your worſhip with all your power, make me ſleep, whether I will or no? No, certainly, ſaid the ſecretary, and the man has carried his point. So that, quoth *Sancho*, you would forbear ſleeping only to have your own will, and not out of pure contradiction to mine? No, my lord, ſaid the youth, not even in thought. Then god be with you, quoth *Sancho*; go home to ſleep, and I wiſh you a good night's reſt; for I will not endeavour to deprive you of it: but I would adviſe you for the future not to be ſo jo-

coſe

coſe with officers of juſtice; for you may meet with one that may lay the joke over your noddle.

The youth went his way, and the governor continued his round; and, a little while after, came a couple of ſerjeants, who had hold of a man, and ſaid: My lord governor, this here, who ſeems to be a man, is not ſo, but a woman, and no ugly one neither, in man's cloaths. They lifted up two or three lanthorns to her face, by the light of which they diſcovered that of a woman, ſeemingly about ſixteen years of age, or thereabouts. Her hair was tucked up, under a net-work cawl of gold and green ſilk, and ſhe herſelf beautiful as a thouſand pearls. They viewed her from head to foot, and ſaw ſhe had on a pair of fleſh-coloured ſtockings, with garters of white taffeta, and taſſels of gold and ſeed-pearl: her breeches were of green and gold tiſſue, and ſhe had on a looſe coat of the ſame, under which ſhe wore a very fine waiſtcoat of white and gold ſtuff. Her ſhoes were white, and ſuch as men wear. She had no ſword, but a very rich dagger; and on her fingers were many rings, and thoſe very good ones. In a word, every body liked the maiden; but none of them all knew her, and the inhabitants of the town ſaid, they could not imagine who ſhe ſhould be. They, who were in the ſecret of the jeſts put upon *Sancho*, admired the moſt; for this adventure was not of their contriving, and therefore they were in ſuſpenſe, expecting the iſſue of this unforeſeen accident. *Sancho* was ſtruck with the beauty of the young lady, and aſked her, who ſhe was, whither ſhe was going, and what had moved her to dreſs herſelf in that habit. She, fixing her eyes on the ground, with a modeſt baſhfulneſs anſwered: Sir, I cannot declare ſo publickly what I am ſo much concerned to keep a ſecret: only one thing I muſt aſſure you, that I am no thief, nor criminal perſon, but an unhappy maiden, whom the force of a certain jealouſy has made break the reſpect due to modeſty. The ſteward, hearing this, ſaid to *Sancho*: My lord governor, order all your attendants to go aſide, that this lady may ſpeak her mind with leſs concern. The governor did ſo, and they all went aſide, excepting

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excepting the steward, the sewer, and the secretary. Then the damsel proceeded, saying: I, gentlemen, am daughter to *Pedro Perez Mazorca*, who farms the wool of this town, and comes frequently to my father's house. This will not pass, madam, said the steward; for I know *Pedro Perez* very well, and am sure he has no child, son nor daughter; and, besides your saying he is your father, you immediately add, that he comes often to your father's house. I took notice of that, quoth *Sancho*. Indeed, gentlemen, answered the damsel, I am in such confusion, that I knew not what I say: but the truth is, I am daughter to *Diego de la Llana*, whom you must all know. This may pass, answered the steward; for I know *Diego de la Llana*, that he is a gentleman of quality, and rich, and has a son and a daughter: and, since he has been a widower, no body in all this town can say, they have seen the face of his daughter; for he keeps her so confined, that he will not give the sun leave to shine upon her; and report says, she is extremely handsome. That is true, answered the damsel, and that daughter am I. Whether fame lies, or no, as to my beauty, you, gentlemen, are judges, since you have seen me: and then she began to weep most bitterly. Which the secretary perceiving, he whispered the sewer, and said very softly: Without doubt, something of importance must have been the occasion, that so considerable a person, as this young lady, has left her own house, in such a dress, and at such an hour. No doubt of that, answered the sewer; besides that this suspicion is confirmed by her tears. *Sancho* comforted her the best he could, and desired her to tell them the whole matter, without fear; for they would all endeavour to serve her with great sincerity, and by all possible ways.

The case is, gentlemen, replied she, that my father has kept me locked up these ten years past; for so long has my mother been under ground. Mass is said in our house in a rich chapel, and, in all this time, I have seen nothing but the sun in the heavens by day, and the moon and stars by night, nor do I know what streets, squares, or churches are, nor even men, ex-

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cepting my father and brother, and *Pedro Perez* the wool-farmer, whose constant visits to our house led me to say, he was my father, to conceal the truth. This confinement, and denying me leave to go out, though but to church, has for many days and months past disquieted me very much. I had a mind to see the world, or at least the town where I was born, thinking this desire was no breach of that decency young ladies ought to preserve towards themselves. When I heard talk of bull-feasts, of darting canes on horse-back, and the representation of plays, I asked my brother, who is a year younger than myself, to tell me what those things were, and several others that I had never seen; which he used to do in the best manner he could; and all this did but inflame the desire I had of seeing them. In a word, to shorten the story of my ruin, I prayed and entreated my brother — O that I had never prayed nor entreated him! and then she fell to weeping again. The steward said to her: Proceed, madam, and make an end of telling us what has befallen you; for your words and tears hold us all in suspense. I have but few words left to speak, answered the damsel, though many tears to shed: for such misplaced desires as mine can be atoned for no other way.

The beauty of the damsel had rooted itself in the soul of the sewer, who held up his lanthorn again, to have another view of her; and he fancied the tears she shed were dew-drops of the morning, or even orient pearls: and he heartily wished her misfortune might not be so great as her tears and sighs seemed to indicate. The governor was out of all patience at the girl's dilatory manner of telling her story, and bid her keep them no longer in suspense; for it grew late, and they had a great deal more of the town to go over. She, between interrupted sobs, and broken sighs, said: All my misfortune and unhappiness is only this, that I desired my brother to dress me in his cloaths, and carry me out, some night or other, when my father was asleep, to see the town. He, importuned by my intreaties, condescended to my desire, and, putting me on this habit, and dressing himself in a suit of mine, which

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which fits as if it were made for him (for he has not one hair of a beard, and one would take him for a beautiful young girl) this night, about an hour ago, we got out of our house; and, guided by our foot-boy and our own unruly fancies, we traversed the whole town: and, as we were returning home, we saw a great crowd of people, and my brother said to me: Sister, this must be the round; put wings to your feet, and fly after me, that they may not know us, or it will be worse for us. And, so saying, he turned his back, and began, not to run, but to fly. In less than six steps, I fell down through the fright, and, at that instant, the officer of justice, coming up, seized, and brought me before your honour; where my indiscreet longing has covered me with shame before so many people. In effect then, madam, quoth *Sancho*, no other mishap has befallen you, nor did jealousy, as you told us at the beginning of your story, carry you from home? No other thing, said she, has befallen me, nor is there any jealousy in the case, but merely a desire of seeing the world, which went no farther than seeing the streets of this town.

The coming up of two serjeants, one of whom had overtaken and seized her brother, as he fled from his sister, confirmed the truth of what the damsel had said. The youth had on nothing but a rich petticoat, and a blue damask mantle, with a border of gold; no head-dress nor ornament, but his own hair, which was so fair and curled, that it seemed so many ringlets of fine gold. The governor, the steward, and the sewer went aside, and, without letting his sister hear, they asked him how he came to be in that disguise? He, with no less bashfulness and concern, told the same story his sister had done; at which the enamoured sewer was much pleased. But the governor said: Really, gentle folks, this is a very childish trick, and, to relate this piece of folly, there needed not half so many tears and sighs: had you but said; our names are so and so, we got out of our father's house by such a contrivance, only out of curiosity, and with no other design at all; the tale had been told, and all these weepings and wailings, and takings-

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on at this rate, might have been ſpared. That is true, anſwered the damſel; but the confuſion I was in, was ſo great, that it did not ſuffer me to demean myſelf as I ought. There is no harm done, anſwered *Sancho:* we will ſee you ſafe to your father's; perhaps he has not miſſed you; and henceforward be not ſo childiſh, nor ſo eager to ſee the world: for, The maid that is modeſt, and a broken leg, ſhould ſtay at home; and, The woman and the hen are loſt by gadding abroad; and, She who deſires to ſee, deſires no leſs to be ſeen. I ſay no more. The youth thanked the governor for the favour he intended them, in ſeeing them ſafe home, and ſo they bent their courſe that way; for the houſe was not far off. When they were arrived, the brother threw up a little ſtone to a grated window, and that inſtant a ſervant maid, who waited for them, came down, and opened the door, and they went in, leaving every one in admiration at their genteelneſs and beauty, as well as at their deſire of ſeeing the world by night, and without ſtirring out of the town: but they imputed all to their tender years. The ſewer's heart was pierced through and through, and he propoſed within himſelf to demand her, the next day, of her father in marriage, taking it for granted he would not refuſe him, as being a ſervant of the duke's. *Sancho* too had ſome thoughts of matching the young man with his daughter *Sanchica*, and determined to bring it about the firſt opportunity, fancying to himſelf, that no match would be refuſed the governor's daughter. Thus ended that night's round, and two days after the government too, which put an end to all his deſigns and expectations, as ſhall hereafter be ſhewn.

CHAP.

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CHAP. XVIII.

In which is declared who were the enchanters and executioners, that whipped the Duenna, *and pinched and ſcratched* Don Quixote; *with the ſucceſs of the page, who carried the letter to* Tereſa Pança, *Sancho's wife.*

CID HAMET, the moſt punctual ſearcher after the very atoms of this true hiſtory, ſays, that, when *Duenna Rodriguez* went out of her chamber to go to *Don Quixote*'s, another *Duenna*, who lay with her, perceived it; and, as all *Duennas* have the itch of liſtening after, prying into, and ſmelling out, things, ſhe followed her ſo ſoftly, that good *Rodriguez* did not perceive it: and, as ſoon as the *Duenna* ſaw her enter *Don Quixote*'s chamber, that ſhe might not be wanting in the general humour of all *Duennas*, which is to be tell-tales, away ſhe went that inſtant, to acquaint the ducheſs that *Donna Rodriguez* was then actually in *Don Quixote*'s chamber. The ducheſs acquainted the duke with it, and deſired his leave, that ſhe and *Altiſidora* might go and ſee what was the *Duenna*'s buſineſs with *Don Quixote*. The duke gave it her; and they both, very ſoftly, and ſtep by ſtep, went and poſted themſelves cloſe to the door of *Don Quixote*'s chamber, and ſo cloſe, that they overheard all that was ſaid within: and when the ducheſs heard the *Duenna* expoſe the fountains[1] of her iſſues, ſhe could not bear it, nor *Altiſidora* neither; and ſo, brim-full of choler, and longing for revenge, they bounced into the room, and pinched *Don Quixote*, and whipped the *Duenna*, in the manner above related: for affronts, levelled againſt the beauty and vanity of women, awaken their wrath in an extraordinary manner, and inflame them with a deſire of revenging themſelves.

1 *El Aranjuez*, in the original. It is a royal garden, near *Madrid*, famous for its fountains and water-works. The metaphor was judged rather too far fetched for an *Engliſh* tranſlation.

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The ducheſs recounted to the duke all that had paſſed; with which he was much diverted; and the ducheſs, proceeding in her deſign of making ſport with *Don Quixote*, diſpatched the page, who had acted the part of *Dulcinea* in the project of her diſenchantment, to *Tereſa Pança*, with her huſband's letter (for *Sancho* was ſo taken up with his government, that he had quite forgot it) and with another from herſelf, and a large ſtring of rich corals by way of preſent.

Now the hiſtory tells us, that the page was very diſcreet and ſharp, and, being extremely deſirous to pleaſe his lord and lady, he departed, with a very good will, for *Sancho*'s village, and, being arrived near it, he ſaw a parcel of women waſhing in a brook, of whom he demanded, if they could tell him, whether one *Tereſa Pança*, wife of one *Sancho Pança*, ſquire to a knight called *Don Quixote de la Mancha*, lived in that town. At which queſtion, a young wench, who was waſhing, got up, and ſaid: That *Tereſa Pança* is my mother, and that *Sancho* my father, and that knight our maſter. Come then, damſel, quoth the page, and bring me to your mother; for I have a letter and a preſent for her from that ſame father of your's. That I will, with all my heart, Sir, anſwered the girl, who ſeemed to be about fourteen years of age: and, leaving the linen ſhe was waſhing to one of her companions, without putting any thing on her head or her feet (for ſhe was bare-legged and diſhevelled) ſhe ran ſkipping along before the page's horſe, ſaying: Come along, Sir; for our houſe ſtands juſt at the entrance of the village, and there you will find my mother in pain enough for not having heard any news of my father this great while. I bring her ſuch good news, quoth the page, that ſhe may well thank god for it. In ſhort, with jumping, running, and capering, the girl came to the village, and, before ſhe got into the houſe, ſhe called aloud at the door: Come forth, mother *Tereſa*, come forth, come forth; for here is a gentleman, who brings letters and other things from my good father. At which voice her mother *Tereſa Pança* came out, ſpinning a diſtaff full of tow, having on a grey petticoat, ſo ſhort, that it looked as if it had

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been dock'd at the placket, with a grey boddice alſo, and her ſmock-ſleeves hanging about it. She was not very old, though ſhe ſeemed to be above forty; but was ſtrong, hale, ſinewy, and hard as a hazle-nut. She, ſeeing her daughter, and the page on horſeback, ſaid: What is the matter, girl? what gentleman is this? It is an humble ſervant of my lady *Donna Tereſa Pança*, anſwered the page. And, ſo ſaying, he flung himſelf from his horſe, and, with great reſpect, went and kneeled before the lady *Tereſa*, ſaying: Be pleaſed, Signora *Donna Tereſa*, to give me your ladyſhip's hand to kiſs, as being the lawful and only wife of Signor *Don Sancho Pança*, ſole governor of the iſland *Barataria*. Ah, dear Sir, forbear, do not ſo, anſwered *Tereſa*; for I am no court-dame, but a poor country-woman, daughter of a ploughman, and wife of a ſquire-errant, and not of any governor at all. Your ladyſhip, anſwered the page, is the moſt worthy wife of an arch-worthy governor, and, for proof of what I ſay, be pleaſed, madam, to receive this letter, and this preſent. Then he pulled out of his pocket a ſtring of corals, each bead ſet in gold; and, putting it about her neck, he ſaid: This letter is from my lord governor, and another that I have here, and theſe corals, are from my lady ducheſs, who ſends me to your ladyſhip. *Tereſa* was amazed, and her daughter neither more nor leſs, and the girl ſaid: May I die, if our maſter *Don Quixote* be not at the bottom of this buſineſs, and has given my father the government, or earldom, he ſo often promiſed him. It is even ſo, anſwered the page, and, for Signor *Don Quixote*'s ſake, my lord *Sancho* is now governor of the iſland *Barataria*, as you will ſee by this letter. Pray, young gentleman, quoth *Tereſa*, be pleaſed to read it; for, though I can ſpin, I cannot read a tittle. Nor I neither, added *Sanchica*: but ſtay a little, and I will go call ſomebody that can, though it be the prieſt himſelf, or the batchelor *Sampſon Carraſca*, who will come with all their hearts to hear news of my father. There is no need of calling any body, quoth the page; for, though I cannot ſpin, I can read, and will read it.

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So he read it: but, it having been inſerted before, it is purpoſely omitted here. Then he pulled out that from the ducheſs, which was as follows.

Friend TERESA,

"THE good qualities, both of integrity and capacity, of your huſband *Sancho* moved and induced me to deſire the duke my ſpouſe to give him the government of one of the many iſlands he has. I am informed he governs like any hawk; at which I and my lord duke are mightily pleaſed; and I give great thanks to heaven, that I have not been deceived in my choice of him for the ſaid government. For let me tell madam *Tereſa*, it is a difficult thing to find a good governor now-a-days, and god make me as good as *Sancho* governs well. I ſend you hereby, my dear, a ſtring of corals ſet in gold: I wiſh they were of oriental pearl: but, Whoever gives thee an egg, has no mind to ſee thee dead. The time will come, when we ſhall be better acquainted, and converſe together, and god knows what may happen. Commend me to *Sanchica* your daughter, and tell her from me to get herſelf ready; for I mean to marry her toppingly when ſhe leaſt thinks of it. I am told the acorns of your town are very large: pray ſend me ſome two dozen of them; for I ſhall eſteem them very much as coming from your hand: and write to me immediately, adviſing me of your health and welfare; and if you want any thing, you need but open your mouth, and your mouth ſhall be meaſured. So god keep you.

From this place. *Your loving Friend,*

The DUCHESS.

Ah! quoth *Tereſa*, at hearing the letter, how good, how plain, how humble a lady! Let me be buried with ſuch ladies as this, and not with ſuch gentlewomen as this town affords, who think, becauſe they are gentlefolks, the wind muſt not blow upon them: and they go to church with as much vanity as if they were very queens. One would think they took it for a dif-

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a disgrace to look upon a country-woman; and you see here how this good lady, though she be a duchess, calls me friend, and treats me as if I were her equal, and equal may I see her to the highest steeple in all *La Mancha*. As to the acorns, Sir, I will send her ladyship a pocket-full, and such as, for their bigness, people may come to see and admire from far and near. And for the present, *Sanchica*, see and make much of this gentleman: take care of his horse, and bring some new-laid eggs out of the stable, and slice some rashers of bacon, and let us entertain him like any prince; for the good news he has brought us, and his own good looks deserve no less; and, in the mean-while, I will step and carry my neighbours the news of our joy, and especially to our father the priest, and to master *Nicholas* the barber, who are, and always have been, your father's great friends. Yes, mother, I will, answered *Sanchica*: but, hark you, I must have half that string of corals; for I do not take my lady duchess to be such a fool as to send it all to you. It is all for you, daughter, answered *Teresa*: but let me wear it a few days about my neck; for truly methinks it cheers my very heart. You will be no less cheered, quoth the page, when you see the bundle I have in this portmanteau: It is a habit of superfine cloth, which the governor wore only one day at a hunting match, and has sent it all to Signora *Sanchica*. May he live a thousand years, answered *Sanchica*, and the bearer neither more nor less, ay, and two thousand, if need be.

Teresa now went out of the house with the letters, and the beads about her neck, and playing, as she went along, with her fingers upon the letters, as if they had been a timbrel. And accidentally meeting the priest, and *Sampson Carrasco*, she began to dance, and say: In faith, we have no poor relations now; we have got a government: ay, ay, let the proudest gentlewoman of them all meddle with me; I will make her know her distance [1]. What is the matter, *Teresa Panza*? what

1 *Yo la pondrè como nueva.* Word for word, *I will put her as one new.* The meaning is not obvious, and the dictionaries are of

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what extravagancies are these? and what papers are those? demanded the priest. No other extravagancies, quoth she, but that these are letters from duchesses and governors, and these about my neck are true coral: the *ave-maries* and the *pater-nosters* are of beaten gold, and I am a governess. God be our aid, *Teresa*, replied they; we understand you not, nor know what you mean. Believe your own eyes, answered *Teresa*, giving them the letters. The priest read them so as that *Sampson Carrasco* heard the contents; and *Sampson* and the priest stared at each other, as surprised at what they read. The batchelor demanded, who had brought those letters. *Teresa* answered, if they would come home with her to her house, they should see the messenger, who was a youth like any golden pine-tree; and that he had brought her another present, worth twice as much. The priest took the corals from her neck, and viewed and reviewed them; and, being satisfied they were right, he began to wonder afresh, and said: By the habit I wear, I know not what to say, nor what to think of these letters, and these presents. On one hand I see and feel the fineness of these corals, and on the other hand I read, that a duchess sends to desire a dozen or two of acorns. Make these things tally, if you can, quoth *Carrasco*: but let us go and see the bearer of this pacquet, who may give us some light into these difficulties, which puzzle us. They did so, and *Teresa* went back with them.

They found the page sifting a little barley for his horse, and *Sanchica* cutting a rasher to fry, and pave it with eggs [1], for the page's dinner; whose aspect and good appearance pleased them very much. After they had saluted him, and he them, *Sampson* desired him to tell them news both of *Don Quixote* and *Sancho Panza*; for, though they had read *Sancho*'s and the duchess's letters, still they were confounded, and could

no service here. Perhaps it may be, *I will treat her as a new-comer*. However, the translator has substituted what *Teresa* may very well be supposed to say upon this occasion.

1 Eggs laid as close together in the frying-pan as pebbles in a pavement.

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not deviſe what *Sancho*'s government could mean, and eſpecially of an iſland, moſt or all thoſe in the *Mediterranean* belonging to his majeſty. To which the page anſwered: That Signor *Sancho Pança* is a governor, there is no manner of doubt: but whether it be an iſland, that he governs, or not, I concern not myſelf at all; let it ſuffice, that it is a place containing above a thouſand inhabitants. As to the acorns, I ſay, my lady ducheſs is ſo humble and affable, that her ſending to beg acorns of a country-woman is nothing; for, ere now, ſhe has ſent to borrow a comb of one of her neighbours. For you muſt know, gentlemen, that the ladies of *Arragon*, though of as great quality, are not ſo haughty, nor ſo ceremonious, as the ladies of *Caſtile*: they treat people more upon the level.

While they were in the midſt of this diſcourſe, in came *Sanchica*, with a lapful of eggs, and ſaid to the page: Pray, Sir, does my father, now he is a governor, wear trunk-hoſe [1]? I never obſerved that, anſwered the page; but doubtleſs he does. God's my life! replied *Sanchica*, what a ſight muſt it be to ſee my father with laced breeches! Is it not ſtrange, that, ever ſince I was born, I have longed to ſee my father with his breeches laced to his girdle? I warrant you will, if you live, anſwered the page: before god, if his government laſts but two months, he is in a fair way to travel with a cape to his cap. The prieſt and the batchelor eaſily perceived, that the page ſpoke jeſtingly: but the fineneſs of the corals, and the hunting-ſuit, which *Sancho* had ſent (for *Tereſa* had already ſhewed them the habit) undid all. Nevertheleſs they could not forbear ſmiling at *Sanchica*'s longing, and more when *Tereſa* ſaid: Maſter prieſt, do ſo much as enquire, if any body be going to *Madrid* or *Toledo*, who may buy me a farthingal round and compleatly made, and faſhionable, and one of the beſt that is to be had; for verily, verily, I intend to honour my huſband's government as much as I can; and, if they

1 *Calças atacadas.* They are breeches and ſtockings all in one and laced, or claſped, or tied to the girdle.

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vex me, I will get me to this court myſelf, and ride in my coach as well as the beſt of them there; for ſhe, who has a governor for her huſband, may very well have one, and maintain it too. Ay, marry, quoth *Sanchica*, and would to god it were to-day rather than to-morrow, though folks, that ſaw me ſeated in that coach with my lady mother, ſhould ſay: Do but ſee ſuch a one, daughter of ſuch a one ſtuffed with garlick; how ſhe ſits in ſtate, and lolls in her coach like the pope's lady [1]! But let them jeer, ſo they trudge in the dirt, and I ride in my coach with my feet above the ground. A bad year and a worſe month to all the murmurers in the world; and, if I go warm, let folks laugh. Say I well, mother? Ay, mighty well, daughter, anſwered *Tereſa*: and my good man *Sancho* foretold me all this, and even greater good-luck; and, you ſhall ſee, daughter, it will never ſtop 'till it has made me a counteſs; for to be lucky, the whole buſineſs is to begin: and as I have often heard your good father ſay (who, as he is your's, is alſo the father of proverbs) When they give you a heifer, make haſte with the halter; ſo, when a government is given you, ſeize it; when they give you an earldom, lay your claws on it; and when they whiſtle to you [2] with a good gift, ſnap at it: No, no, ſleep on, and do not anſwer to the lucky hits, and the good fortune, that ſtand calling at the door of your houſe. And what care I? added *Sanchica*; let who will ſay, when they ſee me ſtep it ſtately and bridle it, The higher the monkey climbs, the more he expoſes his bald buttocks, and ſo forth. The prieſt, hearing this, ſaid: I cannot believe but that all of this race of the *Panças* were born with a buſhel of proverbs in their bellies: I never ſaw one of them, who did not ſcatter them about, at all

1 *Papeſa*. A *She pope*. Our tranſlators have rendered this *Pope Joan*. But there is more humour in making the country people ſo ignorant as to believe the pope had, if not a wife, a concubine, as many of the great clergy had, than in ſuppoſing they had ever heard of *Pope Joan*.

2 In the original, *when they cry Tus, Tus*, that is, as people call dogs to their porridge.

times,

times, and in all the discourses they ever held. I believe so too, quoth the page; for my lord governor *Sancho* utters them at every step; and, though many of them are wide of the purpose, still they please, and my lady duchess and the duke commend them highly. You persist then in affirming, Sir, quoth the batchelor, that this business of *Sancho*'s government is real and true, and that these presents and letters are really sent by a duchess? For our parts, though we touch the presents, and have read the letters, we believe it not, and take it to be one of our countryman *Don Quixote*'s adventures, who thinks every thing of this kind done by enchantment: and therefore, I could almost find in my heart to touch and feel your person, to know whether you are a visionary messenger, or one of flesh and bones. All I know of myself, gentlemen, answered the page, is, that I am a real messenger, and that Signor *Sancho Pança* actually is a governor; and that my lord duke, and my lady duchess can give, and have given, the said government; and I have heard it said, that the said *Sancho Pança* behaves himself most notably in it. Whether there be any enchantment in this, or not, you may dispute by yourselves: for, by the oath I am going to take, which is, by the life of my parents, who are living, and whom I dearly love, I know nothing more of the matter. It may be so, replied the batchelor: but, *dubitat Augustinus*. Doubt who will, answered the page; the truth is what I tell you, and truth will always get above a lye, like oil above water: and, if you will not believe me, *Operibus credite & non verbis*. Come one of you, gentlemen, along with me, and you shall see with your eyes what you will not believe by the help of your ears. That jaunt is for me, quoth *Sanchica*; take me behind you, Sir, upon your nag; for I will go with all my heart to see my honoured father. The daughters of governors, said the page, must not travel alone, but attended with coaches and litters, and good store of servants. Before god, answered *Sanchica*, I can travel as well upon an ass's colt, as in a coach; I am none of your tender squeamish folks. Peace, wench, quoth *Teresa*; you know not what you say, and the

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gentleman is in the right; for, according to reaſon, each thing in its ſeaſon: when it was *Sancho*, it was *Sanchica*; and when governor, madam. Said I amiſs? Madam *Tereſa* ſays more than ſhe imagines, quoth the page; and, pray, give me to eat, and diſpatch me quickly; for I intend to return home this night. To which the prieſt ſaid: Come, Sir, and do penance with me: for madam *Tereſa* has more good will, than good cheer, to welcome ſo worthy a gueſt. The page refuſed at firſt, but at length thought it moſt for his good to comply, and the prieſt very willingly took him home with him, that he might have an opportunity of enquiring at leiſure after *Don Quixote* and his exploits. The batchelor offered *Tereſa* to write anſwers to her letters: but ſhe would not let him meddle in her matters; for ſhe looked upon him as ſomewhat of a wag: and ſo ſhe gave a roll of bread and a couple of eggs to a young noviciate fryar, who could write; who wrote for her two letters, one for her huſband, and the other for the ducheſs, and both of her inditing; and they are none of the worſt recorded in this grand hiſtory, as will be ſeen hereafter.

CHAP. XIX.

Of the progreſs of Sancho Pança's *government, with other entertaining events.*

NOW appeared the day ſucceeding the night of the governor's round; which the ſewer paſſed without ſleeping, his thoughts being taken up with the countenance, air, and beauty of the diſguiſed damſel; and the ſteward ſpent the remainder of it in writing to his lord and lady what *Sancho Pança* ſaid and did, equally wondering at his deeds and ſayings; for his words and actions were intermixed with ſtrong indications both of diſcretion and folly. In ſhort, Signor governor got up, and, by the direction of doctor *Pedro Rezio*, they gave him, to break his faſt, a little conſerve, and four draughts of cold water; which *Sancho* would have gladly exchanged for a piece of bread

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bread and a bunch of grapes. But, seeing it was more by force than good will, he submitted to it with sufficient grief to his soul, and toil to his stomach; *Pedro Rezio* making him believe, that, to eat but little, and that of slight things, quickened the judgment, which was the propereſt thing that could be for persons appointed to rule and bear offices of dignity; in which there is not so much occasion for bodily strength, as for that of the understanding. By means of this sophistry *Sancho* endured hunger to a degree, that inwardly he curſed the government, and even him that gave it.

However, with his hunger and his conserve, he sat in judgment that day, and the first thing that offered, was, a question proposed by a stranger; the steward and the rest of the assistants being present all the while. It was this: My lord; A main river divides the two parts of one lordship———pray, my lord, be attentive; for it is a case of importance, and somewhat difficult. I say then, that upon this river stood a bridge, and at the head of it a gallows, and a kind of court-house, for a seat of judicature; in which there were commonly four judges, whose office it was to give sentence according to a law enjoined by the owner of the river, of the bridge, and of the lordship; which law was in this form: whoever passes over this bridge, from one side to the other, must first take an oath, from whence he comes, and what business he is going about: and, if he swears true, they shall let him pass; but, if he tells a lye, he shall die for it upon yonder gallows, without any remission. This law, and the rigorous conditions thereof, being known, several persons passed over; for by what they swore it was soon perceived they swore the truth, and the judges let them pass freely. Now it fell out, that a certain man, taking the oath, swore, and said, by the oath he had taken, he was going to die upon the gallows which stood there, and that this was his business, and no other. The judges deliberated upon the oath, and said: If we let this man pass freely, he swore a lye, and by the law he ought to die; and if we hang him, he swore he went to die upon that gallows, and having swore the truth,

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by the ſame law he ought to go free. It is now demanded of my lord governor, how the judges ſhall proceed with this man; for they are ſtill doubtful and in ſuſpenſe; and being informed of the acuteneſs and elevation of your lordſhip's underſtanding, they have ſent me to beſeech your lordſhip, on their behalf, to give your opinion in ſo intricate and doubtful a caſe. To which *Sancho* anſwered: For certain, theſe gentlemen, the judges, who ſent you to me, might have ſaved themſelves, and you, the labour; for I have more of the blunt, than the acute, in me: nevertheleſs, repeat me the buſineſs over again, that I may underſtand it; perhaps, I may hit the mark. The queriſt repeated what he had ſaid once or twice, and *Sancho* ſaid: in my opinion, this affair may be briefly reſolved, and it is thus. The man ſwears he is going to die upon the gallows, and, if he is hanged, he ſwore the truth, and by the law eſtabliſhed, ought to be free, and to paſs the bridge; and, if they do not hang him, he ſwore a lye, and by the ſame law he ought to be hanged. It is juſt as Signor governor ſays, quoth the meſſenger, and nothing more is wanting to the right ſtating and underſtanding of the caſe. I ſay then, replied *Sancho*, that they let paſs that part of the man that ſwore the truth, and hang that part that ſwore a lye: and thus the condition of the paſſage will be literally fulfilled. If ſo, Signor governor, replied the queriſt, it will be neceſſary to divide the man into two parts, the falſe and the true; and, if he is cut aſunder, he muſt neceſſarily die, and ſo there is not a tittle of the law fulfilled, and there is an expreſs neceſſity of fulfilling the law. Come hither, honeſt man, anſwered *Sancho*: either I am a very dunce, or there is as much reaſon to put this paſſenger to death, as to let him live and paſs the bridge; for, if the truth ſaves him, the lye equally condemns him; and this being ſo, as it really is, I am of opinion, that you tell thoſe gentlemen, who ſent you to me, that, ſince the reaſons for condemning him and acquitting him are equal, they let him paſs freely: for it is always commendable to do good rather than harm; and this I would give under my hand, if I could write: and, in this caſe, I ſpeak not of my own head, but upon recollection of a precept given

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given me, among many others, by my master *Don Quixote*, the night before I set out to be governor of this island; which was, that, when justice happens to be in the least doubtful, I should incline and lean to the side of mercy; and god has been pleased to make me remember it in the present case, in which it comes in so pat. It does so, answered the steward, and, for my part, I think *Lycurgus* himself, who gave laws to the *Lacedemonians*, could not have given a better judgment, than that now given by the great *Pança:* and let us have no more hearings this morning, and I will give order, that Signor governor shall dine to day much to his satisfaction. That is what I desire, and let us have fair play, quoth *Sancho*. Let me but dine, and bring me cases and questions never so thick, I will dispatch them in the snuffing of a candle.

The steward was as good as his word, making it a matter of conscience to starve so discerning a governor; especially since he intended to come to a conclusion with him that very night, and to play him the last trick he had in commission.

It fell out then, that having dined that day against all the rules and aphorisms of doctor *Tirteafuera*, at taking away the cloth, a courier came in with a letter from *Don Quixote* to the governor. *Sancho* bid the secretary read it first to himself, and, if there was nothing in it that required secrecy, to read it aloud. The secretary did so, and, glancing it over, said: Well may it be read aloud; for what Signor *Don Quixote* writes to your lordship deserves to be printed and written in letters of gold; and the contents are these.

Don Quixote de la Mancha's *letter to* Sancho Pança, *governor of the island of* Barataria.

'WHEN I expected, friend *Sancho*, to have 'heard news of your negligencies and impertinencies, I have had accounts of your discretion; for 'which I give particular thanks to heaven, that can 'raise the poor from the dung-hill, and make wise 'men of fools. I am told, you govern as if you were a 'man, and are a man as if you were a beast, such is 'the humility of your demeanour. But I would have 'you

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'you take notice, *Sancho*, that it is often expedient 'and neceſſary, for the ſake of authority, to act in 'contradiction to the humility of the heart; for the 'decent adorning of the perſon in weighty employ-'ments muſt be conformable to what thoſe offices re-'quire, and not according to the meaſure of what a 'man's own humble condition inclines him to. Go 'well clad; for a broomſtick well dreſſed does not ap-'pear a broomſtick. I do not mean that you ſhould 'wear jewels or fine cloaths, nor, being a judge, that 'you ſhould dreſs like a ſoldier; but that you ſhould 'adorn yourſelf with ſuch an habit as ſuits your em-'ployment, and ſuch as is neat and handſomely made. 'To gain the good will of the people you govern, two 'things, among others, you muſt do: One is, to be 'civil to all (though I have already told you this) and 'the other is, to take care that there be plenty, ſince 'nothing is ſo diſcouraging to the poor as hunger, and 'dearneſs of proviſions. Publiſh not many edicts, and, 'when you do, ſee that they are good ones, and, above 'all, that they are well obſerved; for edicts that are 'not kept are as if they had not been made, and ſerve 'only to ſhew, that the prince, though he had wiſdom 'and authority ſufficient to make them, had not the 'courage to ſee them put in execution: and laws that 'intimidate at their publication, and are not executed, 'become like the log king of the frogs, which terrified 'them at firſt; but, in time, they contemned him, and 'got upon his back. Be a father to virtue, and a ſtep-'father to vice. Be not always ſevere, nor always mild; 'but chuſe the mean betwixt theſe two extremes; 'for therein conſiſts the main point of diſcretion. Viſit 'the priſons, the ſhambles, and the markets; for the 'preſence of the governor in ſuch places is of great 'importance. Comfort the priſoners, that they may 'hope to be quickly diſpatched. Be a bug-bear to 'the butchers, who will then make their weights true; 'and be a terror to the market people for the ſame 'reaſon. Do not ſhew your ſelf (though perchance 'you may be ſo; but I do not believe it) given to co-'vetouſneſs, to women, or gluttony: for, when the

'town,

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'town, and thoſe who have to do with you, find your 'ruling paſſion, by that they will play their en- 'gines upon you, 'till they have batter'd you down 'into the depth of deſtruction. View and review, 'conſider and reconſider, the counſels and documents 'I gave you in writing, before you went hence to your 'government, and you will ſee how you will find in 'them, if you obſerve them, a choice ſupply to help 'to ſupport you under the toils and difficulties, which 'governors meet with at every turn. Write to your 'patrons, the duke and ducheſs, and ſhew yourſelf grate- 'ful: for ingratitude is the daughter of pride, and one 'of the greateſt ſins; and the perſon, who is grateful 'to thoſe that have done him good, ſhews thereby 'that he will be ſo to god too, who has already done 'him, and is continually doing him, ſo much good.

'My lady ducheſs has diſpatched a meſſenger with 'your ſuit, and another preſent, to your wife *Tereſa* '*Pança*: We expect an anſwer every moment. I have 'been a little out of order with a certain cat-clawing, 'which befel me not much to the advantage of my 'noſe: but it was nothing; for, if there are enchant- 'ers who perſecute me, there are others who defend 'me. Let me know, if the ſteward, who is with you, 'had any hand in the actions of the *Triſaldi*, as you 'ſuſpected; and give me advice, from time to time, 'of all that happens to you, ſince the way is ſo ſhort. 'I have thoughts of quitting this idle life very ſoon; 'for I was not born for it. A buſineſs has fallen 'out, which will, I believe, go near to bring me into 'diſgrace with the duke and ducheſs. But though it 'afflicts me much, it affects me nothing; for, in ſhort, 'I muſt comply with the rules of my profeſſion, ra- 'ther than with their pleaſure, according to the old 'ſaying, *Amicus Plato, ſed magis amica veritas.* I 'write this in *Latin*; for I perſuade myſelf, you have 'learned it ſince you have been a governor. And ſo, 'farewel, and god have you in his keeping, that no 'body may pity you.

Your Friend,

Don Quixote de la Mancha.

Sancho

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Sancho liſtened with great attention to the letter, which was applauded, and looked upon to be very judicious, by all that heard it. Preſently *Sancho* roſe from table, and, calling the ſecretary, he ſhut himſelf up with him in his chamber, and, without any delay, reſolved immediately to ſend an anſwer to his lord *Don Quixote*. He bid the ſecretary, without adding or diminiſhing a tittle, to write what he ſhould dictate to him. He did ſo, and the anſwer was of the tenour following.

Sancho Pança's *letter to* Don Quixote de la Mancha.

'THE hurry of my buſineſs is ſo great, that I have not time to ſcratch my head, nor ſo much as to pare my nails, and therefore I wear them very long; which god remedy. This I ſay, dear maſter of my ſoul, that your worſhip may not wonder, if hitherto I have given you no account of my well or ill being in this government; in which I ſuffer more hunger, than when we two wandered about through woods and deſerts.

'My lord duke wrote to me the other day, giving me advice that certain ſpies were come into this iſland to kill me; but hitherto I have been able to diſcover no other beſides a certain doctor, who has a ſalary in this place for killing as many governors as ſhall come hither. He calls himſelf doctor *Pedro Rezio*, and is a native of *Tirteafuera*; a name ſufficient to make one fear dying by his hands. This ſame doctor ſays, he does not cure diſtempers when people have them, but prevents them from coming: and the medicines he uſes are, diet upon diet, 'till he reduces the patient to bare bones; as if a conſumption were not a worſe malady than a fever. In ſhort, he is murdering me by hunger, and I am dying of deſpite; for, inſtead of coming to this government, to eat hot, and drink cool, and to recreate my body between *Holland* ſheets, upon beds of down, I am come to do penance, as if I were an hermit: and, as I do it againſt my will, I verily think, at the long run, the devil will carry me away.

'Hitherto

'Hitherto I have touched no fee, nor taken any 'bribe; and I cannot imagine what it will end in: 'for here I am told, that the governors, who come 'to this iſland, before they ſet foot in it, uſed to re- 'ceive a good ſum of money, by way of preſent or 'loan, from the people, and that this is the cuſtom 'with thoſe, who go to other governments, as well as 'with thoſe, who come to this.

'One night, as I was going the round, I met a very 'handſome damſel in man's cloaths, and her brother 'in woman's. My ſewer fell in love with the girl, 'and has, as he ſays, already, in his thoughts, made 'choice of her for his wife; and I have choſen the 'brother for my ſon-in-law. To-day we both intend 'to diſcloſe our minds to their father, who is one *Diego* '*de la Llana*, a gentleman, and an old chriſtian, as 'much as one can deſire.

'I viſit the markets, as your worſhip adviſes me; 'and yeſterday I found a huckſter-woman, who ſold 'new hazle-nuts, and it was proved upon her, that ſhe 'had mixed with the new a buſhel of old rotten ones. 'I confiſcated them all to the uſe of the charity-boys, 'who well know how to diſtinguiſh them, and ſenten- 'ced her not to come into the market again in fifteen 'days. I am told, I behaved bravely: what I can 'tell your worſhip is, that it is reported in this town, 'that there is not a worſe ſort of people than your 'market-women; for they are all ſhameleſs, hard- 'hearted, and impudent; and I verily believe it is ſo, 'by thoſe I have ſeen in other places.

'As concerning my lady ducheſs's having written 'to my wife *Tereſa Pança*, and ſent her the preſent 'your worſhip mentions, I am mightily pleaſed with it, 'and will endeavour to ſhew my gratitude at a proper 'time: pray kiſs her honour's hands in my name, and 'tell her, ſhe has not thrown her favours into a rent 'ſack, as ſhe will find by the effect.

'I would not wiſh you to have any croſs-reckonings 'of diſguſt with our patrons the duke and ducheſs; 'for, if your worſhip quarrels with them, it is plain, 'it muſt redound to my damage; and, ſince your

'worſhip

'worſhip adviſed me not to be ungrateful, it will not 'be proper you ſhould be ſo yourſelf to thoſe, who, 'have done you ſo many favours, and who have en-'tertained you ſo generouſly in their caſtle.

'The cat-buſineſs I underſtand not, but ſuppoſe it 'muſt be one of thoſe unlucky tricks the wicked en-'chanters are wont to play your worſhip. I ſhall 'know more when we meet.

'I would willingly ſend your worſhip ſomething or 'other; but I cannot tell what, unleſs it be ſome little 'clyſter-pipes, which they make in this iſland very 'curiouſly. If my employment holds, I will look 'out for ſomething to ſend, right or wrong. If my 'wife *Tereſa Pança* writes to me, be ſo kind as to pay 'the poſtage, and ſend me the letter; for I have a 'mighty deſire to know the eſtate of my houſe, my 'wife, and my children. And ſo, god deliver your 'worſhip from evil-minded enchanters, and bring me 'ſafe and ſound out of this government, which I doubt; 'for I expect to lay my bones here, conſidering how 'Doctor *Pedro Rexio* treats me.

Your worſhip's ſervant,

SANCHO PANÇA, *the governor.*

The ſecretary made up the letter, and diſpatched the courier with it immediately. Then thoſe who carried on the plot againſt *Sancho*, contrived among themſelves how to put an end to his government. That evening *Sancho* ſpent in making ſome ordinances for the good government of that, which he took to be an iſland. He decreed, that there ſhould be no monopolizers of proviſions in the commonwealth; that wines ſhould not be imported indifferently from any parts the merchant pleaſed, with this injunction, that they ſhould declare its growth, that a price might be ſet upon it, according to its goodneſs, character, and true value; and that whoever daſhed it with water, or changed its name, ſhould be put to death for it. He moderated the prices of all ſorts of hoſe and ſhoes, eſpecially the latter, the current price of which he thought exorbitant. He limited

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mited the wages of ſervants, which before were very extravagant [1]. He laid moſt ſevere penalties upon thoſe who ſhould ſing laſcivious and indecent ſongs, by day or by night. He decreed, that no blind man ſhould ſing his miracles in verſe, unleſs he produced an authentic teſtimony of the truth of them, eſteeming moſt of thoſe ſung by that ſort of people to be falſe, in prejudice to the true ones. He created an overſeer of the poor, not to perſecute them, but to examine whether they were ſuch or no; for, under colour of feigned maimneſs and counterfeit ſores, they are often ſturdy thieves, and hale drunkards. In ſhort, he made ſuch wholeſome ordinances, that they are obſerved in that town to this day, and are called *The conſtitutions of the great governor* Sancho Pança.

CHAP. XX.

In which is related the adventure of the ſecond afflicted or diſtreſſed matron, otherwiſe called Donna Rodriguez.

CID HAMET relates, that *Don Quixote*, being now healed of his ſcratches, began to think the life he led in that caſtle was againſt all the rules of knight-errantry, which he profeſſed; and therefore he reſolved to aſk leave of the duke and ducheſs to depart for *Saragoſſa*, the celebration of the tournament drawing near, wherein he propoſed to win the ſuit of armour, the uſual prize at that feſtival. And, being one day at table with their excellencies, and beginning to unfold his purpoſe, and aſk their leave, behold, on a ſudden, there entered, at the door of the great hall, two women, as it afterwards appeared, covered from head to foot with mourning weeds; and one of them, coming up to *Don Quixote*, threw herſelf at full length on the ground, and, inceſſantly kiſſing his feet, poured forth ſuch diſmal, deep, and mournful groans, that all who heard and ſaw her were confounded: and,

1 Literally, *travelled unbridled in the road of intereſt.*

though

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though the duke and ducheſs imagined it was ſome jeſt their ſervants were putting upon *Don Quixote*, yet, ſeeing how vehemently the woman ſighed, groaned, and wept, they were in doubt and in ſuſpenſe; 'till the compaſſionate *Don Quixote*, raiſing her from the ground, prevailed with her to diſcover herſelf, and remove the veil from before her blubbered face. She did ſo, and diſcovered, what they little expected to ſee, the face of *Donna Rodriguez*, the *Duenna* of the houſe; and the other mourner was her daughter, who had been deluded by the rich farmer's ſon. All that knew her wondered, and the duke and ducheſs more than any body; for though they took her for a fool and ſoft, yet not to the degree as to act ſo mad a part. At length *Donna Rodriguez*, turning to her lord and lady, ſaid: Be pleaſed, your excellencies, to give me leave to confer a little with this gentleman; for ſo it behoves me to do, to get ſucceſsfully out of an unlucky buſineſs, into which the preſumption of an evil-minded bumpkin has brought me. The duke ſaid, he gave her leave, and that ſhe might confer with *Don Quixote* as much as ſhe pleaſed. She, directing her face and ſpeech to *Don Quixote*, ſaid: It is not long, valorous knight, ſince I gave you an account how injuriouſly and treacherouſly a wicked peaſant has uſed my poor dear child, this unfortunate girl here preſent, and you promiſed me to ſtand up in her defence, and ſee her righted; and now I underſtand, that you are departing from this caſtle, in queſt of the good adventures god ſhall ſend you; and therefore my deſire is, that, before you begin making your excurſions on the highways, you would challenge this untamed ruſtic, and oblige him to marry my daughter, in compliance with the promiſe he gave her to be her huſband, before he had his will of her: for, to think to meet with juſtice from my lord duke, is to look for pears on an elm-tree, for the reaſons I have already told your worſhip in private; and ſo god grant your worſhip much health not forſaking us.

To which words *Don Quixote* returned this anſwer, with much gravity and ſolemnity: Good madam *Duenna*,

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enna, moderate your tears, or rather dry them up, and ſpare your ſighs; for I take upon me the charge of ſeeing your daughter's wrongs redreſſed; though it had been better if ſhe had not been ſo eaſy in believing the promiſes of lovers, who, for the moſt part, are very ready at promiſing, and very ſlow in performing: and therefore, with my lord duke's leave, I will depart immediately in ſearch of this ungracious youth, and will find and challenge him, and kill him if he refuſes to perform his contract: for the principal end of my profeſſion is, to ſpare the humble, and chaſtiſe the proud; I mean, to ſuccour the wretched, and deſtroy the oppreſſor.

You need not give yourſelf any trouble, anſwered the duke, to ſeek the ruſtic, of whom this good *Duenna* complains; nor need you aſk my permiſſion to challenge him; for, ſuppoſe him challenged, and leave it to me to give him notice of this challenge, and to make him accept it, and come and anſwer for himſelf at this caſtle of mine; where both ſhall fairly enter the liſts, and all the uſual ceremonies ſhall be obſerved, and exact juſtice diſtributed to each, as is the duty of all princes, who grant the liſts to combatants within the bounds of their territories. With this aſſurance, and with your grandeur's leave, replied *Don Quixote*, for this time I renounce my gentility, and leſſen and demean myſelf to the lowneſs of the offender, and put myſelf upon a level with him, that he may be qualified to fight with me: and ſo, though abſent, I challenge and defy him, upon account of the injury he has done in deceiving this poor girl, who was a maiden, and by his fault is no longer ſuch; and he ſhall either perform his promiſe of being her lawful huſband, or die in the diſpute. And immediately pulling off his glove, he threw it into the middle of the hall, and the duke took it up, ſaying, that, as he had ſaid before, he accepted the challenge in the name of his vaſſal, appointing the time to be ſix days after, and the liſts to be in the court of the caſtle; the arms, thoſe uſual among knights, a launce, ſhield, and laced ſuit of armour, and all the other pieces, without deceit, fraud,

or

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or any superstition whatever, being first viewed and examined by the judges of the field. But especially, he said, it was necessary, the good *Duenna*, and the naughty maiden, should commit the justice of their cause to the hands of Signor *Don Quixote*; for otherwise nothing could be done, nor could the said challenge be duly executed. I do commit it, answered the *Duenna*. And I too, added the daughter, all weeping, abashed, and confounded. The day thus appointed, and the duke having resolved with himself what was to be done in the business, the mourners went their ways; and the duchess ordered, that thenceforward they should be treated, not as her servants, but as lady-adventurers, who were come to her house to demand justice: and so they had a separate apartment ordered them, and were served as strangers, to the amazement of the rest of the family, who knew not what the folly and boldness of *Donna Rodriguez*, and of her ill-errant daughter, drove at.

While they were thus engaged in perfecting the joy of the feast, and giving a good end to the dinner, behold, there entered, at the hall door, the page, who had carried the letters and presents to *Tereja Pança*, wife of the governor *Sancho Pança*: at whose arrival the duke and duchess were much pleased, being desirous to know the success of his journey; and they having asked him, the page replied, he could not relate it so publickly, nor in few words, and desired their excellencies would be pleased to adjourn it to a private audience, and in the mean time to entertain themselves with those letters: and, pulling out a couple, he put them into the hands of the duchess. The superscription of one was: *For my lady duchess, such a one, of I know not what place*: And the other; *To my husband* Sancho Pança, *governor of the island* Barataria, *whom god prosper more years than me*. The duchess's cake was dough, as the saying is, till she had read her letter; and, opening it, she run it over to herself, and finding it might be read aloud, that the duke and the by-standers might hear it, she read what follows.

Teresa

Tereſa Pança's *letter to the ducheſs.*

My lady,

'THE letter your grandeur wrote me gave me much ſatisfaction, and indeed I wiſhed for it mightily. The ſtring of corals is very good, and my huſband's hunting-ſuit comes not ſhort of it. Our whole town is highly pleaſed, that your ladyſhip has made my huſband *Sancho* a governor; though no body believes it, eſpecially the prieſt, and maſter *Nicholas* the barber, and *Sampſon Carraſco* the batchelor. But what care I? for ſo long as the thing is ſo, as it really is, let every one ſay what they liſt: though, if I may own the truth, I ſhould not have believed it myſelf, had it not been for the corals and the habit: for, in this village, every body thinks my huſband a dunce, and, take him from governing a flock of goats, they cannot imagine what government he can be good for. God be his guide, and ſpeed him as he ſees beſt for his children. I am reſolved, dear lady of my ſoul, with your ladyſhip's leave, to bring this good day home to my houſe, and hie me to court, to loll it in a coach, and burſt the eyes of a thouſand people that envy me already. And therefore I beg your excellency to order my huſband to ſend me a little money, and let it be enough: for at court expences are great, bread ſells for ſix pence, and fleſh for thirty maravedis the pound; which is a judgment: and if he is not for my going, let him ſend me word in time; for my feet are in motion to begin my journey. My goſſips and neighbours tell me, that, if I and my daughter go fine and ſtately at court, my huſband will be known by me, more than I by him; for folks, to be ſure, will aſk: What ladies are thoſe in that coach? And a footman of ours will anſwer; The wife and daughter of *Sancho Pança*, governor of the iſland *Barataria*: and in this manner *Sancho* will be known, and I ſhall be eſteemed, and to *Rome*[1] for every thing.

[1] As head of the world, formerly in temporals, as now in ſpirituals.

'I am

'I am as ſorry, as ſorry can be, that there has been 'no gathering of acorns this year in our village; but, 'for all that, I ſend your highneſs about half a peck. 'I went to the mountain to pick and cull them out, one 'by one, and I could find none larger: I wiſh they 'had been as big as oſtrich eggs.

'Let not your pompoſity forget to write to me, 'and I will take care to anſwer, adviſing you of my 'health, and of all that ſhall offer worth adviſing from 'this place, where I remain praying to our lord to 'preſerve your honour, and not to forget me. My 'daughter *Sanchica*, and my ſon, kiſs your ladyſhip's 'hands.

She, who has more mind to ſee your ladyſhip, than to write to you,

Your ſervant,

TERESA PANÇA.

Great was the pleaſure all received at hearing *Tereſa Pança*'s letter, eſpecially the duke and ducheſs, who aſked *Don Quixote*, whether he thought it proper to open the letter for the governor, which muſt needs be moſt excellent. *Don Quixote* ſaid, to pleaſe them, he would open it; which he did, and found the contents as follow.

Tereſa Pança's *letter to her huſband* Sancho Pança.

'I Received your letter, dear *Sancho* of my ſoul, and I 'vow and ſwear to you, upon the word of a catho- 'lic chriſtian, that I was within two fingers breadth of 'running mad with ſatisfaction. Look you, brother, 'when I came to hear that you was a governor, me- 'thought I ſhould have dropped down dead with mere 'joy: for, you know, it is uſually ſaid, that ſudden 'joy kills as effectually as exceſſive grief. Your daugh- 'ter *Sanchica* could not contain her water for pure ex- 'taſy. I had before my eyes the ſuit you ſent me, and 'the corals ſent by my lady ducheſs about my neck, 'and the letters in my hands, and the bearer of them preſent;

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'preſent; and, for all that, I believed and thought all 'I ſaw and touched was a dream: for who could 'imagine that a goatherd ſhould come to be a governor 'of iſlands? You know, friend, my mother uſed to 'ſay, that, One muſt live long to ſee much. I ſay 'this, becauſe I think to ſee more, if I live longer; 'for I never expect to ſtop 'till I ſee you a farmer-'general, or a collector of the cuſtoms; offices, in 'which, though the devil carries away him that abuſes 'them, in ſhort, in ſhort, one is always taking and fin-'gering of money. My lady ducheſs will tell you how 'I long to go to court: conſider of it, and let me 'know your mind; for I will ſtrive to do you credit 'there by riding in a coach. The prieſt, the barber, 'the batchelor, and even the ſexton, cannot believe 'you are a governor, and ſay, that it is all deluſion, 'or matter of enchantment, like all the reſt of your 'maſter *Don Quixote*'s affairs: and *Sampſon* ſays, he 'will find you out, and take this government out 'of your head, and *Don Quixote*'s madneſs out of his 'ſkull. I only laugh at them, and look upon my 'ſtring of corals, and am contriving how to make our 'daughter a gown of the ſuit you ſent me. I ſent my 'lady ducheſs a parcel of acorns: I wiſh they had 'been of gold. Pr'ythee, ſend me ſome ſtrings of 'pearl, if they are in faſhion in that ſame iſland. The 'news of this town is, that the *Berrueca* is about mar-'rying her daughter to a ſorry painter, who is come 'to town to paint whatever ſhould offer. The magi-'ſtrates ordered him to paint the king's arms over the 'gate of the town-houſe: he demanded two ducats: 'they payed him before-hand: he worked eight days, 'at the end of which he had made nothing of it, and 'ſaid, he could not hit upon painting ſuch trumpery. 'He returned the money, and, for all that, he marries 'under the title of a good workman. It is true, he 'has already quitted the pencil, and taken the ſpade, 'and goes to the field like a gentleman. *Pedro de 'Lobo*'s ſon has taken orders, and ſhaved his crown, 'in order to be a prieſt. *Minguilla*, *Mingo Silvato*'s 'niece, has heard of it, and is ſuing him upon a pro-

'miſe of marriage: evil tongues do not ſtick to ſay 'ſhe is with child by him; but he denies it with both 'hands. We have had no olives this year, nor is 'there a drop of vinegar to be had in all this town. 'A company of foot-ſoldiers paſſed through here, and, 'by the way, carried off three girls. I will not tell 'you who they are: perhaps, they will return, and 'ſomebody or other will not fail to take them, with all 'their faults. *Sanchica* makes bone-lace, and gets her 'eight maravedis a day, which ſhe drops into a till-'box, to help towards houſhold-ſtuff: but now that 'ſhe is a governor's daughter, you will give her a for-'tune, and ſhe need not work for it. The pump in 'our market-place is dried up. A thunderbolt fell 'upon the pillory, and there may they all light. I 'expect an anſwer to this, and your reſolution about 'my going to court. And ſo god keep you more 'years than myſelf, or as many; for I would not wil-'lingly leave you in this world behind me.

Your Wife,

TERESA PANÇA.

The letter cauſed much laughter, applauſe, eſteem, and admiration: and, to put the ſeal to the whole, arrived the courier, who brought that, which *Sancho* ſent to *Don Quixote*; which was alſo publickly read, and occaſioned the governor's ſimplicity to be matter of doubt. The ducheſs retired, to learn of the page what had befallen him in *Sancho*'s village; who related the whole very particularly, without leaving a circumſtance unrecited. He gave her the acorns, as alſo a cheeſe, which *Tereſa* gave him for a very good one, and better than thoſe of *Tronchon*. The ducheſs received it with great ſatisfaction; and ſo we will leave them, to relate how ended the government of the great *Sancho Pança*, the flower and mirror of all inſulary governors.

THE

THE LIFE and EXPLOITS Of the ingenious Gentleman DON QUIXOTE DE LA MANCHA.

BOOK IV.

CHAP. I.

Of the toilſome end and concluſion of Sancho Pança's *government.*

TO think, that, in this life, the things thereof will continue always in the ſame ſtate, is a vain expectation: the whole ſeems rather to be going round, I mean in a circle. The ſpring is ſucceeded by the ſummer, the ſummer by the autumn, the autumn by the winter, and the winter by the ſpring again; and thus time rolls round with a continual wheel. Human life only poſts to its end, ſwifter than time itſelf, without hope of renewal, unleſs in the next, which is limited by no bounds. This is the reflection of *Cid Hamet*, the *Mahometan* philoſopher. For many, without the light of faith, and merely by natural inſtinct, have diſcovered the tranſitory and unſtable condition of the preſent life, and the eternal duration of that which is to come. But here our author ſpeaks with reſpect to the ſwiftneſs, with which *Sancho's*

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cho's government ended, perished, dissolved, and vanished into smoak and a shadow.

Who being in bed the seventh night of the days of his government, not cloyed with bread nor wine, but with sitting in judgment, deciding causes, and making statutes and proclamations; and sleep, maugre and in despite of hunger, beginning to close his eye-lids; he heard so great a noise of bells and voices, that he verily thought the whole island had been sinking. He sat up in his bed, and listened attentively, to see if he could guess at the cause of so great an uproar. But so far was he from guessing, that, the din of an infinite number of trumpets and drums joining the noise of the bells and voices, he was in greater confusion, and in more fear and dread, than at first. And, getting upon his feet, he put on slippers, because of the dampness of the floor; and, without putting on his night-gown, or any thing like it, he went out at his chamber door, and instantly perceived more than twenty persons coming along a gallery, with lighted torches in their hands, and their swords drawn, all crying aloud: Arm, arm, my lord governor, arm; for an infinite number of enemies are entered the island, and we are undone, if your conduct and valour do not succour us. With this noise and uproar, they came where *Sancho* stood, astonished and stupified with what he heard and saw. And when they were come up to him, one of them said: Arm your self strait, my lord, unless you would be ruined, and the whole island with you. What have I to do with arming, replied *Sancho*, who know nothing of arms or succours? It were better to leave these matters to my master *Don Quixote*, who will dispatch them and secure us in a trice: for, as I am a sinner to god, I understand nothing at all of these hurly-burlies. Alack, Signor governor, said another, what faint-heartedness is this? Arm your self, Sir: for here we bring you weapons offensive and defensive; and come forth to the market-place, and be our leader and our captain, since you ought to be so, as being our governor. Arm me then, in god's name, replied *Sancho*: and instantly they brought him a couple of old targets, which

which they had purpoſely provided, and clapped them over his ſhirt (not ſuffering him to put on any other garment) the one before, and the other behind. They thruſt his arms through certain holes they had made in them, and tied them well with ſome cord; inſomuch that he remained walled and boarded up ſtraight like a ſpindle, without being able to bend his knees, or walk one ſingle ſtep. They put a launce into his hand, upon which he leaned, to keep himſelf upon his feet. Thus accoutered they deſired him to march, and to lead and encourage them all; for, he being their north-pole, their lanthorn, and their morning-ſtar, their affairs would have a proſperous iſſue. How ſhould I march, wretch that I am, anſwered *Sancho*, when I cannot ſtir my knee-pans? for I am hindered by theſe boards, which preſs ſo hard and cloſe upon my fleſh. Your only way is, to carry me in your arms, and lay me athwart, or ſet me upright at ſome poſtern, which I will maintain, either with my launce or my body. Fie, Signor governor, quoth another, it is more fear, than the targets, that hinders your marching. Have done, for ſhame, and beſtir yourſelf; for it is late, the enemy encreaſes, the cry grows louder, and the danger preſſes. At which perſuaſions and reproaches the poor governor tried to ſtir, and down he fell with ſuch violence, that he thought he had daſhed himſelf to pieces. He lay like a tortoiſe incloſed and covered with his ſhell, or like a flitch of bacon between two trays, or like a boat with the keel upwards upon the ſands. And though they ſaw him fall, thoſe bantering rogues had not the leaſt compaſſion on him; on the contrary, putting out their torches, they reinforced the clamour, and reiterated the alarm, with ſuch hurry and buſtle, trampling over poor *Sancho*, and giving him an hundred thwacks upon the targets, that, if he had not gathered himſelf up, and ſhrunk in his head between the bucklers, it had gone hard with the poor governor; who, crumpled up in that narrow compaſs, ſweated and ſweated again, and recommended himſelf to god from the bottom of his heart, to deliver him from that danger. Some ſtumbled, others fell over him; and

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one there was, who, getting a-top of him, ſtood there for a good while, and from thence, as from a watch-tower, commanded the troops, and, with a loud voice, cried: This way, brave boys; here the enemy charges thickeſt; guard that poſtern; ſhut yon gate; down with thoſe ſcaling-ladders; this way with your cauldrons of roſin, pitch, and burning oil; barricado the ſtreets with wool-packs. In ſhort, he named, in the utmoſt hurry, all the neceſſary implements and engines of war, uſed in defence of a city aſſaulted. The poor battered *Sancho*, who heard, and bore all, ſaid to himſelf: O, if it were heaven's good pleaſure that this iſland were once loſt, and I could ſee myſelf, either dead, or out of this great ſtrait! Heaven heard his petition, and, when he leaſt expected it, he heard voices crying, Victory, victory, the enemy is routed: riſe, Signor governor, enjoy the conqueſt, and divide the ſpoils taken from the foe by the valour of that invincible arm. Let me be lifted up, quoth the dolorous *Sancho* with a doleful voice. They helped him to riſe; and, when he was got upon his legs, he ſaid: May all the enemies I have vanquiſhed be nailed to my forehead: I will divide no ſpoils of enemies; but I intreat and beſeech ſome friend, if I have any, to give me a draught of wine, for I am almoſt choaked; and let me dry up this ſweat, for I am melting away, and turning into water. They rubbed him down; they brought him wine; they untied the targets. He ſat him down upon his bed, and ſwooned away with the fright, ſurprize, and fatigue he had undergone. Thoſe, who had played him the trick, began to be ſorry they had laid it on ſo heavily. But *Sancho*'s coming to himſelf moderated the pain they were in at his fainting away. He aſked what a clock it was: they told him it was day-break. He held his peace, and without ſaying any thing more, he began to dreſs himſelf, all buried in ſilence. They all ſtared at him, in expectation what would be the iſſue of his dreſſing himſelf in ſuch haſte. In fine, having put on his cloaths by little and little (for he was ſo bruiſed, he could not do it haſtily) he took the way to the ſtable, every body preſent following

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ing him: and going to *Dapple*, he embraced him, and gave him a kiss of peace on the forehead; and, not without tears in his eyes, he said: Come thee hither, my companion, my friend, and partner in my fatigues and miseries. When I consorted with thee, and had no other thoughts, but the care of mending thy furniture, and feeding thy little carcass, happy were my hours, my days, and my years. But, since I forsook thee, and mounted upon the towers of ambition and pride, a thousand miseries, a thousand toils, and four thousand disquiets, have entered into my soul. And while he was talking thus, he went on pannelling his ass, without any body's saying a word to him. *Dapple* being pannelled, he got upon him with great pain and heaviness, and directing his speech to the steward, the secretary, the sewer, and doctor *Pedro Rezio*, and many others that were there present, he said: Give way, gentlemen, and suffer me to return to my ancient liberty: suffer me to seek my past life, that I may rise again from this present death. I was not born to be a governor, nor to defend islands, or cities, from enemies that assault them. I better understand how to plow and dig, how to prune and dress vines, than how to give laws, and defend provinces or kingdoms. Saint *Peter* is well at *Rome*: I mean, that nothing becomes a man so well, as the employment he was born for. In my hand, A sickle is better than a governor's sceptre. I had rather have my belly full of my own poor porridge [1], than be subject to the misery of an impertinent physician, who kills me with hunger; and I had rather lay myself down under the shade of an oak in summer, and equip myself with a double sheep-skin jerkin in winter, at my liberty, than lie under the slavery of a government, between holland sheets, and be cloathed in sables. Gentlemen, god be with you; and tell my lord duke, that naked was I born, and naked I am; I neither win nor lose; I mean, that without a penny came I to this government, and with-

1 *Gazpacho*: It is made of oil, vinegar, water, salt and spice, with bread.

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out a penny do I quit it, the direct reverſe of the governors of other iſlands. Give me way, and let me be gone to plaiſter myſelf; for I verily believe all my ribs are broken; thanks to the enemies, who have been triumphing upon me all night long.

It muſt not be ſo, Signor governor, quoth doctor *Pedro Rezio*; for I will give your lordſhip a drink, good againſt falls and bruiſes, that ſhall preſently reſtore you to your former health and vigour. And, as to the eating part, I give you my word I will amend that, and let you eat abundantly of whatever you have a mind to. It comes too late, anſwered *Sancho*: I will as ſoon ſtay as turn *Turk*. Theſe are not tricks to be played twice. Before god, I will no more continue in this, nor accept of any other, government, though it were ſerved up to me in a covered diſh, than I will fly to heaven without wings. I am of the race of the *Pança*'s, who are all head-ſtrong; and if they once cry *odds, odds* it ſhall be, though it be *even*, in ſpite of all the world. In this ſtable let the piſmire's wings remain, that raiſed me up in the air to be expoſed a prey to martlets and other ſmall birds: and return we to walk upon plain ground, with a plain foot; for, if it be not adorned with pinked *Cordovan* ſhoes, it will not want for hempen ſandals[1]. Every ſheep with its like; and, Stretch not your feet beyond your ſheet: and ſo let me be gone; for it grows late. To which the ſteward ſaid: Signor governor, we will let your lordſhip depart with all our hearts, though we ſhall be very ſorry to loſe you; for your judgment, and chriſtian procedure, oblige us to deſire your preſence: but you know, that every governor is bound, before he leaves the place he has governed, to ſubmit to a *judicature*, and render an account of his adminiſtration. When your lordſhip has done ſo for the ten days[2] you have

1 A ſort of flat ſandal or ſhoe made of hemp, or of bull-ruſhes, artfully platted, and fitted to the foot; worn by the poor people in *Spain* and *Italy*.

2 How comes the ſteward to ſay *ten days*, when it is plain *Sancho* governed only *ſeven days*? It is either owing to forgetfulneſs in the

have held the government, you ſhall depart, and god's peace be with you. No body can require that of me, anſwered *Sancho*, but whom my lord duke ſhall appoint. To him I am going, and to him it ſhall be given exactly: beſides, departing naked as I do, there needs ſurely no other proof of my having governed like an angel. Before god, the great *Sancho* is in the right, quoth doctor *Pedro Rezio*, and I am of opinion we ſhould let him go; for the duke will be infinitely glad to ſee him. They all conſented, and ſuffered him to depart, offering firſt to bear him company, and to furniſh every thing he deſired, for the uſe of his perſon, and the conveniency of his journey. *Sancho* ſaid, he deſired only a little barley for *Dapple*, and half a cheeſe and half a loaf for himſelf; for, ſince the way was ſo ſhort, he ſtood in need of nothing more, nor any other proviſion. They all embraced him, and he, weeping, embraced them again, and left them in admiration as well at his diſcourſe, as at his ſo reſolute and diſcreet determination.

CHAP. II.

Which treats of matters relating to this hiſtory, and to no other.

THE duke and ducheſs reſolved, that *Don Quixote*'s challenge of their vaſſal, for the cauſe abovementioned, ſhould go forward; and though the young man was in *Flanders*, whither he was fled to avoid having *Donna Rodriguez* for his mother-in-law, they gave orders for putting in his place a *Gaſcoon* lacquey called *Toſilos*, inſtructing him previouſly in every thing he was to do. About two days after, the duke ſaid to *Don Quixote*, that his opponent would be there in four days, and preſent himſelf in the liſts, armed as a knight, and would maintain, that the damſel lied by half her beard,

the author, or perhaps is a new joke of the ſteward's, imagining *Sancho* to be as ignorant of reckoning as of writing. And in effect *Sancho*, by not denying it, allows the ten days.

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and even by her whole beard, if she said he had given her a promise of marriage. *Don Quixote* was highly delighted with the news, and promised himself to do wonders upon the occasion, esteeming it a special happiness, that an opportunity offered of demonstrating to their grandeurs how far the valour of his puissant arm extended; and so, with pleasure and satisfaction, he waited the four days, which, in the account of his impatience, were four hundred ages.

Let us let them pass, as we let pass many other things, and attend upon *Sancho*, who, between glad and sorry, was making the best of his way upon *Dapple* toward his master, whose company he was fonder of, than of being governor of all the islands in the world. Now he had not gone far from the island of his government (for he never gave himself the trouble to determine whether it was an island, city, town, or village, that he governed) when he saw coming along the road six pilgrims, with their staves, being foreigners, such as ask alms singing; and, as they drew near to him, they placed themselves in a row, and, raising their voices all together, began to sing, in their language, what *Sancho* could not understand, excepting one word, which they distinctly pronounced, signifying *alms*; whence he concluded, that alms was what they begged in their canting way. And he being, as *Cid Hamet* says, extremely charitable, he took the half loaf and half cheese out of his wallet, and gave it them, making signs to them that he had nothing else to give them. They received it very willingly, and cried *Guelte, guelte* [1]. I do not understand you, answered *Sancho*; what is it you would have, good people? Then one of them pulled out of his bosom a purse, and shewed it to *Sancho*, whence he found that they asked for money: and he putting his thumb to his throat, and extending his hand upward, gave them to understand, he had not a penny of money: and spurring his *Dapple*, he broke through them; and, as he passed by, one of them, who had view'd him with much attention, caught hold of

[1] *Guelte* in *Dutch* is *money*.

him,

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kiss, and, throwing his arms about his waist, with a loud voice, and in very good *Castilian*, said: God be my aid! what is it I see? Is it possible I have in my arms my dear friend and good neighbour *Sancho Panca*? Yes, certainly I have; for I am neither asleep nor drunk. *Sancho* was surprized to hear himself called by his name, and to find himself embraced by the stranger pilgrim; and, though he viewed him earnestly a good while, without speaking a word, he could not call him to mind. But the pilgrim, perceiving his suspense, said: How! is it possible, brother *Sancho Panca*, you do not know your neighbour *Ricote*, the *Morisco* shop-keeper of your town? Then *Sancho* observed him more attentively, and began to recollect him, and at last remembered him perfectly; and, without alighting from his beast, he threw his arms about his neck, and said: who the devil, *Ricote*, should know you in this disguise? Tell me, how came you thus frenchified? and how dare you venture to return to *Spain*, where, if you are known and caught, it will fare but ill with you. If you do not discover me, *Sancho*, answered the pilgrim, I am safe enough; for, in this garb, no body can know me. And let us go out of the road to yonder poplar grove, where my comrades have a mind to dine and repose themselves, and you shall eat with them; for they are a very good sort of people; and there I shall have an opportunity to tell you what has befallen me since I departed from our village, in obedience to his majesty's proclamation, which so rigorously threatened the miserable people of our nation, as you must have heard.

Sancho consented, and *Ricote* speaking to the rest of the pilgrims, they turned aside toward the poplar grove, which they saw at a distance, far enough out of the high road. They flung down their staves, and, putting off their pilgrims weeds, remained in their buff. They were all genteel young fellows, excepting *Ricote*, who was pretty well advanced in years. They all carried wallets, which, as appeared afterwards, were well provided with incitatives, and such as provoke to thirst at two leagues distance. They laid themselves along

along on the ground, and, making the grass their table-cloth, they spread their bread, salt, knives, nuts, slices of cheese, and clean bones of gammon of bacon, which, if they would not bear being picked, did not forbear being sucked. They produced also a kind of black eatable called *Caviere*, made of the roes of fish, a great awakener of thirst. There wanted not olives, though dry, and without any sauce, yet savoury and well preserved. But, what carried the palm in the field of this banquet, was, six bottles of wine, each producing one out of his wallet. Even honest *Ricote*, who had transformed himself from a *Moor* into a *German*, or *Dutchman*, pulled out his, which for bigness might vie with the other five. Now they began to eat with the highest relish, and much at their leisure, dwelling upon the taste of every bit they took upon the point of a knife, and very little of each thing: and straight all together lifted up their arms and their bottles into the air, mouth applied to mouth, and their eyes nailed to the heavens, as if they were taking aim at it, and, in this posture, waving their heads from side to side, in token of the pleasure they received, they continued a good while, transfusing the entrails of the vessels into their own stomachs. *Sancho* beheld all this, and was nothing grieved thereat; but rather, in compliance with the proverb he very well knew, When you are at *Rome*, do as they do at *Rome*, he demanded of *Ricote* the bottle, and took his aim, as the others had done, and not with less relish. Four times the bottles bore being tilted; but, for the fifth, it was not to be done; for they were now as empty and as dry as a rush, which struck a damp upon the mirth they had hitherto shewn. One or other of them, from time to time, would take *Sancho* by the right hand, and say: *Spaniard* and *Dutchman*, all one, goot companion: and *Sancho* would answer: Goot companion, I vow to gad. And then he burst out into a fit of laughing, which held him an hour, without his remembering at that time any thing of what had befallen him in his government; for cares have commonly but very little jurisdiction over the time that is spent in eating and drinking. Finally, the

making

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making an end of the wine was the beginning of a ſound ſleep, which ſeized them all, upon their very board and table-coath. Only *Ricote* and *Sancho* remained awake, having drank leſs though eaten more than the reſt. And they two, going aſide, ſat them down at the foot of a beech, leaving the pilgrims buried in a ſweet ſleep; and *Ricote*, laying aſide his *Moriſco*, ſaid what follows in pure *Caſtilian*.

You well know, O *Sancho*, my neighbour and friend, how the proclamation and edict, which his majeſty commanded to be publiſhed againſt thoſe of my nation, ſtruck a dread and terror into us all: at leaſt into me it did, in ſuch ſort, that methought the rigour of the penalty was already executed upon me and my children, before the time limited for our departure from *Spain*. I provided therefore, as I thought, like a wiſe man, who knowing that, at ſuch a time, the houſe he lives in will be taken from him, ſecures another to remove to: I ſay, I left our town, alone, and without my family, to find out a place, whither I might conveniently carry them, without that hurry the reſt went away in. For I well ſaw, as did all the wiſeſt among us, that thoſe proclamations were not bare threatnings, as ſome pretended they were, but effectual laws, and ſuch as would be put in execution at the appointed time. And what confirmed me in the belief of this, was, my knowing the miſchievous and extravagant deſigns of our people; which were ſuch, that, in my opinion, it was a divine inſpiration that moved his majeſty to put ſo brave a reſolution in practice. Not that we were all culpable; for ſome of us were ſteady and true chriſtians: but theſe were ſo few, they could not be compared with thoſe that were otherwiſe; and it is not prudent to nouriſh a ſerpent in one's boſom, by keeping one's enemies within doors. In ſhort, we were juſtly puniſhed with the ſentence of baniſhment; a ſoft and mild one, in the opinion of ſome, but to us the moſt terrible that can be inflicted. Wherever we are, we weep for *Spain*; for, in ſhort, here we were born, and this is our native country. We no where find the reception our misfortune requires. Even in *Barbary*, and

and all other parts of *Africa*, where we expected to be received, cherished, and made much of, there it is we are most neglected and misused. We know not our happiness, till we lose it; and so great is the desire almost all of us have of returning to *Spain*, that most of those, (and they are not a few) who can speak the language like myself, forsake their wives and children, and come back again; so violent is the love they bear it. And it is now I know, and find by experience, the truth of that common saying, Sweet is the love of one's country.

I went away, as I said, from our town: I entered into *France*; and, though there I met with a good reception, I had a desire to see other countries. I went into *Italy*, and then into *Germany*, and there I thought we might live more at liberty, the natives not standing much upon niceties, and every one living as he pleases; for, in most parts of it, there is liberty of conscience. I took a house in a village near *Augsburgh*, but soon left it, and joined company with these pilgrims, who come in great numbers, every year, into *Spain*, to visit its holy places, which they look upon as their *Indies*, and a certain gain, and sure profit. They travel almost the whole kingdom over, and there is not a village, but they are sure of getting meat and drink in it, and a real at least in money; and, at the end of their journey, they go off with above a hundred crowns clear, which, being changed into gold, they carry out of the kingdom, either in the hollow of their staves, or in the patches of their weeds, or by some other slight they are masters of, and get safe into their own country, in spite of all the officers and searchers of the passes and ports where money is registered. Now my design, *Sancho*, is, to carry off the treasure I left buried (for, it being without the town, I can do it with the less danger) and to write, or go over to my wife and daughter, who, I know, are in *Algiers*, and contrive how to bring them to some port of *France*, and from thence carry them into *Germany*, where we will wait, and see how god will be pleased to dispose of us. For, in short, *Sancho*, I know for certain, that *Rica* my daughter,

and

and *Francisca Ricote* my wife, are catholic christians, and, though I am not altogether such, yet I am more of the christian than the *Moor*; and I constantly pray to god to open the eyes of my understanding, and make me know in what manner I ought to serve him. But what I wonder at, is, that my wife and daughter should rather go into *Barbary*, than into *France*, where they might have lived as christians.

Look you, *Ricote*, answered *Sancho*, That perhaps was not at their choice, because *John Tiopeyo*, your wife's brother, who carried them away, being a rank *Moor*, would certainly go where he thought it best to stay: and I can tell you another thing, which is, I believe it is in vain for you to look for the money you left buried, because we had news, that your brother-in-law, and your wife, had abundance of pearls, and a great deal of money in gold, taken from them, as not having been registered. That may be, replied *Ricote*: but I am sure, *Sancho*, they did not touch my hoard; for I never discovered it to them, as fearing some mischance: and therefore, *Sancho*, if you will go along with me, and help me to carry it off and conceal it, I will give you two hundred crowns, with which you may relieve your wants; for you know I am not ignorant they are many. I would do it, answered *Sancho*, but that I am not at all covetous: for, had I been so, I quitted an employment this very morning, out of which I could have made the walls of my house of gold, and, before six months had been at an end, have eaten in plate: so that, for this reason, and because I think I should betray my king by favouring his enemies, I will not go with you, though, instead of two hundred crowns, you should lay me down four hundred upon the nail. And what employment is it you have quitted, *Sancho*? demanded *Ricote*. I left being governor of an island, answered *Sancho*, and such a one, as, in faith, you will scarce, at three pulls, meet with its fellow. And where is this island? demanded *Ricote*. Where? answered *Sancho*; why, two leagues from hence, and it is called the island *Barataria*. Peace, *Sancho*, quoth *Ricote*; for islands are out at sea: there

are

are no islands on the main land. No? replied *Sancho*: I tell you, friend *Ricote*, that I left it this very morning; and yesterday I was in it, governing at my pleasure, like any *Sagittarius*: but for all that, I quitted it, looking upon the office of a governor to be a very dangerous thing. And what have you got by the government? demanded *Ricote*. I have got, answered *Sancho*, this experience, to know, that I am fit to govern nothing but a herd of cattle, and that the riches got in such governments are got at the expence of one's ease and sleep, yea, and of one's sustenance; for, in islands, governors eat but little, especially if they have physicians to look after their health. I understand you not, *Sancho*, quoth *Ricote*; and all you say seems to me extravagant: for who should give you islands to govern? Are there wanting men in the world, abler than you are, to be governors? Hold your peace, *Sancho*, recal your senses, and consider whether you will go along with me, as I said, and help me to take up the treasure I left buried; for, in truth, it may very well be called a treasure; and I will give you wherewithal to live, as I have already told you. And I have told you, *Ricote*, replied *Sancho*, that I will not: be satisfied: I will not discover you, and go your way, in god's name, and let me go mine: for I know, that What is well got may meet with disaster, and What is ill got destroys both it and its master. I will not urge you farther, *Sancho*, quoth *Ricote*: but tell me, were you in our town, when my wife and daughter, and my brother-in-law went away? Was I? ay, answered *Sancho*; and I can tell you, that your daughter went away so beautiful, that all the town went out to see her, and every body said, she was the finest creature in the world. She went away weeping, and embraced all her friends and acquaintance, and all that came to see her, and desired them all to recommend her to god, and to our lady his mother: and this so feelingly, that she made me weep, who am no great whimperer: and, in faith, many had a desire to conceal her, and to go and take her away upon the road: but the fear of transgressing the king's command restrained

ſtrained them. *Don Pedro Gregorio*, the rich heir you know, ſhewed himſelf the moſt impaſſioned; for, they ſay, he was mightily in love with her; and, ſince ſhe went away, he has never been ſeen in our town, and we all think he followed to ſteal her away; but hitherto nothing farther is known. I ever had a jealouſy, quoth *Ricote*, that this gentleman was ſmitten with my daughter: but, truſting to the virtue of my *Ricota*, it gave me no trouble to find he was in love with her: for you muſt have heard, *Sancho*, that the *Moorijh* women ſeldom or never mingle in love with old chriſtians; and my daughter, who, as I believe, minded religion more than love, little regarded this rich heir's courtſhip. God grant it, replied *Sancho*; for it would be very ill for them both: and let me be gone, friend *Ricote*; for I intend to be to-night with my maſter *Don Quixote*. God be with you, brother *Sancho*, ſaid *Ricote*; for my comrades are ſtirring, and it is time for us alſo to be on our way. And then they embraced each other: *Sancho* mounted his *Dapple*, and *Ricote* leaned on his pilgrim's ſtaff, and ſo they parted.

CHAP. III.

Of what befel Sancho *in the way, and other matters, which you have only to ſee.*

SANCHO ſtaid ſo long with *Ricote*, that he had not time to reach the duke's caſtle that day; tho' he was arrived within half a league of it, when the night, ſomewhat dark and cloſe, overtook him: but, it being ſummer time, it gave him no great concern, and ſo he ſtruck out of the road, purpoſing to wait for the morning. But his ill luck would have it, that, in ſeeking a place where he might beſt accommodate himſelf, he and *Dapple* fell together into a deep and very dark pit, among ſome ruins of old buildings; and, as he was falling, he recommended himſelf to god with his whole heart, not expecting to ſtop till he came to the depth of the abyſs. But it fell out otherwiſe; for, a little beyond three fathom, *Dapple* felt ground, and *Sancho*

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cho found himself on his back, whithout having received any damage or hurt at all. He fell to feeling his body all over, and held his breath, to see if he were sound, or bored through in any part: and finding himself well, whole, and in catholic health, he thought he could never give sufficient thanks to god for the mercy extended to him; for he verily thought he had been beaten into a thousand pieces. He felt also with his hands about the sides of the pit, to see if it was possible to get out of it without help; but he found them all smooth, and without any hold or footing: at which *Sancho* was much grieved, and especially when he heard *Dapple* groan most tenderly and sadly: and no wonder; nor did he lament out of wantonness, being, in truth, not over-well situated. Alas! said *Sancho Pança* then, what unexpected accidents perpetually befal those, who live in this miserable world! Who would have thought, that he, who yesterday saw himself inthroned a governor of an island, commanding his servants and his vassals, should to-day find himself buried in a pit, without any body to help him, and without servant or vassal to come to his assistance? Here must I and my ass perish with hunger, unless we die first, he by bruises and contusions, and I by grief and concern. At least, I shall not be so happy as my master *Don Quixote de la Mancha* was, when he descended and went down into the cave of the enchanted *Montesinos*, where he met with better entertainment than in his own house, and where, it seems, he found the cloth ready laid, and the bed ready made. There saw he beautiful and pleasant visions; and here I shall see, I suppose, toads and snakes. Unfortunate that I am! what are my follies and imaginations come to? Hence shall my bones be taken up, when it shall please god that I am found, clean, white, and bare, and those of my trusty *Dapple* with them; whence, peradventure, it will be conjectured who we were, at least by those, who have been informed, that *Sancho Pança* never parted from his ass, nor his ass from *Sancho Pança*. Again I say, miserable we! that our ill luck would not suffer us to die in our own country, and among our friends, where, though our misfortunes had

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had found no remedy, there would not be wanting some to grieve for them, and, at our last gasp, to close our eyes. O my companion and my friend! how ill have I repaid thy good services! forgive me, and beg of fortune, in the best manner thou art able, to bring us out of this miserable calamity, in which we are both involved; and I promise to put a crown of laurel upon thy head, that thou mayest look like any poet laureat, and to double thy allowance. Thus lamented *Sancho Pança*, and his beast listened to him without answering one word, such was the distress and anguish the poor creature was in.

Finally, having passed all that night in sad lamentations and complainings, the day came on, by the light and splendor whereof *Sancho* soon perceived, it was, of all impossibilities, the most impossible to get out of that pit without help. Then he began to lament and to cry out aloud, to try if any body could hear him: but all his cries were in the desert[1]; for there was not a creature in all those parts within hearing; and then he gave himself over for dead *Dapple* lay with his mouth upwards, and *Sancho* contrived to get him upon his legs, though he could scarce stand: and pulling out of his wallet, which had also shared the fortune of the fall, a piece of bread, he gave it his beast, who did not take it amiss, and *Sancho*, as if the ass understood him, said to him, Bread is relief for all kind of grief. At length he discovered a hole in one side of the pit, wide enough for a man to creep through stooping. *Sancho*, squatting down, crept through upon all four, and found it was spacious and large within, and he could see about him; for a ray of the sun, glancing in through what might be called the roof, discovered it all. He saw also, that it enlarged and extended itself into another spacious concavity. Which having observed, he came back to where his ass was, and with a stone began to break away the earth of the

1 That is, were thrown away. The phrase is, I suppose, an allusion to the scripture character of *John Baptist*, that he was, *Vox clamantis in deserto, the voice of one crying in the wilderness*, or *desert*.

hole,

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hole, and soon made room for his ass to pass easily through, which he did: then, taking him by the halter, he advanced forward along the cavern, to see if he could find a way to get out on the other side. He went on, sometimes darkling, and sometimes without light, but never without fear. The almighty god be my aid, quoth he to himself; this, which to me is a mishap, to my master *Don Quixote* had been an adventure: he would, no doubt, have taken these depths and dungeons for flowery gardens and palaces of *Galiana* [1], and would have expected to issue out of this obscurity by some pleasant meadow. But, unhappy I, devoid of counsel, and dejected in mind, at every step, expect some other pit, deeper than this, to open on a sudden under my feet, and swallow me downright: Welcome that ill that comes alone. In this manner, and with these thoughts he fancied he had gone somewhat more than half a league, when he discovered a glimmering light like that of the day, breaking in, and opening an entrance into what seemed to him the road to the other world. Here *Cid Hamet Ben-engeli* leaves him, and returns to treat of *Don Quixote*, who, with joy and transport, was waiting for the appointed day of combat with the ravisher of *Donna Rodriguez*'s daughter's honour, resolving to see justice done her, and to take satisfaction for the affront and injury offered her.

It happened then, that, riding out one morning, to exercise and essay himself for the business of the combat, he was to be engaged in within a day or two, as he was now reining, now running *Rozinante*, he chanced to pitch his feet so near a pit, that had he not drawn the reins in very strongly, he must inevitably have fallen into it. At last he stopped him, and fell not, and, getting a little nearer, without alighting, he viewed the chasm, and, as he was looking at it, he heard a loud voice within, and, listening attentively, he could distinguish and understand, that he, who spoke from below, said; Ho, above there; is there any christian

1 A beautiful palace of a *Moorish* princess, the ruins still to be seen at or near *Toledo*.

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that hears me, or any charitable gentleman to take pity of a ſinner buried alive, an unfortunate, diſgoverned, governor? *Don Quixote* thought he heard *Sancho Pança*'s voice; at which he was ſurprized and amazed; and raiſing his voice as high as he could, he cried; Who is below there? who is it complains? Who ſhould be here, or who ſhould complain, replied the voice, but the forlorn *SanchoPança*, governor, for his ſins, and for his evil-errantry, of the iſland of *Barataria*, and late ſquire of the famous knight *Don Quixote de la Mancha*? Which *Don Quixote* hearing, his aſtoniſhment was doubled, and his amazement increaſed; for it came into his imagination, that *SanchoPança* muſt needs be dead, and that his ſoul was there, doing penance; and, being carried away by this thought, he ſaid: I conjure thee, by all that can conjure thee, as a catholic chriſtian, to tell me who thou art; and, if thou art a ſoul in purgatory, let me know what I can do for thee; for, ſince it is my profeſſion to be aiding and aſſiſting to the needy ones of this world, I ſhall alſo be ready to aid and aſſiſt the diſtreſſed in the other, who cannot help themſelves. So then, anſwered the voice, you who ſpeak to me are my maſter *Don Quixote de la Mancha*, and by the tone of the voice it can be no body elſe for certain. *Don Quixote* I am, replied *Don Quixote*, he who profeſſes to ſuccour and aſſiſt the living and the dead in their neceſſities. Tell me then, who thou art, for thou amazeſt me: if you are my ſquire *Sancho Pança*, and chance to be dead, ſince the devils have not got you, but through the mercy of god you are in purgatory, our holy mother the *Roman* catholic church has ſupplications ſufficient to deliver you from the pains you are in; and I, for my part, will ſolicit her in your behalf, as far as my eſtate will reach: therefore explain, and without more ado tell me who you are. I vow to god, ſaid the voice, and I ſwear by the birth of whom your worſhip pleaſes, Signor *Don Quixote de la Mancha*, that I am your ſquire *Sancho Pança*, and that I never was dead in all the days of my life, but that having left my government, for cauſes and conſiderations that require more leiſure to relate them, this night I fell into this cavern, where I now

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now am, and *Dapple* with me, who will not let me lye, by the ſame token he ſtands here by me: and would you have any more? One would think that the aſs underſtood what *Sancho* ſaid; for at that inſtant he began to bray, and that ſo luſtily, that the whole cave reſounded with it. A credible witneſs, quoth *Don Quixote:* I know that bray, as well as if I had brought it forth; and I know your voice, my dear *Sancho:* ſtay a little, and I will go to the duke's caſtle hard by, and will fetch people to get you out of this precipice, into which your ſins have certainly caſt you. Pray, go, for the lord's ſake, quoth *Sancho*, and return ſpeedily; for I cannot longer endure being buried alive here, and am dying with fear.

Don Quixote left him, and went to the caſtle, to tell the duke and duchefs what had befallen *Sancho Pança*; at which they wondered not a little, though they eaſily conceived how he might fall, by the correſponding circumſtance of the pit, which had been there time out of mind: but they could not imagine how he had left the government without their having advice of his coming. Finally, they ſent ropes and pullies, and, by dint of a great many hands, and a great deal of labour, *Dapple* and *Sancho Pança* were drawn out of thoſe gloomy ſhades to the light of the ſun. A certain ſcholar ſeeing him, ſaid: Thus ſhould all bad governors come out of their governments, as this ſinner comes out of the depth of this abyſs, ſtarved with hunger, wan, and, I ſuppoſe, pennyleſs. *Sancho* hearing him, ſaid: It is about eight or ten days, brother murmurer, ſince I entered upon the government of the iſland that was beſtowed upon me, in all which time I had not my belly full one hour: I was perſecuted by phyſicians, and had my bones broken by enemies; nor had I leiſure to make perquiſites, or recover my dues: and this being ſo, as it really is, methinks I ſcarcely deſerved to be packed off in this manner: but, Man propoſes, and god diſpoſes; and he knows what is beſt and fitteſt for every body; and, As is the reaſon, ſuch is the ſeaſon; and, Let no body ſay, I will not drink of this water; for, Where one expects to meet with gammons of ba-

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con, there are no pins to hang them on. God knows my mind, and that is enough: I ſay no more, though I could. Be not angry, *Sancho*, nor concerned at what you hear, quoth *Don Quixote*; for then you will never have done: come but you with a ſafe conſcience, and let people ſay what they will; for you may as well think to barricado the high-way, as to tie up the tongue of ſlander. If a governor comes rich from his government, they ſay, he has plundered it, and, if he leaves it poor, that he has been a good-for-nothing fool. I warrant, anſwered *Sancho*, that, for this bout, they will rather take me for a fool than a thief.

In ſuch talk, and ſurrounded by a multitude of boys and much other people, they arrived at the caſtle, where the duke and ducheſs were already in a gallery waiting for *Don Quixote*, and for *Sancho*, who would not go up to ſee the duke, 'till he had firſt taken the neceſſary care of *Dapple* in the ſtable, ſaying, the poor thing had had but an indifferent night's lodging: and, that done, up he went to ſee the duke and ducheſs, before whom kneeling, he ſaid: I, my lord and lady, becauſe your grandeurs would have it ſo, without any deſert of mine, went to govern your iſland of *Barataria*, into which naked I entered, and naked I have left it: I neither win nor loſe: whether I have governed well or ill, there were witneſſes, who may ſay what they pleaſe. I have reſolved doubts, and pronounced ſentences, and all the while ready to die with hunger, becauſe doctor *Pedro Rezio*, native of *Tirteafuera*, and phyſician in ordinary to the iſland and its governors, would have it ſo. Enemies attacked us by night, and, though they put us in great danger, the people of the iſland ſay, they were delivered, and got the victory, by the valour of my arm; and, according as they ſay true, ſo help them god. In ſhort, in this time I have ſummed up the cares and burthens that governing brings with it, and find, by my account, that my ſhoulders cannot bear them, neither are they a proper weight for my ribs, or arrows for my quiver; and therefore, leſt the government ſhould forſake me, I reſolved to forſake the government; and yeſterday morning I left the iſland

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iſland as I found it, with the ſame ſtreets, houſes, and roofs it had before I went into it. I borrowed nothing of any body, nor ſet about making a purſe; and though I thought to have made ſome wholeſome laws, I made none, fearing they would not be obſerved, which is all one as if they were not made. I quitted, I ſay, the iſland, accompanied by no body but *Dapple*: I fell into a pit, and went along under-ground, 'till this morning by the light of the ſun I diſcovered a way out, though not ſo eaſy a one, but that, if heaven had not ſent my maſter *Don Quixote*, there I had ſtaid 'till the end of the world. So that, my lord duke, and lady ducheſs, behold here your governor *Sancho Panſa*, who, in ten days only that he held the government, has gained the experience to know, that he would not give a farthing to be a governor, not of an iſland only, but even of the whole world. This then being the caſe, kiſſing your honours feet, and imitating the boys at play, who cry, leap you, and then let me leap, I give a leap out of the government, and again paſs over to the ſervice of my maſter *Don Quixote*: for, after all, though with him I eat my bread in bodily fear, at leaſt I have my belly full; and, for my part, ſo that be well filled, all is one to me, whether it be with carrots or partridges.

Here *Sancho* ended his long ſpeech, *Don Quixote* fearing all the while he would utter a thouſand extravagancies, and, ſeeing he had ended with ſo few, he gave thanks to heaven in his heart. The duke embraced *Sancho*, and aſſured him, that it grieved him to the ſoul he had left the government ſo ſoon; but that he would take care he ſhould have ſome other employment, in his territories, of leſs trouble and more profit. The ducheſs alſo embraced him, and ordered he ſhould be made much of; for he ſeemed to be ſorely bruiſed, and in wretched plight.

CHAP.

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CHAP. IV.

Of the unmerciful and never ſeen battle between Don Quixote de la Mancha *and the lacquey* Toſilos, *in defence of the* Duenna Donna Rodriguez's *daughter.*

THE duke and ducheſs repented not of the jeſt put upon *Sancho Panza*, in relation to the government they had given him; eſpecially ſince their ſteward came home that very day, and gave them a punctual relation of almoſt all the words and actions *Sancho* had ſaid and done during that time. In fine, he exaggerated the aſſault of the iſland, with *Sancho*'s fright, and departure; at which they were not a little pleaſed.

After this, the hiſtory tells us, the appointed day of combat came, and the duke having over and over again inſtructed his lacquey *Toſilos*, how he ſhould behave towards *Don Quixote*, ſo as to overcome him without killing or wounding him, commanded that the iron heads ſhould be taken off their launces, telling *Don Quixote*, that chriſtianity, upon which he valued himſelf, did not allow, that this battle ſhould be fought with ſo much peril and hazard of their lives, and that he ſhould content himſelf with giving them free field-room in his territories, though in oppoſition to the decree of the holy council, which prohibits ſuch challenges; and therefore deſired him not to puſh the affair to the utmoſt extremity. *Don Quixote* replied, that his excellency might diſpoſe matters relating to this buſineſs as he liked beſt, for he would obey him in every thing. The dreadful day being now come, and the duke having commanded a ſpacious ſcaffold to be erected before the court of the caſtle for the judges of the field, and the two *Duennas*, mother and daughter, demandants; an infinite number of people, from all the neighbouring towns and villages, flocked to ſee the novelty of this combat, the like having never been heard of in that country, neither by the living nor the dead.

The firſt, who entered the field and the pale, was the maſter of the ceremonies, who examined the ground, and walked it all over, that there might be no foul

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play, nor any thing covered to occasion stumbling or falling. Then entered the *Duennas*, and took their seats, covered with veils to their eyes and even to their breasts, with tokens of no small concern. *Don Quixote* presented himself in the lists. A while after appeared on one side of the place, accompanied by many trumpets, and mounted upon a puissant steed, making the earth shake under him, the great lacquey *Tosilos*, his visor down, and quite stiffened with strong and shining armour. The horse seemed to be a *Friesslander*, well-spread and flea-bitten, with a quarter of a hundred weight of wool about each fet-lock. The valorous combatant came well instructed by the duke his lord how to behave towards the valorous *Don Quixote de la Mancha*, and cautioned in no wise to hurt him, but to endeavour to shun the first onset, to avoid the danger of his own death, which must be inevitable, should he encounter him full-butt. He traversed the lists, and coming where the *Duennas* were, he set himself to view a while her who demanded him for her husband. The marshal of the field called *Don Quixote*, who had presented himself in the lists, and, together with *Tosilos*, asked the *Duennas*, whether they consented that *Don Quixote de la Mancha* should maintain their right. They answered that they did, and that, whatever he should do in the case, they allowed it for well done, firm, and valid. By this time the duke and duchess were seated in a balcony, over the barriers, which were crowded with an infinite number of people, all expecting to behold this dangerous and unheard-of battle. It was articled between the combatants, that, if *Don Quixote* should conquer his adversary, the latter should be obliged to marry *Donna Rodriguez*'s daughter; and, if he should be overcome, his adversary should be at liberty, and free from the promise the women insisted upon, without giving any other satisfaction. The master of the ceremonies divided the sun equally between them, and fixed each in the post he was to stand in. The drums beat; the sound of the trumpets filled the air; the earth trembled beneath their feet; the hearts of the gazing multitude were in suspense, some fearing, others hoping,

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hoping, the good, or ill ſucceſs of this buſineſs. Finally, *Don Quixote*, recommending himſelf with all his heart to god our lord, and to the lady *Dulcinea del Toboſo*, ſtood waiting, when the preciſe ſignal for the onſet ſhould be given. But our lacquey's thoughts were very differently employed; for he thought of nothing but of what I am going to relate.

It ſeems, while he ſtood looking at his female enemy, he fancied her the beautifulleſt woman he had ever ſeen in his life, and the little blind boy, called up and down the ſtreets *Love*, would not loſe the opportunity offered him of triumphing over a lacqueian[1] heart, and placing it in the catalogue of his trophies; and ſo, approaching him fair and ſoftly, without any body's ſeeing him, he ſhot the poor lacquey in at the left ſide with an arrow two yards long, and pierced his heart through and through: and he might ſafely do it; for Love is inviſible, and goes in and out where he liſts, without being accountable to any body for his actions.

I ſay then, that, when the ſignal was given for the onſet, our lacquey ſtood tranſported, thinking on her he had now made the miſtreſs of his liberty, and therefore regarded not the trumpet's ſound, as did *Don Quixote*, who had ſcarce heard it, when, bending forward, he ran againſt his enemy, at *Rozinante*'s beſt ſpeed; and his truſty ſquire *Sancho*, ſeeing him ſet forward, cried aloud: God guide you, cream and flower of knights-errant; god give you victory, ſince you have right on your ſide. And though *Toſilos* ſaw *Don Quixote* making towards him, he ſtirred not a ſtep from his poſt, but called as loud as he could to the marſhal of the field; who coming up to ſee what he wanted, *Toſilos* ſaid: Sir, is not this combat to decide, whether I ſhall marry, or not marry, yonder young lady? It is, anſwered the marſhal. Then, quoth the lacquey, my conſcience will not let me proceed any farther in this combat: I declare, that I yield myſelf vanquiſhed, and that I am ready to marry that gentlewoman immediately. The marſhal was ſurprized at what *Toſilos* ſaid, and, as he was in the ſecret of the contrivance,

1 *Lacayuna*. A word made for the purpoſe.

he could not tell what answer to make him. *Don Quixote*, perceiving that his adversary did not come on to meet him, stopped short in the midst of his career. The duke could not guess the reason why the combat did not go forward: but the marshal went and told him what *Tosilos* had said; at which he was surprized and extremely angry. In the mean time *Tosilos* went up to the place where *Donna Rodriguez* was, and said aloud: I am willing, madam, to marry your daughter, and would not obtain that by strife and contention, which I may have by peace, and without danger of death. The valorous *Don Quixote*, hearing all this, said: since it is so, I am absolved from my promise: let them be married in god's name, and, since god has given her, saint *Peter* bless her. The duke was now come down to the court of the castle, and, going up to *Tosilos*, he said: Is it true, knight, that you yield yourself vanquished, and that, instigated by your timorous conscience, you will marry this damsel? Yes, my lord, answered *Tosilos*. He does very well, quoth *Sancho Pança* at this juncture; for, What you would give to the mouse, give it the cat, and you will have no trouble. *Tosilos* was all this while unlacing his helmet, and desired them to help him quickly, for his spirit and breath were just failing him, and he could not indure to be so long pent up in the straitness of that lodging. They presently unarmed him, and the face of the lacquey was exposed to view. Which *Donna Rodriguez* and her daughter seeing, they cried aloud: A cheat, a cheat; *Tosilos*, my lord duke's lacquey, is put upon us instead of our true spouse; justice from god and the king against so much deceit, not to say villany. Afflict not yourselves, ladies, quoth *Don Quixote*; for this is neither deceit nor villany, and, if it be, the duke is not to blame, but the wicked enchanters, who persecute me, and who, envying me the glory of this conquest, have transformed the countenance of your husband into that of this person, who, you say, is a lacquey of the duke's. Take my advice, and, in spite of the malice of my enemies, marry him; for without doubt he is the very man you desire to take for

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for your husband. The duke, hearing this, was ready to vent his anger in laughter, and said: The things, which befal Signor *Don Quixote*, are so extraordinary, that I am inclined to believe this is not my lacquey: but let us make use of this stratagem and device; let us postpone the wedding for fifteen days, if you please, and, in the mean time, keep this person, who holds us in doubt, in safe custody: perhaps, during that time, he may return to his pristine figure; for the grudge the enchanters bear to Signor *Don Quixote* cannot surely last so long, and especially since these tricks and transformations avail them so little. O Sir, quoth *Sancho*, those wicked wretches make it their practice and custom to change things relating to my master from one shape to another. A knight, whom he vanquished a few days ago, called *the knight of the looking-glasses*, was changed by them into the shape and figure of the batchelor *Sampson Carrasco*, a native of our town, and a great friend of ours; and they have turned the lady *Dulcinea del Toboso* into a down-right country-wench: therefore I imagine this lacquey will live and die a lacquey all the days of his life. To which *Rodriguez*'s daughter said: Let him be who he will that demands me to wife, I take it kindly of him; for I had rather be lawful wife to a lacquey, than a cast mistress, and tricked by a gentleman, though he, who abused me, is not one. In short, all these accidents and events ended in *Tosilos*'s confinement, 'till it should appear what his transformation would come to. The victory was adjudged to *Don Quixote* by a general acclamation: but the greater part of the spectators were out of humour to find, that the so-much-expected combatants had not hacked one another to pieces; just as boys are sorry, when the criminal, they expected to see hanged, is pardoned, either by the prosecutor, or the court.

The crowd dispersed: the duke and *Don Quixote* returned to the castle: *Tosilos* was confined: and *Donna Rodriguez* and her daughter were extremely well pleased to see, that, one way or other, this business was likely to end in matrimony, and *Tosilos* hoped no less.

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CHAP. V.

Which relates how Don Quixote *took his leave of the duke, and of what befel him with the witty and wanton* Altisidora, *one of the duchess's waiting-women.*

DON QUIXOTE now thought it high time to quit so idle a life as that he had led in the castle, thinking he committed a great fault in suffering his person to be thus confined, and in living lazily amidst the infinite pleasures and entertainments the duke and duchess provided for him as a knight-errant; and he was of opinion he must give a strict account to god for this inactivity. And therefore he one day asked leave of those princes, that he might depart, which they granted him, with tokens of being mightily troubled that he would leave them. The duchess gave *Sancho Pança* his wife's letters, which he wept over, and said: Who could have thought, that hopes so great, as those conceived in the breast of my wife *Teresa Pança*, at the news of my government, should end in my returning to the toilsome adventures of my master *Don Quixote de la Mancha?* Nevertheless I am pleased to find, that my *Teresa* has behaved like herself, in sending the acorns to the duchess; for had she not sent them, I had been sorry, and she had shewed herself ungrateful. But my comfort is, that this present cannot be called a bribe; for I was already in possession of the government, when she sent them: and it is very fitting, that those, who receive a benefit, should shew themselves grateful, though it be with a trifle. In fine, naked I went into the government, and naked am I come out of it, and so I can say with a safe conscience (which is no small matter) naked I was born, naked I am; I neither win nor lose. This *Sancho* spoke in soliloquy on the day of their departure; and *Don Quixote*, sallying forth one morning, having taken leave of the duke and duchess the night before, presented himself completely armed in the court of

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of the caſtle. All the folks of the caſtle beheld him from the galleries: the duke and ducheſs alſo came out to ſee him. *Sancho* was upon his *Dapple*, his wallets well furniſhed, and himſelf highly pleaſed; for the duke's ſteward, who had played the part of the *Trifaldi*, had given him a little purſe with two hundred crowns in gold, to ſupply the occaſions of the journey; and this *Don Quixote*, as yet, knew nothing of. Whilſt all the folks were thus gazing at him, as has been ſaid, among the other *Duennas* and damſels of the ducheſs, who were beholding him, on a ſudden the witty and wanton *Altiſidora* raiſed her voice, and, in a piteous tone, ſaid:

Stay, cruel knight,
Take not thy flight,
Nor ſpur thy batter'd jade;
Thy haſte reſtrain,
Draw in the rein,
And hear a love-ſick maid.
Why doſt thou fly?
No ſnake am I,
Nor poiſon thoſe I love;
Gentle I am
As any lamb,
And harmleſs as a dove.
Thy cruel ſcorn
Has left forlorn
A nymph, whoſe charms may vye
With theirs, who ſport
In Cynthia's *court,*
Tho' Venus' *ſelf were by.*
Since, fugitive knight, to no purpoſe I woo thee,
Barabbas's *fate ſtill purſue and undo thee.*

Like raw'nous kite,
That takes its flight,
Soon as 't has ſtol'n a chicken,
Thou bear'ſt away
My heart, thy prey,
And leav'ſt me here to ſicken.

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Three night-caps too,
And garters blue,
That did to legs belong,
Smooth to the sight,
As marble white,
And, faith, almost as strong:
Two thousand groans,
As many moans,
And sighs enough to fire
Old Priam's *town,*
And burn it down,
Did it again aspire.
Since, fugitive knight, to no purpose I woo thee,
Barabbas's *fate still pursue and undo thee.*

May Sancho *ne'er*
His buttocks bare
Fly-flap, as is his duty;
And thou still want
To disenchant
Dulcinea's *injur'd beauty.*
May still transform'd,
And still deform'd,
Tobofo's *nymph remain,*
In recompence
Of thy offence,
Thy scorn and cold disdain.
When thou dost wield
Thy sword in field,
In combat or in quarrel,
Ill-luck and harms
Attend thy arms,
Instead of fame and laurel.
Since, fugitive knight, to no purpose I woo thee,
Barabbas's *fate still pursue and undo thee.*

May thy disgrace
Fill ev'ry place,
Thy falsehood ne'er be hid,
But round the world
Be tost'd and hurl'd,
From Seville *to* Madrid.

If,

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If, brisk and gay,
Thou fitt'st to play
At Ombre *or at* Chess,
May ne'er Spadill
Attend thy will,
Nor luck thy movements bless.
Though thou with care
Thy corns dost pare,
May blood the penknife follow;
May thy gums rage,
And nought assuage
The pain of tooth that's hollow.
Since, fugitive knight, to no purpose I woo thee,
Barabbas's fate still pursue and undo thee.

Whilst the afflicted *Altisidora* was complaining in the manner you have heard, *Don Quixote* stood beholding her, and, without answering her a word, turning his face to *Sancho*, he said: By the age of your ancestors, my dear *Sancho*, I conjure you to tell me the truth: have you taken away the three night-caps and the garters this enamoured damsel mentions? To which *Sancho* answered: The three night-caps I have: but as to the garters, I know no more of them than the man in the moon. The duchess was surprized at the liberty *Altisidora* took; for though she knew her to be bold, witty and free, yet not to that degree as to venture upon such freedoms: and, as she knew nothing of this jest, her surprise encreased. The duke resolved to carry on the humour, and said: I think it does not look well, Sir knight, that, having received so civil an entertainment in this castle of mine, you should dare to carry off three night-caps at least, if not my damsel's garters besides: these are indications of a naughty heart, and ill become your character. Return her the garters: if not, I defy you to mortal combat, without being afraid that your knavish enchanters should change or alter my face, as they have done that of *Tosilos* my lacquey, your intended adversary. God forbid, answered *Don Quixote*, that I should draw my sword against your illustrious person, from whom I

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have received so many favours: The night-caps shall be restored; for *Sancho* says he has them; but for the garters, it is impossible; for I have them not, nor he neither; and if this damsel of yours will search her hiding-holes, I warrant she will find them. I, my lord duke, never was a thief, and think, if heaven forsakes me not, I never shall be one as long as I live. This damsel talks (as she owns) like one in love, which is no fault of mine; and therefore I have no reason to ask her's or your excellency's pardon, whom I beseech to have a better opinion of me, and, once again, to give me leave to depart. Pray god, Signor *Don Quixote*, quoth the duchess, send you so good a journey, that we may continually hear good news of your exploits: and god be with you; for the longer you stay, the more you encrease the fire in the breasts of the damsels that behold you; and, as for mine, I will take her to task so severely, that henceforward she shall not dare to transgress with her eyes, or her words. Do but hear one word more, O valorous *Don Quixote*, and I am silent, quoth *Altisidora*; which is, that I beg your pardon for saying you had stolen my garters; for, on my conscience and soul, I have them on: but I was absent in thought, like the man, who looked for his ass while he was upon his back. Did I not tell you, quoth *Sancho*, I am a rare one at concealing thefts? Had I been that way given, I had many a fair opportunity for it in my government. *Don Quixote* bowed his head, and made his obeisance to the duke and duchess, and to all the spectators, and, turning *Rozinante*'s head, *Sancho* following upon *Dapple*, he sallied out at the castle gate, taking the road to *Saragossa*.

CHAP. VI.

Shewing how adventures crowded so fast upon Don Quixote, *that they trod upon one another's heels.*

DON QUIXOTE, seeing himself in the open field, free, and delivered from the courtship of *Altisidora*, thought himself in his proper element, and that

that his spirits were reviving in him to prosecute afresh his scheme of knight-errantry; and, turning to *Sancho*, he said: Liberty, *Sancho*, is one of the most valuable gifts heaven has bestowed upon men: the treasures, which the earth incloses, or the sea covers, are not to be compared with it. Life may, and ought to be risqued for liberty, as well as for honour: and, on the contrary, slavery is the greatest evil that can befal us. I tell you this, *Sancho*, because you have observed the civil treatment, and plenty we enjoyed in the castle we have left. In the midst of those seasoned banquets, these icy draughts, I fancied myself starving, because I did not enjoy them with the same freedom I should have done, had they been my own. For the obligations of returning benefits and favours receiv'd are ties that obstruct the free agency of the mind. Happy the man, to whom heaven has given a morsel of bread, without laying him under the obligation of thanking any other for it than heaven itself. Notwithstanding all your worship has said, quoth *Sancho*, it is fit there should be some small acknowledgment on our part for the two hundred crowns in gold, which the duke's steward gave me in a little purse; which, as a cordial, and comfortative, I carry next my heart, against whatever may happen; for we shall not always find castles where we shall be made much of: now and then we must expect to meet with inns, where we may be soundly threshed.

In these, and other discourses, our errants, knight and squire, went jogging on, when, having travelled a little above a league, they espied a dozen men, clad like peasants, sitting at dinner upon the grass, and their cloaks spread under them, in a little green meadow. Close by them were certain white sheets, as it seemed, under which something lay concealed. They were raised above the ground, and stretched out, at some little distance from each other. *Don Quixote* approached the eaters, and, first courteously saluting them, asked them what they had under those sheets? One of them answered: Sir, under that linen are certain wooden images, designed to be placed upon an altar

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we are erecting in our village. We carry them covered, that they may not be ſullied; and upon our ſhoulders, that they may not be broken. If you pleaſe, anſwered *Don Quixote*, I ſhould be glad to ſee them; for images, that are carried with ſo much precaution, muſt doubtleſs be good ones. Ay, and very good ones too, quoth another, as their price will teſtify; for, in truth, there is not one of them but ſtands us in above fifty ducats. And, to convince your worſhip of this truth, ſtay but a little while, and you ſhall ſee it with your own eyes. And riſing up from eating, he went and took off the covering from the firſt figure, which appeared to be a St. *George* on horſeback, with a ſerpent coiled up at his feet, and his launce run through its mouth, with all the fierceneſs it is uſually painted with. The whole image ſeemed to be, as we ſay, one blaze of gold. *Don Quixote*, ſeeing it, ſaid: This knight was one of the beſt errants the divine warfare ever had. He was called *Don* St. *George*, and was beſides a defender of damſels: let us ſee this other. The man uncovered it, and it appeared to be that of St. *Martin* on horſeback, dividing his cloak with the poor man. And ſcarcely had *Don Quixote* ſeen it, when he ſaid: This knight alſo was one of the chriſtian adventurers; and I take it he was more liberal than valiant, as you may perceive, *Sancho*, by his dividing his cloak with the beggar, and giving him half of it: and doubtleſs it muſt have been then winter; otherwiſe he would have given it him all, ſo great was his charity. That was not the reaſon, quoth *Sancho*; but he had a mind to keep to the proverb, which ſays; What to give, and what to keep, requires an underſtanding deep. *Don Quixote* ſmiled, and deſired another ſheet might be taken off, underneath which was diſcovered the image of the patron of *Spain* on horſeback, his ſword all bloody, trampling on *Moors*, and treading upon heads. And, at ſight of it, *Don Quixote* ſaid: Ay, marry, this is a knight indeed, one of *Chriſt*'s own ſquadron. He is called *Don St. Diego the Moor-killer*, one of the moſt valiant ſaints and knights the world had formerly, or heaven has now.

Then

Then they removed another ſheet, which covered St. *Paul* falling from his horſe, with all the circumſtances that are uſually drawn in the picture of his converſion. When *Don Quixote* ſaw it repreſented in ſo lively a manner, that one would almoſt ſay *Chriſt* was ſpeaking to him, and St. *Paul* anſwering, he ſaid: This was the greateſt enemy the church of god our lord had in his time, and the greateſt defender it will ever have; a knight-errant in his life, and a ſtedfaſt ſaint in his death; an unwearied labourer in the lord's vineyard; a teacher of the gentiles; whoſe ſchool was heaven, and whoſe profeſſor and maſter *Jeſus Chriſt* himſelf. There were no more images, and ſo *Don Quixote* bid them cover them up again, and ſaid: I take it for a good omen, brethren, to have ſeen what I have ſeen; for theſe ſaints and knights profeſſed what I profeſs, which is, the exerciſe of arms: the only difference between them and me, is, that they were ſaints, and fought after a heavenly manner, and I am a ſinner, and fight after an earthly manner. They conquered heaven by force of arms (for heaven ſuffers violence[1]) and I hitherto cannot tell what I conquer by force of my ſufferings. But could my *Dulcinea del Toboſo* get out of hers, my condition being bettered, and my underſtanding directed aright, I might perhaps take a better courſe than I do. God hear him, quoth *Sancho* ſtraight, and let ſin be deaf. The men wondered, as well at the figure, as at the words of *Don Quixote*, without underſtanding half what he meant by them. They finiſhed their repaſt, packed up their images, and, taking their leave of *Don Quixote*, purſued their journey.

Sancho remained as much in admiration at his maſter's knowledge, as if he had never known him before, thinking there was not an hiſtory, nor event, in the world, which he had not at his fingers ends, and faſtened down to his memory, and he ſaid: Truly, maſter of ours, if this that has happened to us to-day may be called an adventure, it has been one of the ſofteſt and ſweeteſt that has befallen us in the whole courſe of our

1 Matth. xi. 12.

peregrinations:

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peregrinations: we are got clear of it without blows, or any heart-beating: we have neither laid our hands to our ſwords, nor beaten the earth with our bodies, nor are we ſtarved with hunger. Bleſſed be god for letting me ſee this with my own eyes[1]! You ſay well, *Sancho*, quoth *Don Quixote*: but you muſt conſider that all times are not alike, nor do they take the ſame courſe: and what the vulgar commonly call omens, tho' not founded upon any natural reaſon, a diſcreet man will yet look upon as lucky encounters. One of theſe ſuperſtitious riſes and goes abroad early in the morning, and, meeting with a friar of the order of the bleſſed St. *Francis*, turns his back, as if he had met a griffin, and goes home again. Another, a *Mendoza*[2], ſpills the ſalt upon the table, and preſently melancholy over-ſpreads his heart, as if nature was bound to ſhew ſigns of enſuing miſchances, by ſuch trivial accidents as the afore-mentioned. The wiſe man and good chriſtian ought not to pry too curiouſly into the counſels of heaven. *Scipio*, arriving in *Africa*, ſtumbled at jumping aſhore: his ſoldiers took it for an ill omen; but he, embracing the ground, ſaid: *Africa*, thou can'ſt not eſcape me, for I have thee faſt between my arms. So that, *Sancho*, the meeting with theſe images has been a moſt happy encounter to me. I verily believe it, anſwered *Sancho*, and I ſhould be glad your worſhip would inform me, why the *Spaniards*, when they join battle, invoke that ſaint *Diego the Moor-killer*, and cry, *Saint Jago*, and cloſe, *Spain*. Is *Spain*, peradventure, ſo open, as to want cloſing? or what ceremony is this? You are a very child, *Sancho*, anſwered *Don Quixote*; for take notice, god gave this great *knight of the red croſs* to *Spain* for its patron and protector, eſpecially in thoſe rigorous conflicts the *Spaniards* have had with the *Moors*; and therefore they pray to, and invoke, him as their defender, in all the battles they fight; and they have frequently ſeen him,

1 In alluſion, perhaps, to good old *Simeon*'s thankſgiving to god, *Luke* ii. 29.

2 Probably ſome family of that name avowed the ſuperſtition here ridiculed.

viſibly

visibly overthrowing, trampling down, destroying, and slaughtering the *Hagarene* squadrons [1]; and of this I could produce many examples recorded in the true *Spanish* histories.

Sancho changed the discourse, and said to his master: I am amazed, Sir, at the assurance of *Altisidora*, the duchess's waiting-woman. He they call *Love* must surely have wounded her sorely, and pierced her through and through. They say, he is a boy, who, though blear-eyed, or, to say better, without sight, if he takes aim at any heart, how small soever, he hits and pierces it through and through with his arrows. I have also heard say, that the darts of *Love* are blunted and rendered pointless by the modesty and reserve of maidens: but, in this same *Altisidora*, methinks, they are rather whetted than blunted. Look you, *Sancho*, quoth *Don Quixote*, *Love* regards no respects, nor observes any rules of reason in his proceedings, and is of the same nature with death, which assaults the stately palaces of kings, as well as the lowly cottages of shepherds; and, when he takes entire possession of a soul, the first thing he does, is, to divest it of fear and shame; and thus *Altisidora*, being without both, made an open declaration of her desires, which produced rather confusion, than compassion, in my breast. Notorious cruelty! quoth *Sancho*; unheard-of ingratitude! I dare say for myself, that the least amorous hint of her's would have subdued me, and made me her vassal. O whoreson! what a heart of marble, what bowels of brass, and what a soul of plaister of *Paris*! But I cannot conceive what it is this damsel saw in your worship, that subdued and captivated her to that degree. What finery, what gallantry, what gaiety, what face; which of these jointly, or severally, made her fall in love with you? for, in truth, in truth, I have often surveyed your worship, from the tip of your toe to the top of your head, and I see in you more things to cause affright than love. And, having also heard say, that beauty is the first and principal thing that enamours,

[1] They have a tradition, that the *Moors* are descended from *Hagar*.

your

your worſhip having none at all, I wonder what the poor thing was in love with. Look you, *Sancho*, anſwered *Don Quixote*, there are two ſorts of beauty, the one of the mind, the other of the body. That of the mind ſhines and diſcovers itſelf in the underſtanding, in modeſty, good behaviour, liberality, and good breeding: and all theſe qualities may ſubſiſt and be found in an ill favoured man; and when the aim is at this beauty, and not at that of the body, it produces love with impetuoſity and advantage. I know very well, *Sancho*, that I am not handſome; but I know alſo that I am not deformed; and an honeſt man, who is not a monſter, may be beloved, provided he has the qualities of the mind I have mentioned.

Amidſt theſe diſcourſes they entered into a wood, not far out of the road; and on a ſudden *Don Quixote* found himſelf entangled in ſome nets of green thread, which hung from one tree to another, and, not being able to imagine what it might be, he ſaid to *Sancho*: The buſineſs of theſe nets, *Sancho*, muſt, I think, be one of the neweſt adventures imaginable: let me die, if the enchanters, who perſecute me, have not a mind to entangle me in them, and ſtop my journey, by way of revenge for the rigorous treatment *Altiſidora* received from me. But I would have them to know, that, though theſe nets, as they are made of thread, were made of the hardeſt diamonds, or ſtronger than that, in which the jealous god of blackſmiths entangled *Venus* and *Mars*, I would break them as eaſily as if they were made of bull-ruſhes or yarn. And, as he was going to paſs forward, and break through all, unexpectedly, from among ſome trees, two moſt beautiful ſhepherdeſſes preſented themſelves before him: at leaſt they were clad like ſhepherdeſſes, excepting that their waiſtcoats and petticoats were of fine brocade. Their habits were of rich gold tabby; their hair, which for brightneſs might come in competition with the rays of the ſun, hanging looſe about their ſhoulders, and their heads crowned with garlands of green laurel and red flower-gentles interwoven. Their age ſeemed to be, not under fifteen, nor above eighteen. This was a ſight, which amazed

amazed *Sancho*, ſurprized *Don Quixote*, made the ſun ſtop in his career to behold them, and held them all in marvellous ſilence. At length one of the ſhepherdeſſes ſpoke, and ſaid to *Don Quixote*: Stop, Signor cavalier, and break not the nets, placed here, not for your hurt, but our diverſion: and becauſe I know you will aſk us why they are ſpread, and who we are, I will tell you in few words. In a town about two leagues off, where there are ſeveral people of quality, and a great many gentlemen, and thoſe rich, it was agreed among ſeveral friends, and relations, that their ſons, wives, and daughters, neighbours, friends, and relations, ſhould all come to make merry in this place, which is one of the pleaſanteſt in theſe parts, forming among ourſelves a new paſtoral *Arcadia*, and dreſſing ourſelves, the maidens like ſhepherdeſſes, and the young men like ſhepherds. We have got by heart two eclogues, one of the famous poet *Garcilaſſo*, and the other of the moſt excellent *Camoëns*, in his own *Portugueſe* tongue, which we have not yet acted. Yeſterday was the firſt day of our coming hither: we have ſome field-tents pitched among the trees, on the margin of a copious ſtream, which ſpreads fertility over all theſe meadows. Laſt night we hung our nets upon theſe trees, to deceive the ſimple little birds, which ſhould come at the noiſe we make, and be catched in them. If, Sir, you pleaſe to be our gueſt, you ſhall be entertained generouſly, and courteouſly; for into this place neither ſorrow nor melancholy enter. She held her peace, and ſaid no more. To which *Don Quixote* anſwered: Aſſuredly, faireſt lady, *Actæon* was not in greater ſurprize and amazement, when unawares he ſaw *Diana* bathing herſelf in the water, than I have been in at beholding your beauty. I applaud the ſcheme of your diverſions, and thank you for your kind offers; and, if I can do you any ſervice, you may lay your commands upon me, in full aſſurance of being obeyed; for my profeſſion is no other than to ſhew myſelf grateful, and a benefactor to all ſorts of people, eſpecially to thoſe of the rank your preſence denotes you to be of: and ſhould theſe nets, which probably take

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take up but a ſmall ſpace, occupy the whole globe of the earth, I would ſeek out new worlds to paſs through, rather than hazard the breaking them. And, that you may afford ſome credit to this exaggeration of mine, behold, he, who makes you this promiſe, is no leſs than *Don Quixote de la Mancha*, if perchance this name has ever reached your ears. Ah! friend of my ſoul! quoth then the other young ſhepherdeſs, what good fortune is this that has befallen us? See you this gentleman here before us? I aſſure you, he is the moſt valiant, the moſt enamoured, the moſt complaiſant knight in the world, unleſs a hiſtory, which goes about of him in print, and which I have read, lies, and deceives us. I will lay a wager, this honeſt man, who comes with him, is that very *Sancho Pança*, his ſquire, whoſe pleaſantries none can equal. That is true, quoth *Sancho*; I am that ſame jocular perſon, and that ſquire you ſay; and this gentleman is my maſter, the very *Don Quixote de la Mancha* aforeſaid, and hiſtoriſied. Ah! quoth the other, my dear, let us intreat him to ſtay; for our fathers and brothers will be infinitely pleaſed to have him here; for I have heard the ſame things of his valour and wit that you tell me: and particularly they ſay, he is the moſt conſtant and moſt faithful lover in the world; and that his miſtreſs is one *Dulcinea del Toboſo*, who bears away the palm from all the beauties in *Spain*. And with good reaſon, quoth *Don Quixote*, unleſs your matchleſs beauty brings it into queſtion. But weary not yourſelves, ladies, in endeavouring to detain me; for the preciſe obligations of my profeſſion will ſuffer me to reſt no where.

By this time there came up to where the four ſtood a brother of one of the young ſhepherdeſſes: he was alſo in a ſhepherd's dreſs, anſwerable in richneſs and gallantry to theirs. They told him, that the perſon he ſaw was the valorous *Don Quixote de la Mancha*, and the other, *Sancho* his ſquire, of whom he had ſome knowledge, by having read their hiſtory. The gallant ſhepherd ſaluted him, and deſired him to come with him to the tents. *Don Quixote* could not refuſe, and therefore

therefore went with him [1]. Then the nets were drawn, and filled with variety of little birds, who, deceived by the colour of the nets, fell into the very danger they endeavoured to fly from. Above thirty perſons, genteelly dreſſed in paſtoral habits, were aſſembled together in that place, and preſently were made acquainted who *Don Quixote* and his ſquire were: which was no ſmall ſatisfaction to them, being already no ſtrangers to his hiſtory. They haſtened to the tents, where they found the table ſpread, rich, plentiful, and neat. They honoured *Don Quixote* with placing him at the upper end. They all gazed at him, and admired at the ſight. Finally the cloth being taken away, *Don Quixote*, with great gravity, raiſed his voice, and ſaid.

Of all the grievous ſins men commit, though ſome ſay, pride, I ſay, ingratitude is the worſt, adhering to the common opinion, that hell is full of the ungrateful. This ſin I have endeavoured to avoid, as much as poſſibly I could, ever ſince I came to the uſe of reaſon; and, if I cannot repay the good offices done me with the like, I place in their ſtead the deſire of doing them: and, when this is not enough, I publiſh them; for he, who tells and publiſhes the good deeds done him, would return them in kind if he could: for generally the receivers are inferior to the givers, and god is therefore above all, becauſe he is bountiful above all. But though the gifts of men are infinitely diſproportionate to thoſe of god, gratitude in ſome meaſure ſupplies their narrowneſs and defects. I then, being grateful for the civility offered me here, but reſtrained by the narrow limits of my ability from making a ſuitable return, offer what I can, and what is in my power; and therefore, I ſay, I will maintain, for two whole days, in the middle of this the king's high-way, which leads to *Saragoſſa*, that theſe lady ſhepherdeſſes in diſguiſe are the moſt beautiful, and moſt courteous, damſels in the world, excepting only the peerleſs *Dulcinea del Toboſo*, the ſole miſtreſs of my thoughts; without offence to

1 It ſeems not quite agreeable to the uſual complaiſance of *Don Quixote*, to grant the gentleman what he had juſt refuſed the ladies.

any

any that hear me be it ſpoken. *Sancho*, who had been liſtening to him with great attention, hearing this, ſaid with a loud voice: Is it poſſible there ſhould be any perſons in the world, who preſume to ſay and ſwear, that this maſter of mine is a madman? Speak, gentlemen ſhepherds; is there a country vicar, though ever ſo diſcreet, or ever ſo good a ſcholar, who can ſay all that my maſter has ſaid? Is there a knight-errant, though ever ſo renowned for valour, who can offer what my maſter has now offered? *Don Quixote* turned to *Sancho*, and, with a wrathful countenance, ſaid: Is it poſſible, O *Sancho*, there is any body upon the globe, who will ſay you are not an ideot, lined with the ſame, and edged with I know not what of miſchievous and knaviſh? who gave you authority to meddle with what belongs to me, and to call in queſtion my folly or diſcretion? hold your peace, and make no reply; but go and ſaddle *Rozinante*, if he be unſaddled, and let us go and put my offer in execution; for conſidering how much I am in the right, you may conclude all thoſe, who ſhall contradict me, already conquered. Then, with great fury, and tokens of indignation, he roſe from his ſeat, leaving the company in admiration, and in doubt, whether they ſhould reckon him a madman, or a man of ſenſe. In ſhort, they would have perſuaded him not to put himſelf upon ſuch a tryal, ſince they were ſatisfied of his grateful nature, and wanted no other proofs of his valour, than thoſe related in the hiſtory of his exploits. But for all that *Don Quixote* perſiſted in his deſign, and, being mounted upon *Rozinante*, bracing his ſhield, and taking his launce, he planted himſelf in the middle of the high-way, which was not far from the verdant meadow. *Sancho* followed upon his *Dapple*, with all the paſtoral company, being deſirous to ſee what would be the event of this unheard-of and arrogant challenge.

Don Quixote, being poſted, as I have ſaid, in the middle of the road, wounded the air with ſuch words as theſe: O ye paſſengers, travellers, knights, ſquires, people on foot and on horſe-back, who now paſs this way, or are to paſs in theſe two days following, know, that

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that *Don Quixote de la Mancha*, knight-errant, is posted here, ready to maintain that the nymphs, who inhabit these meadows and groves, exceed all the world in beauty and courtesy, excepting only the mistress of my soul, *Dulcinea del Toboso*: and let him, who is of a contrary opinion, come; for here I stand, ready to receive him. Twice he repeated the same words, and twice they were not heard by any adventurer. But fortune, which was disposing his affairs from good to better, so ordered it, that soon after they discovered a great many men on horse-back, and several of them with launces in their hands, all trooping in a cluster, and in great haste. Scarcely had they, who were with *Don Quixote*, seen them, when they turned their backs, and got far enough out of the way, fearing, if they staid, they might be exposed to some danger. *Don Quixote* alone, with an intrepid heart, stood firm, and *Sancho Pança* screened himself with *Rozinante*'s buttocks. The troop of launce-men came up, and one of the foremost began to cry aloud to *Don Quixote*; Get out of the way, devil of a man, lest these bulls trample you to pieces. Rascals, replied *Don Quixote*, I value not your bulls, though they were the fiercest that *Xarama*[1] ever bred upon its banks: confess, ye scoundrels, unsight unseen, that what I have here proclaimed is true; if not, I challenge ye to battle. The herdsman had no time to answer, nor *Don Quixote* to get out of the way, if he would: and so the whole herd of fierce bulls and tame kine[2], with the multitude of herdsmen, and others, who were driving them to a certain town, where they were to be baited in a day or two, ran over *Don Quixote*, and over *Sancho*, *Rozinante*, and *Dapple*, leaving them all sprawling and rolling on the ground. *Sancho* remained bruised, *Don Quixote* astonished, *Dapple* battered, and *Rozinante* not perfectly sound. But at length they all got up, and *Don Quixote*, in a great hurry, stumbling here and falling there, began to run after the herd, crying aloud: Hold, stop, ye scoun-

1 The bulls of *Xarama* are accounted the fiercest in *Spain*.

2 *Manso Cabestros*. According to the royal dictionary, they are old tame oxen with bells about their necks.

drels;

drels; for a ſingle knight defies ye all, who is not of the diſpoſition or opinion of thoſe, who ſay; Make a bridge of ſilver for a flying enemy. But the haſty runners ſtopped not the more for this, and made no more account of his menaces, than of laſt year's clouds. Wearineſs ſtopped *Don Quixote*, and more enraged than revenged, he ſat down in the road, expecting the coming up of *Sancho*, *Rozinante*, and *Dapple*. They came up; maſter and man mounted again, and, without turning back to take their leaves of the feigned or counterfeit *Arcadia*, and with more ſhame than ſatisfaction, purſued their journey.

CHAP. VII.

Wherein is related an extraordinary accident, which befel Don Quixote, *and which may paſs for an adventure.*

THE duſt and wearineſs, *Don Quixote* and *Sancho* underwent through the rude encounter of the bulls, were relieved by a clear and limpid fountain they met with in a cool grove; on the brink whereof, leaving *Dapple* and *Rozinante* free without halter or bridle, the way-beaten couple, maſter and man, ſat them down. *Sancho* had recourſe to the cup-board of his wallet, and drew out what he was wont to call his ſauce. He rinſed his mouth, and *Don Quixote* waſhed his face: with which refreſhment they recovered their fainting ſpirits. *Don Quixote* would eat nothing out of pure chagrin, nor durſt *Sancho* touch the victuals out of pure good manners, expecting his maſter ſhould firſt be his taſter. But ſeeing him ſo carried away by his imaginations, as to forget to put a bit in his mouth, he ſaid nothing, but, breaking through all kind of ceremony, began to ſtuff his hungry maw with the bread and cheeſe before him. Eat, friend *Sancho*, ſaid *Don Quixote*; and ſupport life, which is of more importance to you than to me, and leave me to die by the hands of my reflections, and by the force of my misfortunes. I, *Sancho*, was born to live dying, and you

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you to die eating: and, to shew you that I speak the truth, consider me printed in histories, renowned in arms, courteous in my actions, respected by princes, courted by damsels; and, after all, when I expected palms, triumphs, and crowns, earned and merited by my valorous exploits, this morning have I seen myself trod upon, kicked, and bruised under the feet of filthy and impure beasts. This reflection sets my teeth on edge, stupifies my grinders, benumbs my hands, and quite takes away my appetite; so that I intend to suffer myself to die with hunger, the cruellest of all deaths. At this rate, quoth *Sancho* (chewing all the while apace) your worship will not approve of the proverb, which says: Let *Martha* die, but die with her belly full. At least, I do not intend to kill myself, but rather to imitate the shoe-maker, who pulls the leather with his teeth, 'till he stretches it to what he would have it. I will stretch my life by eating, 'till it reaches the end heaven has allotted it: and let me tell you, Sir, there is no greater madness, than to despair as you do: believe me, and, after you have eaten, try to sleep a little upon the green mattress of this grass, and you will see, when you awake, you will find yourself much eased. *Don Quixote* complied, thinking *Sancho* reasoned more like a philosopher than a fool; and he said: If, O *Sancho*, you would now do for me what I am going to tell you, my comforts would be more certain, and my sorrows not so great: and it is this, that while I, in pursuance of your advice, am sleeping, you will step a little aside from hence, and with the reins of *Rozinante*'s bridle, turning up your flesh to the sky, give yourself three or four hundred lashes, in part of the three thousand and odd, you are bound to give yourself for the disenchantment of *Dulcinea*; for it is a great pity the poor lady should continue under enchantment through your carelessness and neglect. There is a great deal to be said as to that, quoth *Sancho*: for the present, let us both sleep, and afterwards god knows what may happen. Pray, consider, Sir, that this same whipping one's self in cold blood is a cruel thing, and more so, when the lashes light upon a body ill sustained and worse fed.

Let

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Let my lady *Dulcinea* have patience; for, when ſhe leaſt thinks of it, ſhe ſhall ſee me pinked like a ſieve by dint of ſtripes; and, Until death all is life: I mean, I am ſtill alive, together with the deſire of fulfilling my promiſe. *Don Quixote* thanked him, eat a little, and *Sancho* much; and both of them addreſſed themſelves to ſleep, leaving *Rozinante* and *Dapple*, thoſe inſeparable companions and friends, at their own diſcretion, and without any controll, to feed upon the plenty of graſs, with which that meadow abounded.

They awoke ſomewhat of the lateſt; they mounted again, and purſued their journey, haſtening to reach an inn, which ſeemed to be about a league off; I ſay an inn, becauſe *Don Quixote* called it ſo, contrary to his cuſtom of calling all inns caſtles. They arrived at it, and demanded of the hoſt if he had any lodging? He anſwered he had, with all the conveniencies and entertainment that was to be found even in *Saragoſſa*. They alighted, and *Sancho* ſecured his travelling cupboard in a chamber, of which the landlord gave him the key. He took the beaſts to the ſtable, gave them their allowance, and went to ſee what demands *Don Quixote*, who was ſat down upon a ſtone bench, had for him, giving particular thanks to heaven, that this inn had not been taken by his maſter for a caſtle. Supper-time came: they betook them to their chamber. *Sancho* aſked the hoſt, what he had to give them for ſupper. The hoſt anſwered, his mouth ſhould be meaſured, and he might call for whatever he pleaſed; for the inn was provided, as far as birds of the air, fowls of the earth, and fiſhes of the ſea could go. There is no need of quite ſo much, anſwered *Sancho*: roaſt us but a couple of chickens, and we ſhall have enough; for my maſter is of a nice ſtomach, and I am no glutton. The hoſt replied, he had no chickens, for the kites had devoured them. Then order a pullet, Signor hoſt, quoth *Sancho*, to be roaſted; but ſee that it be tender. A pullet? my father! anſwered the hoſt: truly, truly, I ſent above fifty yeſterday to the city to be ſold; but, excepting pullets, aſk for whatever you

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you will. If it be ſo, quoth *Sancho*, yeal or kid cannot be wanting. There is none in the houſe at preſent, anſwered the hoſt; for it is all made an end of: but next week there will be enough, and to ſpare. We are much the nearer for that, anſwered *Sancho*: I will lay a wager, all theſe deficiencies will be made up with a ſuper-abundance of bacon and eggs. Before god, anſwered the hoſt, my gueſt has an admirable gueſs with him: I told him I had neither pullets nor hens, and he would have me have eggs. Talk of other delicacies, but aſk no more for hens. Body of me, let us come to ſomething, quoth *Sancho*; tell me, in ſhort, what you have, and lay aſide your flouriſhings, maſter hoſt. Then, quoth the innkeeper, what I really and truly have, is, a pair of cow-heels, that look like calves feet, or a pair of calves feet, that look like cow-heels: they are ſtewed with peaſe, onions, and bacon, and at this very minute are crying, come eat me, come eat me. I mark them for my own, from this moment, quoth *Sancho*, and let no body touch them; for I will pay more for them than another ſhall, becauſe I could wiſh for nothing that I like better; and I care not a fig what heels they are, ſo they are not hoofs. No body ſhall touch them, quoth the hoſt; for ſome other gueſts in the houſe, out of pure gentility, bring their own cook, their caterer, and their proviſions with them. If gentility is the buſineſs, quoth *Sancho*, no body is more a gentleman than my maſter: but the calling he is of allows of no catering nor butlering: alas! we clap us down in the midſt of a green field, and fill our bellies with acorns or medlars. This diſcourſe *Sancho* held with the innkeeper, *Sancho* not caring to anſwer him any farther; for he had already aſked him of what calling or employment his maſter was.

Supper-time being come, *Don Quixote* withdrew to his chamber: the hoſt brought the fleſh-pot juſt as it was, and fairly ſat himſelf down to ſupper. It ſeems in the room next to that where *Don Quixote* was, and divided only by a partition of lath, *Don Quixote* heard ſome body ſay: By your life, Signor *Don Jeronimo*, while ſupper is getting ready, let us read another

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chapter of the ſecond part of *Don Quixote de la Mancha*. Scarce had *Don Quixote* heard himſelf named, when up he ſtood, and, with an attentive ear, liſtened to their diſcourſe, and heard the aforeſaid *Don Jeronimo* anſwer: Why, Signor *Don John*, would you have us read ſuch abſurdities? for he who has read the firſt part of the hiſtory of *Don Quixote de la Mancha*, cannot poſſibly be pleaſed with reading the ſecond. But for all that, ſaid *Don John*, it will not be amiſs to read it; for there is no book ſo bad, but it has ſomething good in it. What diſpleaſes me moſt in it, is, that the author deſcribes *Don Quixote* as no longer in love with *Dulcinea del Toboſo*. Which *Don Quixote* over-hearing, full of wrath and indignation, he raiſed his voice, and ſaid; whoever ſhall ſay, that *Don Quixote de la Mancha* has forgotten, or can forget, *Dulcinea del Toboſo*, I will make him know, with equal arms, that he is very wide of the truth; for the peerleſs *Dulcinea* can neither be forgotten, nor is *Don Quixote* capable of forgetting: his motto is conſtancy, and his profeſſion is to preſerve it with ſweetneſs, and without doing himſelf any violence. Who is it that anſwers us? replied one in the other room. Who ſhould it be, quoth *Sancho*, but *Don Quixote de la Mancha* himſelf, who will make good all he ſays, and all he ſhall ſay? for, A good paymaſter is in pain for no pawn. Scarcely had *Sancho* ſaid this, when into the room came two gentlemen; for ſuch they ſeemed to be: and one of them, throwing his arms about *Don Quixote*'s neck, ſaid: Your preſence can neither belye your name, nor your name do otherwiſe than credit your preſence. Doubtleſs, Signor, you are the true *Don Quixote de la Mancha*, the north and morning-ſtar of knight-errantry, maugre and in deſpite of him, who has endeavoured to uſurp your name, and annihilate your exploits, as the author of this book I here give you has done. And, putting a book, that his companion brought, into *Don Quixote*'s hands, he took it, and, without anſwering a word, began to turn over the leaves, and preſently after returned it, ſaying: In the little I have ſeen I have found three things in this author, that deſerve reprehenſion.

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henſion. The firſt is, ſome words I have read in the preface: the next, that the language is *Aragonian*; for he ſometimes writes without articles: and the third, which chiefly convicts him of ignorance, is, that he errs, and deviates from the truth, in a principal point of the hiſtory. For here he ſays that the wife of my ſquire *Sancho Pança* is called *Mary Gutierrez*, whereas that is not her name, but *Tereſa Pança*; and he, who errs in ſo principal a point, may very well be ſuppoſed to be miſtaken in the reſt of the hiſtory [1]. Here *Sancho* ſaid: Prettily done, indeed, of this ſame hiſtorian! he muſt be well informed, truly, of our adventures, ſince he calls *Tereſa Pança* my wife, *Mary Gutierrez*. Take the book again, Sir, and ſee whether I am in it, and whether he has changed my name. By what I have heard you ſpeak, friend, quoth *Don Jeronimo*, without doubt, you are *Sancho Pança*, *Don Quixote's* ſquire. I am ſo, anſwered *Sancho*, and value myſelf upon it. In faith, then, ſaid the gentleman, this modern author does not treat you with that decency, which ſeems agreeable to your perſon. He deſcribes you a glutton, and a ſimpleton, and not at all pleaſant; and a quite different *Sancho* from him deſcribed in the firſt part of your maſter's hiſtory. God forgive him, quoth *Sancho*; he might have let me alone in my corner, without remembering me at all: for, Let him who knows the inſtrument play on it; and, Saint *Peter* is no where ſo well as at *Rome*. The two gentlemen deſired of *Don Quixote*, that he would ſtep to their chamber, and ſup with them; for they knew very well, there was nothing to be had in that inn, fit for his entertainment. *Don Quixote*, who was always courteous, condeſcended to their requeſt, and ſupped with them. *Sancho* ſtayed behind with the fleſh-pot, *cum mero mix-*

1 Notwithſtanding this cenſure of the *Aragoneſe* author, it is certain, that, the firſt time *Sancho Pança*'s wife is mentioned in our author's own work, namely, in the ſeventh chapter of the firſt book of the firſt part, ſhe is called *Mary Gutierrez*, and the ſame name is repeated in leſs than ten lines after. One would think, *Cervantes* was as little careful to read over his own *firſt part*, as he makes *Don Quixote* unwilling to read the *Aragoneſe's ſecond part*.

to imperio [1] : he placed himſelf at the head of the table, and by him ſat down the inn-keeper, as fond of the calves feet, or cow heels, as he.

While they were at ſupper, *Don John* aſked *Don Quixote*, what news he had of the lady *Dulcinea del Toboſo*; whether ſhe was married; whether yet brought-to-bed, or with-child; or if, continuing a maiden, ſhe ſtill remembered, with the reſerve of her modeſty and good decorum, the amorous inclinations of Signor *Don Quixote*. To which our knight replied: *Dulcinea* is ſtill a maiden, and my inclinations more conſtant than ever; our correſpondence upon the old foot, and her beauty transformed into the viſage of a coarſe country-wench. Then he recounted every particular of the enchantment of the lady *Dulcinea*, and what had befallen him in *Monteſinos*'s cave, with the direction the ſage *Merlin* had given him for her diſenchantment, namely, by *Sancho*'s laſhes. Great was the ſatisfaction the two gentlemen received to hear *Don Quixote* relate the ſtrange adventures of his hiſtory, admiring equally at his extravagancies, and at his elegant manner of telling them. One while they held him for a wiſe man; then he ſlid from them by the fool; nor could they determine what degree to aſſign him between diſcretion and folly.

Sancho made an end of ſupper, and, leaving the inn-keeper ſuddled, went to the chamber where his maſter was, and, at entering, he ſaid: May I die, gentlemen, if the author of this book you have got has a mind he and I ſhould eat a good meal together: I wiſh, ſince, as you ſay, he calls me glutton, he may not call me drunkard too. Ay, marry, does he, quoth *Don Jeronimo*; but I do not remember after what manner: tho' I know the expreſſions carried but an ill ſound, and were falſe into the bargain, as I ſee plainly by the countenance of honeſt *Sancho* here preſent. Believe *me*, gentlemen, quoth *Sancho*, that the *Sancho* and *Don*

1 That is, with a deputed or ſubordinate power. *Merum imperium*, according to the *Civilians*, is that reſiding in the ſovereign: *Merum mixtum imperium* is that delegated to vaſſals or magiſtrates in cauſes civil or criminal.

Quixote

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Quixote of that hiſtory are not the ſame with thoſe of the book compoſed by *Cid Hamet Ben-engeli*, who are us; my maſter, valiant, diſcreet, and in love; and I ſimple, and pleaſant, and neither a glutton nor a drunkard. I believe it, quoth *Don John*, and, if it were poſſible, it ſhould be ordered, that none ſhould dare to treat of matters relating to *Don Quixote*, but only *Cid Hamet*, his firſt author; in like manner as *Alexander* commanded, that none ſhould dare to draw his picture but *Apelles*. Draw me who will, ſaid *Don Quixote*; but let him not abuſe me[1]: for patience is apt to fail, when it is over-laden with injuries. None, quoth *Don John*, can be offered Signor *Don Quixote*, that he cannot revenge, unleſs he wards it off with the buckler of his patience, which, in my opinion, is ſtrong and great.

In theſe, and the like, diſcourſes, they ſpent great part of the night; and though *Don John* had a mind *Don Quixote* ſhould read more of the book, to ſee what it deſcanted upon, he could not be prevailed upon, ſaying, he deemed it as read, and pronounced it all fooliſh: beſides, he was unwilling its author ſhould have the pleaſure of thinking he had read it, if peradventure he might come to hear he had had it in his hands; for the thoughts, and much more the eyes, ought to be turned aſide from every thing filthy and obſcene. They aſked him, which way he intended to bend his courſe? He anſwered, to *Saragoſſa*, to be preſent at the juſts for the ſuit of armour, which are held every year in that city. *Don John* told him, how the new hiſtory related, that *Don Quixote*, whoever he was, had been there at the running at the ring, and that the deſcription thereof was defective in the contrivance, mean and low in the ſtile, miſerably poor in devices, and rich only in ſimplicities. For that very reaſon, anſwered *Don Quixote*, I will not ſet a foot in *Saragoſſa*, and ſo I will expoſe to the world the falſity of this modern hiſtoriographer, and all people will plainly perceive, I am not the *Don Quixote* he ſpeaks

1 Here in the original is a play upon words betwixt *retratar* and *mal tratar*.

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af. You will do very well, ſaid *Don Jeronimo*, and there are to be other juſts at *Barcelona*, where Signor *Don Quixote* may diſplay his valour. It is my intention ſo to do, quoth *Don Quixote*, and, gentlemen, be pleaſed to give me leave (for it is time) to go to bed, and place me among the number of your beſt friends and faithful ſervants. And me too, quoth *Sancho*; perhaps I may be good for ſomething. Having thus taken leave of one another, *Don Quixote* and *Sancho* retired to their chamber, leaving *Don John* and *Don Jeronimo* in admiration at the mixture he had diſcovered of wit and madneſs; and they verily believed theſe were the true *Don Quixote* and *Sancho*, and not thoſe deſcribed by the *Arragoneſe* author. *Don Quixote* got up very early, and, tapping at the partition of the other room, he again bid his new friends adieu: *Sancho* payed the inn-keeper moſt magnificently, and adviſed him to brag leſs of the proviſion of his inn, or to provide it better.

CHAP. VIII.

Of what befel Don Quixote *in his way to* Barcelona.

THE morning was cool, and the day promiſed to be ſo too, when *Don Quixote* left the inn, firſt informing himſelf which was the directeſt road to *Barcelona*, without touching at *Saragoſſa*; ſo great was his deſire to give the lye to that new hiſtorian, who, it was ſaid, had abuſed him ſo much. Now it happened, that, in above ſix days, nothing fell out worth ſetting down in writing: at the end of which, going out of the road, night overtook them among ſome ſhady oaks or cork-trees; for, in this, *Cid Hamet* does not obſerve that punctuality he is wont to do in other matters. Maſter and man alighted from their beaſts, and, ſeating themſelves at the foot of the trees, *Sancho*, who had had his afternoon's collation that day, entered abruptly the gates of ſleep. But *Don Quixote*, whoſe imaginations, much more than hunger, kept him waking, could not cloſe his eyes: on the contra-

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ry, he was hurried to and from a thouſand places: now he fancied himſelf in *Monteſinos*'s cave; now, that he ſaw *Dulcinea*, transformed into a country-wench, mount upon her aſs at a ſpring; the next moment, that he was hearing the words of the ſage *Merlin*, declaring to him the conditions to be obſerved, and the diſpatch neceſſary for the diſenchantment of *Dulcinea*. He was ready to run mad, to ſee the careleſſneſs and little charity of his ſquire *Sancho*, who, as he believed, had given himſelf five laſhes only; a number, poor, and diſproportionate to the infinite ſtill behind: and hence he conceived ſo much chagrin and indignation, that he ſpoke thus to himſelf: If *Alexander* the great cut the *Gordian* knot, ſaying, to cut is the ſame as to untye, and became nevertheleſs univerſal lord of all *Aſia*, the ſame, neither more nor leſs, may happen now, in the diſenchantment of *Dulcinea*, if I ſhould whip *Sancho* whether he will or no: for, if the condition of this remedy conſiſts in *Sancho*'s receiving upwards of three thouſand laſhes, what is it to me whether he gives them himſelf, or ſome body elſe for him, ſince the eſſence lies in his receiving them, come they from what hand they will? With this conceit, he approached *Sancho*, having firſt taken *Rozinante*'s reins, and adjuſted them ſo that he might laſh him with them, and began to untruſs his points; though it is generally thought that he had none but that before, which kept up his breeches. But no ſooner had he begun, when *Sancho* awoke, and ſaid: What is the matter? who is it that touches and untruſſes me? It is I, anſwered *Don Quixote*, who come to ſupply your defects, and to remedy my own troubles: I come to whip you, *Sancho*, and to diſcharge, at leaſt in part, the debt you ſtand engaged for. *Dulcinea* is periſhing; you live unconcerned; I am dying with deſire; and therefore untruſs of your own accord, for I mean to give you, in this ſolitude, at leaſt two thouſand laſhes. Not ſo, quoth *Sancho*; pray, be quiet, or, by the living god, the deaf ſhall hear us. The laſhes I ſtand engaged for muſt be voluntary, and not upon compulſion; and, at preſent, I have no inclination to whip myſelf: let it

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ſuffice, that I give your worſhip my word to flog and flay myſelf, when I have a diſpoſition to it. There is no leaving of it to your courteſy, *Sancho*, ſaid *Don Quixote*; for you are hard-hearted, and, though a peaſant, of very tender fleſh. Then he ſtruggled with *Sancho*, and endeavoured to untruſs him. Which *Sancho Pança* perceiving, he got upon his legs, and, cloſing with his maſter, he flung his arms about him, and, tripping up his heels, he laid him flat on his back, and, ſetting his right knee upon his breaſt, with his hands he held both his maſter's ſo faſt, that he could neither ſtir nor breathe. *Don Quixote* ſaid to him: How, traitor! do you rebel againſt your maſter and natural lord? do you lift up your hand againſt him who feeds you? I neither make nor unmake kings, anſwered *Sancho*: I only aſſiſt myſelf, who am my own lord. If your worſhip will promiſe me to be quiet, and not meddle with whipping me for the preſent, I will let you go free, and at your liberty: if not, here thou dieſt, traitor, enemy to *Donna Sancha*. *Don Quixote* promiſed him he would, and ſwore, by the life of his thoughts, he would not touch a hair of his garment, and would leave the whipping himſelf entirely to his own choice and free will, whenever he was ſo diſpoſed.

Sancho got up, and went aſide ſome little diſtance from thence; and, leaning againſt a tree, he felt ſomething touch his head, and, lifting up his hands, he felt a couple of feet dangling, with hoſe and ſhoes. He fell a trembling with fear; he went to another tree, and the like befel him again: he called out to *Don Quixote* for help. *Don Quixote*, going to him, aſked him, what the matter was, and what he was frighted at. *Sancho* anſwered, that all thoſe trees were full of men's legs and feet. *Don Quixote* felt them, and immediately gueſſed what it was, and ſaid to *Sancho*: You need not be afraid; for what you feel, without ſeeing, are, doubtleſs, the feet and legs of ſome robbers and *Banditti*, who are hanged upon theſe trees; for here the officers of juſtice hang them, when they can catch them, by twenties and thirties at a time, in cluſters:

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clusters: whence I guess I am not far from *Barcelona*. And, in truth, it was as he imagined.

And now, the day breaking, they lifted up their eyes, and perceived, that the clusters hanging on those trees were so many bodies of *Banditti:* and, if the dead had scared them, no less were they terrified by above forty living *Banditti*, who surrounded them unawares, bidding them in the *Catalan* tongue be quiet, and stand still till their captain came. *Don Quixote* was on foot, his horse unbridled, his launce leaning against a tree, and, in short, defenceless; and therefore he thought it best to cross his hands, and hang his head, reserving himself for a better opportunity and conjuncture. The robbers fell to rifling *Dapple*, and stripping him of every thing he carried in the wallet or the pillion; and it fell out luckily for *Sancho*, that he had secured the crowns given him by the duke, and those he brought from home, in a belt about his middle. But, for all that, these good folks would have searched and examined him, even to what lay hid between the skin and the flesh, had not their captain arrived just in the nick. He seemed to be about thirty four years of age, robust, above the middle size, of a grave aspect, and a brown complexion. He was mounted upon a a puissant steed, clad in a coat of mail, and armed with two case of pistols, or firelocks. He saw that his squires (for so they call men of that vocation) were going to plunder *Sancho Pança:* he commanded them to forbear, and was instantly obeyed, and so the surcingle escaped. He wondered to see a launce standing against a tree, a target on the ground, and *Don Quixote* in armour and pensive, with the most sad and melancholy countenance, that sadness itself could frame. He went up to him, and said: Be not so dejected, good Sir; for you are not fallen into the hands of a cruel *Ofiris*, but into those of *Roque Guinart*, who is more compassionate than cruel. My dejection, answered *Don Quixote*, is not upon account of my having fallen into your hands, O valorous *Roque*, whose renown no bounds on earth can limit, but for being so careless, that your soldiers surprized me, my horse unbridled;

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whereas I am bound, by the order of knight-errantry, which I profeſs, to be continually upon the watch, and, at all hours, my own centinel: for let me tell you, illuſtrious *Roque*, that, had they found me on horſeback, with my launce and my target, it had not been very eaſy for them to have made me ſurrender; for I am, *Don Quixote de la Mancha*, he, of whoſe exploits the whole globe is full. *Roque Guinart* preſently perceived that *Don Quixote*'s infirmity had in it more of madneſs than valour; and, though he had ſometimes heard him ſpoken of, he never took what was publiſhed of him for truth, nor could he perſuade himſelf, that ſuch an humour ſhould reign in the heart of man: ſo that he was extremely glad he had met with him, to be convinced near at hand of the truth of what he had heard at a diſtance; and therefore he ſaid to him: Be not concerned, valorous knight, nor look upon this accident as a piece of ſiniſter fortune; for it may chance, among theſe turnings and windings, that your crooked lot may be ſet to rights; for heaven, by ſtrange, unheard-of, and by men unimagined, ways, raiſes thoſe that are fallen, and enriches thoſe that are poor.

Don Quixote was juſt going to return him thanks, when they heard behind them a noiſe like that of a troop of horſes; but it was occaſioned by one only, upon which came, riding full ſpeed, a youth, ſeemingly about twenty years of age, clad in green damaſk with a gold-lace trimming, trowzers, and a looſe coat; his hat cocked in the walloon faſhion, with ſtreight waxed boots, and his ſpurs, dagger, and ſword gilt; a ſmall carabine in his hand, and a brace of piſtols by his ſide. *Roque* turned about his head at the noiſe, and ſaw this handſome figure, which, at coming up to him, ſaid: In queſt of you I come, O valorous *Roque*, hoping to find in you, if not a remedy, at leaſt ſome alleviation of my misfortune; and, not to keep you in ſuſpenſe, becauſe I perceive you do not know me, I will tell you who I am. I am *Claudia Jeronima*, daughter of *Simon Forte*, your ſingular friend, and particular enemy to *Clauquel Torellas*, who is alſo yours, being of the contrary faction: and you know, that this

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this *Torellas* has a ſon, called *Don Vincente de Torellas*, or at leaſt was called ſo not two hours ago. He then (to ſhorten the ſtory of my misfortune, I will tell you in few words what he has brought upon me) he, I ſay, ſaw me, and courted me: I hearkened to him, and fell in love with him, unknown to my father: for there is no woman, be ſhe never ſo retired, or never ſo reſerved, but has time enough to effect and put in execution her unruly deſires. In ſhort, he promiſed to be my ſpouſe, and I gave him my word to be his, without proceeding any farther. Yeſterday I was informed, that, forgetting his obligations to me, he had contracted himſelf to another, and, this morning, was going to be married. This news confounded me, and I loſt all patience; and, my father happening to be out of town, I had an opportunity of putting myſelf into this garb you ſee me in, and, ſpurring this horſe, I overtook *Don Vincente* about a league from hence, and, without urging reproaches, or hearing excuſes, I diſcharged this carabine, and this pair of piſtols into the bargain, and, as I believe, lodged more than a brace of balls in his body, opening a door, through which my honour, diſtained in his blood, might iſſue out. I left him among his ſervants, who durſt not, or could not, interpoſe in his defence. I am come to ſeek you, that by your means I may eſcape to *France*, where I have relations, and to intreat you likewiſe to protect my father, that the numerous relations of *Don Vincente* may not dare to take a cruel revenge upon him. *Roque*, ſurprized at the gallantry, bravery, fine ſhape, and ſucceſs of the beautiful *Claudia*, ſaid: Come, madam, and let us ſee, whether your enemy be dead, and afterwards we will conſider what is moſt proper to be done for you. *Don Quixote*, who had liſtened attentively to what *Claudia* had ſaid, and what *Roque Guinart* anſwered, ſaid: Let no one trouble himſelf about defending this lady; for I take it upon myſelf: give me my horſe and my arms, and ſtay here for me, while I go in queſt of this knight, and, dead or alive, make him fulfil his promiſe made to ſo much beauty. No body doubts that, quoth *Sancho*: my maſter

master has a special hand at match-making; for, not many days ago, he obliged another person to marry, who also had denied the promise he had given to another maiden; and, had not the enchanters, who persecute him, changed his true shape into that of a lacquey, at this very hour that same maiden would not have been one. *Roque*, who was more intent upon *Claudia*'s business, than the reasonings of master and man, understood them not; and, commanding his squires to restore to *Sancho* all they had taken from *Dapple*, ordering them likewise to retire to the place, where they had lodged the night before, he presently went off with *Claudia*, in all haste, in quest of the wounded or dead *Don Vincente*. They came to the place, where *Claudia* had encountered him, and found nothing there but blood newly spilt; then, looking round about them, as far as they could extend their sight, they discovered some people upon the side of a hill, and guessed (as indeed it proved) that it must be *Don Vincente*, whom his servants were carrying off, alive or dead, in order either to his cure, or his burial. They made all the haste they could to overtake them; which they easily did, the others going but softly. They found *Don Vincente* in the arms of his servants, and, with a low and feeble voice, desiring them to let him die there, for the anguish of his wounds would not permit him to go any further. *Claudia* and *Roque*, flinging themselves from their horses, drew near. The servants were startled at the sight of *Roque*, and *Claudia* was disturbed at that of *Don Vincente*: and so, divided betwixt tenderness and cruelty, she approached him, and, taking hold of his hand, she said: If you had given me this, according to our contract, you had not been reduced to this extremity. The wounded cavalier opened his almost closed eyes; and, knowing *Claudia*, he said: I perceive, fair and mistaken lady, that to your hand I owe my death; a punishment neither merited by me, nor due to my wishes; for neither my desires, nor my actions, could, or would, offend you. Is it not true then, said *Claudia*, that, this very morning, you were going to be married to *Leonora*, daughter of the rich

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Bakvaſtro? No, in truth, anſwered, *Don Vincente:* my evil fortune muſt have carried you that news, to excite your jealouſy to bereave me of life, which ſince I leave in your hands, and between your arms, I eſteem myſelf happy; and, to aſſure you of this truth, take my hand, and receive me for your huſband, if you are willing; for I can give you no greater ſatisfaction for the injury you imagine you have received. *Claudia* preſſed his hand, and ſo wrung her own heart, that ſhe fell into a ſwoon upon the bloody boſom of *Don Vincente*, and he into a mortal paroxyſm. *Roque* was confounded, and knew not what to do. The ſervants ran for water to fling in their faces, and, bringing it, ſprinkled them with it. *Claudia* returned from her ſwoon, but not *Don Vincente* from his mortal paroxyſm; for it put an end to his life. Which *Claudia* ſeeing, and being aſſured that her ſweet huſband was no longer alive, ſhe broke the air with her ſighs, wounded the heavens with her complaints, tore her hair and gave it to the winds, disfigured her face with her own hands, with all the ſigns of grief and affliction that can be imagined to proceed from a ſorrowful heart. O cruel and inconſiderate woman! ſaid ſhe: with what facility wert thou moved to put ſo evil a thought in execution! O raging force of jealouſy, to what a deſperate end doſt thou lead thoſe, who harbour thee in their breaſts! O my huſband! whoſe unhappy lot, for being mine, hath ſent thee, for thy bridal bed, to the grave! Such and ſo great were the lamentations of *Claudia*, that they extorted tears from the eyes of *Roque*, not accuſtomed to ſhed them upon any occaſion. The ſervants wept; *Claudia* fainted away at every ſtep, and all around ſeemed to be a field of ſorrow, and ſeat of misfortune. Finally, *Roque Guinart* ordered *Don Vincente*'s ſervants to carry his body to the place, where his father dwelt, which was not far off, there to give it burial. *Claudia* told *Roque*, ſhe would retire to a nunnery, of which an aunt of hers was abbeſs; where ſhe deſigned to end her life, in the company of a better and an eternal ſpouſe. *Roque* applauded her good intention, and offered to bear her company whitherſoever

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ever she pleased, and to defend her father against *Don Vincente*'s relations, and all who should desire to hurt him. *Claudia* would by no means accept of his company, and, thanking him for his offer in the best manner she could, took her leave of him weeping. *Don Vincente*'s servants carried off his body, and *Roque* returned to his companions. Thus ended the loves of *Claudia Jeronima:* and no wonder, since the web of her doleful history was woven by the cruel and irresistible hand of jealousy.

Roque Guinart found his squires in the place he had appointed them, and *Don Quixote* among them, mounted upon *Rozinante*, and making a speech, wherein he was persuading them to leave that kind of life, so dangerous both to soul and body. But, most of them being *Gascoons*, a rude and disorderly sort of people, *Don Quixote*'s harangue made little or no impression upon them. *Roque*, being arrived, demanded of *Sancho Pança*, whether they had returned and restored him all the moveables and jewels his folks had taken from *Dapple*. *Sancho* answered, they had, all but three night-caps, which were worth three cities. What does the fellow say? quoth one of the bystanders: I have them, and they are not worth three reals. That is true, quoth *Don Quixote*; but my squire values them at what he has said, for the sake of the person who gave them. *Roque Guinart* ordered them to be restored that moment, and, commanding his men to draw up in a line, he caused all the cloaths, jewels, and money, and in short all they had plundered since the last distribution, to be brought before them; and, making a short appraisement, and reducing the undividables into money, he shared it among his company, with so much equity and prudence, that he neither went beyond, nor fell the least short of, distributive justice. This done, with which all were paid, contented, and satisfied, *Roque* said to *Don Quixote:* if this punctuality were not strictly observed, there would be no living among these fellows. To which *Sancho* said: By what I have seen, justice is so good a thing, that it is necessary even among thieves

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thieves themſelves. One of the ſquires, hearing him, lifted up the butt end of a muſquet, and had doubtleſs ſplit *Sancho*'s head therewith, had not *Roque Guinart* called out aloud to him to forbear. *Sancho* was frighted, and reſolved not to open his lips while he continued among thoſe people.

At this juncture came two or three of the ſquires, who were poſted as centinels on the high-way, to obſerve travellers, and give notice to their chief of what paſſed, and ſaid to him: Not far from hence, Sir, in the road that leads to *Barcelona*, comes a great company of people. To which *Roque* replied: Have you diſtinguiſhed whether they are ſuch as ſeek us, or ſuch as we ſeek? Such as we ſeek, anſwered the ſquire. Then ſally forth, replied *Roque*, and bring them hither preſently, without letting one eſcape.

They obeyed, and *Don Quixote*, *Sancho*, and *Roque* remaining by themſelves, ſtood expecting what the ſquires would bring; and, in this interval, *Roque* ſaid to *Don Quixote*: This life of ours muſt needs ſeem very new to Signor *Don Quixote*; new adventures, new accidents, and all of them full of danger: nor do I wonder it ſhould appear ſo to you; for, I confeſs truly to you, there is no kind of life more unquiet, nor more full of alarms, than ours. I was led into it by I know not what deſire of revenge, which has force enough to diſturb the moſt ſedate minds. I am naturally compaſſionate and good natured: but, as I have ſaid, the deſire of revenging an injury done me ſo bears down this good inclination in me, that I perſevere in this ſtate, in ſpite of knowing better: and, as one miſchief draws after it another[1], and one ſin is followed by a ſecond, my revenges have been ſo linked together, that I not only take upon me my own, but thoſe of other people. But it pleaſes god, that, though I ſee myſelf in the midſt of this labyrinth of confuſions, I do not loſe the hope of arriving at laſt in a ſafe harbour. *Don Quixote* was

1 Literally: *One abyſs calls to another.* It is a ſcripture phraſe, borrowed from *Pſal.* xliii. 7. *Deep calleth unto deep*, or, according to the old verſion, *One deep calleth unto another.*

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in admiration to hear *Roque* talk ſuch good and ſound ſenſe; for he thought, that, amongſt thoſe of his trade of robbing, murthering, and way-laying, there could be none capable of ſerious reflection, and he anſwered: Signor *Roque*, the beginning of health conſiſts in the knowledge of the diſtemper, and in the patient's being willing to take the medicines preſcribed him by the phyſician. You are ſick; you know your diſeaſe; and heaven, or rather god, who is our phyſician, will apply medicines to heal you, ſuch as uſually heal gradually, by little and little, and not ſuddenly, and by miracle. Beſides, ſinners of good underſtanding are nearer to amendment than fooliſh ones; and ſince, by your diſcourſe, you have ſhewn your prudence, it remains only that you be of good cheer, and hope for a bettering of your conſcience; and, if you would ſhorten the way, and place yourſelf with eaſe in that of your ſalvation, come with me, and I will teach you to be a knight-errant; in which profeſſion there are ſo many troubles and diſaſters, that, being placed to the account of penance, they will carry you to heaven in two twinklings of an eye. *Roque* ſmiled at *Don Quixote*'s counſel, to whom, changing the diſcourſe, he related the tragical adventure of *Claudia Jeronima*, which extremely grieved *Sancho*, who did not diſlike the beauty, freedom, and ſprightlineſs of the young lady.

By this time the ſquires returned with their prize, bringing with them two gentlemen on horſeback, two pilgrims on foot, and a coach full of women, with about ſix ſervants, ſome on foot and ſome on horſeback, accompanying them, and two muletiers belonging to the gentlemen. The ſquires incloſed them round, the vanquiſhers and vanquiſhed keeping a profound ſilence, waiting till the great *Roque* ſhould ſpeak; who aſked the gentlemen, who they were, whither they were going, and what money they had. One of them anſwered: Sir, we are two captains of *Spaniſh* foot; our companies are at *Naples*, and we are going to embark in four gallies, which are ſaid to be at *Barcelona*, with orders to paſs over to *Sicily*. We have about two or three hundred crowns, with which we think ourſelves

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ſelves rich and happy, ſince the uſual penury of ſoldiers allows no greater treaſures. *Roque* put the ſame queſtion to the pilgrims, who replied, they were going to embark for *Rome*, and that, between them both, they might have about ſixty reals. He demanded alſo, who thoſe were in the coach, where they were going, and what money they carried: and one of thoſe on horſeback anſwered: The perſons in the coach are, my lady *Donna Guiomar de Quinones*, wife of the regent of the vicarſhip of *Naples*, a little daughter, a waiting-maid, and a *Duenna*. Six ſervants of us accompany them, and the money they carry is ſix hundred crowns. So that, quoth *Roque Guinart*, we have here nine hundred crowns, and ſixty reals: my ſoldiers are ſixty: ſee how much it comes to a-piece; for I am but an indifferent accomptant. The robbers, hearing him ſay this, lifted up their voices, ſaying; Long live *Roque Guinart*, in ſpite of all the wretches, who ſeek his deſtruction. The captains ſhewed ſigns of affliction, the lady regent was dejected, and the pilgrims were not at all pleaſed, at ſeeing the confiſcation of their effects. *Roque* held them thus for ſome time in ſuſpenſe, but would not let their ſorrow, which might be ſeen a muſquet-ſhot off, laſt any longer; and, turning to the captains, he ſaid: Be pleaſed, gentlemen, to do me the favour to lend me ſixty crowns, and you, lady regent, fourſcore, to ſatisfy this ſquadron of my followers; for, The abbot muſt eat, that ſings for his meat: and then you may depart free and unmoleſted, with a paſs I will give you, that if you meet with any more of my ſquadrons, which I keep in ſeveral diviſions up and down in theſe parts, they may not hurt you; for it is not my intention to wrong ſoldiers, nor any woman, eſpecially if ſhe be of quality. Infinite and well expreſſed were the thanks the captains returned *Roque* for his courteſy and liberality; for ſuch they eſteemed his leaving them part of their own money. *Donna Guiomar de Quinones* was ready to throw herſelf out of her coach, to kiſs the feet and hands of the great *Roque:* but he would in no wiſe conſent to it, but rather begged pardon for the injury he was forced to do them, in compliance with

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with the preciſe duty of his wicked office. The lady regent ordered one of her ſervants immediately to give the eighty crowns, her ſhare of the aſſeſſment, and the captains had already diſburſed their ſixty. The pilgrims were going to offer their little All: but *Roque* bid them ſtay a little, and, turning about to his men, he ſaid: Of theſe crowns, two fall to each man's ſhare, and twenty remain: let ten be given to theſe pilgrims, and the other ten to this honeſt ſquire, that he may have it in his power to ſpeak well of this adventure: and, calling for pen, ink, and paper, with which he always was provided, *Roque* gave them a paſs, directed to the chiefs of his band, and, taking leave of them, he let them go free, in admiration at his generoſity, his graceful deportment, and ſtrange procedure, and looking upon him rather as an *Alexander* the great, than a notorious robber. One of the ſquires ſaid, in his *Gaſcoon* and *Catalan* language: This captain of ours is fitter for a friar than a felon: for the future, if he has a mind to ſhew himſelf liberal, let it be of his own goods, and not of ours. The wretch ſpoke not ſo low, but *Roque* over-heard him, and, drawing his ſword, he almoſt cleft his head in two, ſaying: Thus I chaſtiſe the ill-tongued and ſawcy. All the reſt were frighted, and no one durſt utter a word; ſuch was the awe and obedience they were held in. *Roque* went a little aſide, and wrote a letter to a friend of his at *Barcelona*, acquainting him, that the famous *Don Quixote de la Mancha*, that knight-errant, of whom ſo many things were reported, was in his company; giving him to underſtand, that he was the pleaſanteſt and moſt ingenious perſon in the world; and that, four days after, on the feaſt of ſaint *John Baptiſt*, he would appear on the ſtrand of the city, armed at all points, mounted on his horſe *Rozinante*, and his ſquire *Sancho* upon an aſs; deſiring him to give notice thereof to his friends the *Niarri*, that they might make themſelves merry with him; and expreſſing his wiſhes that his enemies the *Cadelli* might not partake of the diverſion; though that was impoſſible, becauſe the wild extravagancies and diſtraction of *Don Quixote*, together with the witty ſayings

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sayings of his squire *Sancho Panza*, could not fail to give general pleasure to all the world. He dispatched this epistle by one of his squires; who, changing the habit of an out-law for that of a peasant, entered into *Barcelona*, and delivered it into the hands of the person it was directed to.

CHAP. IX.

Of what befel Don Quixote *at his entrance into* Barcelona, *with other events, more true than ingenious.*

THREE days and three nights *Don Quixote* stayed with *Roque*; and, had he stayed three hundred years, he would not have wanted subject matter for observation and admiration in his way of life. Here they lodge, there they dine: one while they fly, not knowing from whom; another, they lie in wait they know not for whom. They slept standing, with interrupted slumbers, and shifting from one place to another: they were perpetually sending out spies, posting centinels, blowing the matches of their musquets; though they had but few, most of them making use of firelocks. *Roque* passed the nights apart from his followers, in places to them unknown; for the many proclamations, the vice-roy of *Barcelona* had published against him, kept him in fear and disquiet, not daring to trust any body, and apprehensive lest his own men should either kill or deliver him up to justice, for the price set upon his head: a life truly miserable and irksome. In short, *Roque*, *Don Quixote*, and *Sancho*, attended by six other squires, set out for *Barcelona*, through unfrequented ways, short cuts, and covered paths. They arrived upon the strand on the eve of saint *John*, in the night-time; and *Roque*, embracing *Don Quixote* and *Sancho*, to whom he gave the ten crowns, promised, but not yet given him, he left them, with a thousand offers of service made on both sides.

Roque returned back, and *Don Quixote* staid expecting the day on horse-back, just as he was; and it was not

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not long, before the face of the beautiful *Aurora* began to diſcover itſelf through the balconies of the eaſt, rejoicing the graſs and the flowers, inſtead of rejoicing the ears; though, at the ſame inſtant, the ears alſo were rejoiced by the ſound of abundance of waits and kettle-drums, the jingling of morrice-bells, with the trampling of horſemen, ſeemingly coming out of the city. *Aurora* gave place to the ſun, which was riſing by degrees from below the horizon, with a face bigger than a target. *Don Quixote* and *Sancho*, caſting their eyes around on every ſide, ſaw the ſea, which 'till then they had never ſeen. It appeared to them very large and ſpacious, far exceeding the lakes of *Ruydera*, which they had ſeen in *la Mancha*. They ſaw the gallies lying cloſe to the ſhore, which, taking in their awnings, appeared full of ſtreamers and pennants trembling in the wind, and kiſſing and bruſhing the water. From within them ſounded clarions, trumpets, and waits, filling the air all around with ſweet and martial muſic. Preſently the gallies began to move, and to ſkirmiſh, as it were, on the ſtill waters: and, at the ſame time, correſponding with them, as it were, on the land, an infinite number of cavaliers, mounted on beautiful horſes, and attended with gay liveries, iſſued forth from the city. The ſoldiers, on board the gallies, diſcharged ſeveral rounds of cannon, which were anſwered by thoſe on the walls and forts of the city. The heavy artillery, with dreadful noiſe, rent the wind, which was eccho'd back by the cannon on the fore-caſtles of the gallies. The ſea was chearful, the land jocund, and the air bright, only now and then obſcured a little by the ſmoak of the artillery. All which together ſeemed to infuſe and engender a ſudden pleaſure in all the people. *Sancho* could not imagine, how thoſe bulks which moved backwards and forwards in the ſea, came to have ſo many legs.

By this time thoſe with the rich liveries came up on a full gallop, with *lelilies* and ſhouts after the *Moriſh* faſhion, to the place where *Don Quixote* was ſtanding, wrapped in wonder and ſurprize; and one of them (the perſon to whom *Roque* had ſent the letter) ſaid in a loud voice

voice to *Don Quixote:* Welcome to our city, the mirrour, the beacon, and polar ſtar of knight-errantry in its greateſt extent: welcome, I ſay, the valorous *Don Quixote de la Mancha;* not the ſpurious, the fictitious, the apocryphal, lately exhibited among us in lying hiſtories, but the true, the legitimate, the genuine, deſcribed to us by *Cid Hamet Ben-engeli,* the flower of hiſtorians. *Don Quixote* anſwered not a word, nor did the cavaliers wait for any anſwer; but, wheeling about and about with all their followers, they began to career, and curvet it round *Don Quixote,* who, turning to *Sancho,* ſaid: Theſe people ſeem to know us well: I will lay a wager they have read our hiſtory, and even that of the *Arragoneſe* lately printed. The gentleman, who ſpoke to *Don Quixote,* came to him again, and ſaid: Be pleaſed, Signor *Don Quixote,* to come along with us; for we are all very humble ſervants, and great friends, of *Roque Guinart.* To which *Don Quixote* replied; If courteſies beget courteſies, yours, good Sir, is daughter, or very near kinſwoman, to thoſe of the great *Roque:* conduct me whither you pleaſe; for I have no other will but yours, eſpecially if you pleaſe to employ it in your ſervice. The gentleman anſwered in expreſſions no leſs civil; and, incloſing him in the midſt of them, they all marched with him, to the ſound of waits and drums toward the city; at the entrance whereof, the wicked one, who is the author of all miſchief, ſo ordered it, that, among the boys, who are more wicked than the wicked one himſelf, two bold and unlucky rogues crouded through the preſs, and one of them lifting up *Dapple*'s tail, and the other that of *Rozinante,* they thruſt under each a handful of briars. The poor beaſts felt the new ſpurs, and by clapping their tails the cloſer augmented their ſmart, in ſuch ſort, that, after ſeveral plunges, they flung their riders to the ground. *Don Quixote,* out of countenance and affronted, haſtened to free his horſe's tail from this new plumage, and *Sancho* did the like by *Dapple.* Thoſe, who conducted *Don Quixote,* would have chaſtiſed the inſolence of the boys: but it was impoſſible; for they were ſoon loſt among above a thouſand

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thouſand more that followed them. *Don Quixote* and *Sancho* mounted again, and, with the ſame acclamations and muſic, arrived at their conductor's houſe, which was large and fair, ſuch, in ſhort, as became a gentleman of fortune: where we will leave them for the preſent; for ſo *Cid Hamet Ben-engeli* will have it.

CHAP. X.

Which treats of the adventure of the enchanted head, with other trifles, that muſt not be omitted.

DON QUIXOTE's hoſt was called *Don Antonio Moreno*, a rich and diſcreet gentleman, and a lover of mirth in a decent and civil way. And ſo, having now *Don Quixote* in his houſe, he began to contrive methods, how, without prejudice to his gueſt, he might take advantage of *Don Quixote*'s madneſs; for, jeſts that hurt are no jeſts, nor are thoſe paſtimes good for any thing, which turn to the detriment of a third perſon. The firſt thing therefore, he did, was, to cauſe *Don Quixote* to be unarmed, and expoſed to view in his ſtreight ſhamois doublet (as we have already deſcribed and painted it) in a balcony, which looked into one of the chief ſtreets of the city, in ſight of the populace and of the boys, who ſtood gazing at him, as if he had been a monkey. The cavaliers with their liveries began to career it afreſh before him, as if for him alone, and not in honour of that day's feſtival, they had provided them. *Sancho* was highly delighted, thinking he had found, without knowing how or which way, another *Camacho*'s wedding, another houſe like *Don Diego de Miranda*'s, and another caſtle like the duke's.

Several of *Don Antonio*'s friends dined with him that day, all honouring and treating *Don Quixote* as a knight-errant: at which he was ſo puffed up with vain glory, that he could ſcarce conceal the pleaſure it gave him. *Sancho*'s witty conceits were ſuch, and ſo many, that all the ſervants of the houſe hung as it were upon his lips, and ſo did all that heard him. While they were at table, *Don Antonio* ſaid to *Sancho*: We are told here, honeſt

honeſt *Sancho*, that you are ſo great a lover of capons and ſauſages, that, when you have filled your belly, you ſtuff your pockets with the remainder for next day. No, Sir, it is not ſo, anſwered *Sancho*; your worſhip is miſinformed; for I am more cleanly than gluttonous, and my maſter *Don Quixote*, here preſent, knows very well, how he and I often live eight days upon a handful of acorns or hazle-nuts: It is true, indeed, if it ſo falls out, that they give me a heifer, I make haſte with a halter; I mean, that I eat whatever is offered me, and take the times as I find them: and whoever has ſaid, that I am given to eat much, and am not cleanly, take it from me, he is very much out: and I would ſay this in another manner, were it not out of reſpect to the honourable beards here at table. In truth, quoth *Don Quixote*, *Sancho*'s parſimony and cleanlineſs in eating deſerve to be written and engraved on plates of braſs, to remain an eternal memorial for ages to come. I muſt confeſs, when he is hungry, he ſeems to be ſomewhat of a glutton; for he eats faſt, and chews on both ſides at once: but, as for cleanlineſs, he always ſtrictly obſerves it; and, when he was a governor, he learned to eat ſo nicely, that he took up grapes, and even the grains of a pomgranate, with the point of a fork. How, quoth *Don Antonio*, has *Sancho* then been a governor? Yes, anſwered *Sancho*, and of an iſland called *Barataria*. Ten days I governed it, at my own will and pleaſure, in which time I loſt my reſt, and learned to deſpiſe all the governments in the world: I fled away from it, and fell into a pit, where I looked upon myſelf as a dead man, and out of which I eſcaped alive by a miracle. *Don Quixote* related minutely all the circumſtances of *Sancho*'s government; which gave great pleaſure to the hearers.

The cloath being taken away, *Don Antonio*, taking *Don Quixote* by the hand, led him into a diſtant apartment, in which there was no other furniture, but a table, ſeemingly of jaſper, ſtanding upon a foot of the ſame: upon which there was placed, after the manner of the *Buſtos* of the *Roman* emperors, a head, which

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which ſeemed to be of braſs. *Don Antonio* walked with *Don Quixote* up and down the room, taking ſeveral turns about the table; after which he ſaid: Signor *Don Quixote*, now that I am aſſured no body is within hearing, and that the door is faſt, I will tell you one of the rareſt adventures, or rather one of the greateſt novelties, that can be imagined, upon condition, that what I ſhall tell you be depoſited in the inmoſt receſſes of ſecrecy. I ſwear it ſhall, anſwered *Don Quixote*, and I will clap a grave ſtone over it, for the greater ſecurity; for I would have your worſhip know, Signor *Don Antonio* (for by this time he had learned his name) that you are talking to one, who, though he has ears to hear, has no tongue to ſpeak; ſo that you may ſafely transfer whatever is in your breaſt into mine, and make account you have thrown it into the abyſs of ſilence. In confidence of this promiſe, anſwered *Don Antonio*, I will raiſe your admiration by what you ſhall ſee and hear, and procure myſelf ſome relief from the pain I ſuffer by not having ſomebody to communicate my ſecrets to, which are not to be truſted with every body. *Don Quixote* was in ſuſpenſe, expecting what ſo many precautions would end in. *Don Antonio* then, taking hold of his hand, made him paſs it over the brazen head, the table, and the jaſper pedeſtal it ſtood upon, and then ſaid: This head, Signor *Don Quixote*, was wrought and contrived by one of the greateſt enchanters and wizzards the world ever had. He was, I think, by birth a *Polander*, and diſciple of the famous *Eſcotillo* [1], of whom ſo many wonders are related. He was here in my houſe, and, for the reward of a thouſand crowns, made me this head, which has the virtue and property of anſwering to every queſtion aſked at its ear. After drawing figures, erecting ſchemes, and obſerving the ſtars, he brought it at length to the perfection we ſhall ſee to-morrow;

1 Or, *Little Scot*. *Cervantes* means *Michael Scotus*, who, being more knowing in natural and experimental philoſophy than was common in the dark ages of ignorance, paſſed for a magician; as friar *Bacon* and *Albert the great* did; of the firſt of whom (friar *Bacon*) a like ſtory of a brazen head is told.

for

for it is mute on *Fridays*, and, this happening to be *Friday*, we muſt wait 'till to-morrow. In the mean while you may bethink yourſelf what queſtions you will aſk; for I know by experience, it tells the truth in all its anſwers. *Don Quixote* wondered at the property and virtue of the head, and was ready to diſbelieve *Don Antonio:* but conſidering how ſhort a time was ſet for making the experiment, he would ſay no more, but only thanked him for having diſcovered to him ſo great a ſecret. They went out of the chamber: *Don Antonio* locked the door after him; and they came to the hall where the reſt of the gentlemen were, and in this time *Sancho* had recounted to them many of the adventures and accidents that had befallen his maſter.

That evening they carried *Don Quixote* abroad, to take the air, not armed, but dreſſed like a citizen in a long looſe garment of tawny-coloured cloth, which would have made froſt itſelf ſweat at that ſeaſon. They ordered their ſervants to entertain and amuſe *Sancho*, ſo as not to let him go out of doors. *Don Quixote* rode, not upon *Rozinante*, but upon a large eaſy paced mule, handſomely accoutered. In dreſſing him, unperceived by him, they pinned at his back a parchment, whereon was written in capital letters: *This is Don Quixote de la Mancha.* They no ſooner began their march, but the ſcroll drew the eyes of all that paſſed by, and they read aloud, *This is Don Quixote de la Mancha.* *Don Quixote* wondered that every body, who ſaw him, named and knew him; and, turning to *Don Antonio*, who was riding by his ſide, he ſaid: Great is the prerogative inherent in knight-errantry, ſince it makes all its profeſſors known and renowned throughout the limits of the earth: for, pray, obſerve, Signor *Don Antonio*, how the very boys of this city know me, without having ever ſeen me. It is true, Signor *Don Quixote*, anſwered *Don Antonio*; for, as fire cannot be hidden or confined, ſo virtue will be known: and that, which is obtained by the profeſſion of arms, ſhines with a brightneſs and luſtre ſuperior to that of all others.

Now it happened, that as *Don Quixote* was riding along, with the applauſe aforeſaid, a *Caſtilian*, who

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had read the label on his ſhoulders, lifted up his voice, ſaying: The devil take thee for *Don Quixote de la Mancha!* what! are you got hither, without being killed by the infinite number of bangs you have had upon your back? You are mad, and, were you ſo alone, and within the doors of your own folly, the miſchief were the leſs: but you have the property of converting into fools, and madmen, all that converſe, or have any communication with you; witneſs theſe gentlemen, who accompany you. Get you home, fool, and look after your eſtate, your wife and children, and leave off theſe vanities, which worm-eat your brain, and ſkim off the cream of your underſtanding. Brother, quoth *Don Antonio*, keep on your way, and do not be giving counſel to thoſe who do not aſk it. Signor *Don Quixote de la Mancha* is wiſe, and we who bear him company are not fools. Virtue challenges reſpect, wherever it is found: and begone in an evil hour, and meddle not where you are not called. Before god, anſwered the *Caſtilian*, your worſhip is in the right; for to give advice to this good man, is to kick againſt the pricks. But for all that, it grieves me very much, that the good ſenſe, it is ſaid this madman diſcovers in all other things, ſhould run to waſte through the channel of his knight-errantry: and the evil hour your worſhip wiſhed me, be to me and to all my deſcendants, if, from this day forward, though I ſhould live more years than *Methuſalem*, I give advice to any body, though they ſhould aſk it me. The adviſer departed: the proceſſion went on: but the boys and the people crowded ſo to read the ſcroll, that *Don Antonio* was forced to take it off, under pretence of taking off ſomething elſe.

Night came: the proceſſioners returned home, where was a ball of ladies: for *Don Antonio*'s wife, who was a lady of diſtinction, chearful, beautiful and diſcreet, had invited ſeveral of her friends, to honour her gueſt, and to entertain them with his unheard-of madneſs. Several ladies came: they ſupped ſplendidly, and the ball began about ten o'clock at night. Among the ladies, there were two of an arch and pleaſant diſpoſition, who, though they were very modeſt, ye: behaved with

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with more freedom than uſual, that the jeſt might divert without giving diſtaſte. Theſe were ſo eager to take *Don Quixote* out to dance, that they teized, not only his body, but his very ſoul. It was a perfect ſight to behold the figure of *Don Quixote*, long, lank, lean, and yellow, ſtraitened in his cloaths, awkward, and eſpecially not at all nimble. The ladies courted him, as it were, by ſtealth, and he diſdained them by ſtealth too. But, finding himſelf hard preſſed by their courtſhips, he exalted his voice, and ſaid: *Fugite, partes adverſæ*; leave me to my repoſe, ye unwelcome thoughts: avaunt, ladies, with your deſires; for ſhe, who is queen of mine, the peerleſs *Dulcinea del Toboſo*, will not conſent, that any others but her's ſhould ſubject and ſubdue me. And, ſo ſaying, he ſat down in the middle of the hall upon the floor, quite fatigued and disjointed by this dancing exerciſe. *Don Antonio* ordered the ſervants to take him up, and carry him to bed; and the firſt, who lent an helping hand, was *Sancho*, who ſaid: What, in god's name, maſter of mine, put you upon dancing? Think you that all who are valiant muſt be caperers, or all knights-errant dancing-maſters? If you think ſo, I ſay, you are miſtaken: I know thoſe, who would ſooner cut a giant's wind-pipe, than a caper. Had you been for the ſhoe-jig [1], I would have ſupplied your defect; for I ſlap it away like any jer-falcon: but, as for regular dancing, I cannot work a ſtitch at it. With this, and ſuch like talk, *Sancho* furniſhed matter of laughter to the company, and laid his maſter in bed, covering him up ſtoutly, that he might ſweat out the cold he might have got by his dancing.

The next day, *Don Antonio* thought fit to make experiment of the enchanted head; and ſo, with *Don Quixote*, *Sancho*, and two other friends, with the two ladies, who had worried *Don Quixote* in dancing (for they ſtayed that night with *Don Antonio*'s wife) he locked himſelf up in the room where the head ſtood. He told them the property it had, charged them all

1 In which the dancers ſlap the ſole of their ſhoe with the palm of their hand in time and meaſure.

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with the ſecret, and told them, this was the firſt day of his trying the virtue of that enchanted head. Nobody, but *Don Antonio*'s two friends, knew the trick of the enchantment; and, if *Don Antonio* had not firſt diſcovered it to them, they alſo would have been as much ſurprized as the reſt, it being impoſſible not to be ſo, ſo cunningly and curiouſly was it contrived. The firſt, who approached the ear of the head, was *Don Antonio* himſelf, who ſaid in a low voice, yet not ſo low but he was over-heard by them all: Tell me, head, by the virtue inherent in thee, what am I now thinking of? The head anſwered, without moving its lips, in a clear and diſtinct voice, ſo as to be heard by every body; I am no judge of thoughts. At hearing of which they were all aſtoniſhed, eſpecially ſince neither in the room, nor any where about the table, was there any human creature that could anſwer. How many of us are here? demanded *Don Antonio* again. Anſwer was made him in the ſame key: You and your wife, with two friends of yours, and two of hers, and a famous knight called *Don Quixote de la Mancha*, with a certain ſquire of his, *Sancho Pança* by name. Here was wondering indeed: here was every body's hair ſtanding on end out of pure affright. *Don Antonio*, going aſide at ſome diſtance from the head, ſaid: This is enough to aſſure me, I was not deceived by him, who ſold you to me, ſage head, ſpeaking head, anſwering head, and admirable head! Let ſome body elſe go, and aſk it what they pleaſe. Now, as women are commonly in haſte, and inquiſitive, the firſt, who went up to it, was one of the two friends of *Don Antonio*'s wife, and her queſtion was: Tell me, head, what ſhall I do to be very handſome? It was anſwered: Be very modeſt. I aſk you no more, ſaid the queriſt. Then her companion came up, and ſaid: I would know, head, whether my huſband loves me, or no. The anſwer was: You may eaſily know that by his uſage of you. The married woman, going aſide, ſaid: The queſtion might very well have been ſpared; for, in reality, a man's actions are the beſt interpreters of his affections. Then one of *Don Antonio*'s two friends

friends went and asked it: Who am I? The answer was: You know. I do not ask you that, answered the gentleman, but only, whether you know me? I do, replied the head; you are *Don Pedro Noriz*. I desire to hear no more, said he, since this is sufficient, O head, to convince me, that you know every thing. Then the other friend stepped up, and demanded: Tell me, head, what desires has my eldest son? It was answered: Have I not told you already, that I do not judge of thoughts? But for all that, I can tell you, that your son's desire is to bury you. It is so, quoth the gentleman; I see it with my eyes, and touch it with my finger, and I ask no more questions. Then came *Don Antonio*'s wife, and said: I know not, O head, what to ask you: only I would know of you, whether I shall enjoy my dear husband many years. The answer was: You shall; for his good constitution, and his temperate way of living, promise many years of life, which several are wont to shorten by intemperance. Next came *Don Quixote*, and said: Tell me, O answerer, was it truth, or a dream, what I related as having befallen me in *Montesinos*'s cave? Will the whipping of *Sancho*, my squire, be certainly fulfilled? Will the disenchantment of *Dulcinea* take effect? As to the business of the cave, it was answered, there is much to be said: it has something of both: *Sancho*'s whipping will go on but slowly: the disenchantment of *Dulcinea* will be brought about in due time. I desire to know no more, quoth *Don Quixote*; for, so I may but see *Dulcinea* disenchanted, I shall make account, that all the good fortune I can desire comes upon me at a clap. The last queriſt was *Sancho*, and his question was this: Head, shall I, peradventure, get another government? Shall I quit the penurious life of a squire? Shall I return to see my wife and children? To which it was answered: You shall govern in your own house, and, if you return to it, you shall see your wife and your children, and, quitting service, you shall cease to be a squire. Very good, in faith, quoth *Sancho Panca*; I could have told myself as much, and the prophet *Perogrullo* could have told me no more.

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Beaſt, quoth *Don Quixote*, what anſwer would you have? Is it not enough, that the anſwers this head returns correſpond to the queſtions put to it? Yes, it is enough, anſwered *Sancho:* but I wiſh it had explained itſelf, and told me a little more.

Thus ended the queſtions and anſwers, but not the amazement of the whole company, excepting *Don Antonio*'s two friends, who knew the ſecret: which *Cid Hamet Ben-engeli* would immediately diſcover, not to keep the world in ſuſpenſe, believing there was ſome witchcraft, or extraordinary myſtery, concealed in that head: and therefore he ſays, that *Don Antonio Moreno* procured it to be made, in imitation of another head he had ſeen at *Madrid*, made by a ſtatuary, for his own diverſion, and to ſurprize the ignorant: and the machine was contrived in this manner. The table was of wood, painted, and varniſhed over like jaſper; and the foot it ſtood upon was of the ſame, with four eagle-claws, to make it ſtand the firmer, and bear the weight the better. The head, reſembling that of a *Roman* emperor, and coloured like copper, was hollow, and ſo was the table itſelf, in which the buſto was ſo exactly fixed, that no ſign of a joint appeared. The foot alſo was hollow, and anſwered to the neck and breaſt of the head; and all this correſponding with another chamber juſt under that where the head ſtood. Through all this hollow of the foot, table, neck, and breaſt of the figure aforeſaid, went a pipe of tin, which could not be ſeen. The anſwerer was placed in the chamber underneath, with his mouth cloſe to the pipe, ſo that the voice deſcended and aſcended in clear and articulate ſounds, as through a ſpeaking trumpet; and thus it was impoſſible to diſcover the juggle. A nephew of *Don Antonio*'s, a ſtudent acute and diſcreet, was the reſpondent; who being informed before hand by his uncle, who were to be with him that day in the chamber of the head, could eaſily anſwer, readily and exactly, to the firſt queſtion: to the reſt he anſwered by conjectures, and as a diſcreet perſon, diſcreetly. *Cid Hamet* ſays farther, that this wonderful machine laſted about eight or ten days: but, it being divulged up and down the city,

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city, that *Don Antonio* kept in his house an enchanted head, which answered to all questions, he, fearing left it should come to the ears of the watchful centinels of our faith, acquainted the gentlemen of the inquisition with the secret; who ordered him to break it in pieces, left the ignorant vulgar should be scandalized at it: but still, in the opinion of *Don Quixote* and of *Sancho Panca* the head continued to be enchanted, and an answerer of questions, more indeed to the satisfaction of *Don Quixote* than of *Sancho*.

The gentlemen of the town, in complaisance to *Don Antonio*, and for the better entertainment of *Don Quixote*, as well as to give him an opportunity of discovering his follies, appointed a running at the ring six days after, which was disappointed by an accident that will be told hereafter. *Don Quixote* had a mind to walk about the town, without ceremony, and on foot, apprehending, that, if he went on horse-back, he should be persecuted by the boys: and so he and *Sancho*, with two servants assigned him by *Don Antonio*, walked out to make the tour. Now it fell out, that as they passed through a certain street, *Don Quixote*, lifting up his eyes, saw written over a door in very large letters; *Here books are printed*. At which he was much pleased, for 'till then he had never seen any printing, and was desirous to know how it was performed. In he went with all his retinue, and saw drawing off the sheets in one place, correcting in another, composing in this, revising in that, in short, all the machinery to be seen in great printing-houses. *Don Quixote* went to one of the boxes, and asked, what they had in hand there. The workman told him: he wondered, and went on. He came to another box, and asked one, what he was doing. The workman answered: Sir, that gentleman yonder (pointing to a man of a good person and appearance, and of some gravity) has translated an *Italian* book into our *Castilian* language, and I am composing it here for the press. What title has the book? demanded *Don Quixote*. To which the author answered: Sir, the book in *Italian* is called, *Le Bagatelle*. And what answers to *Bagatelle* in our *Castilian*? quoth *Don Quixote*. *Le*

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Bagatelle, ſaid the author, is, as if we ſhould ſay, *Trifles*. But, though its title be mean, it contains many very good and ſubſtantial things. Quoth *Don Quixote*; I know a little of the *Tuſcan* language, and value myſelf upon ſinging ſome ſtanzas of *Arioſto*. But, good Sir, pray, tell me (and I do not ſay this with deſign to examine your ſkill, but out of curioſity, and nothing elſe) in the courſe of your writing, have you ever met with the word *Pignata*? Yes, often, replied the author. And how do you tranſlate it in *Caſtilian*? quoth *Don Quixote*. How ſhould I tranſlate it, replied the author, but by the word *Olla*? Body of me, ſaid *Don Quixote*, what a progreſs has your worſhip made in the *Tuſcan* language! I would venture a good wager, that, where the *Tuſcan* ſays *Piace*, you ſay, in *Caſtilian*, *Plaze*; and where it ſays *Più*, you ſay *Mas*; and *Su* you tranſlate *Arriba*, and *Giù* by *Abaxo*[1]. I do ſo, moſt certainly, quoth the author; for theſe are their proper renderings. I dare ſwear, quoth *Don Quixote*, you are not known in the world, which is ever an enemy to rewarding florid wits, and laudable pains. What abilities are loſt, what geniuſes cooped up, and what virtues undervalued! But, for all that, I cannot but be of opinion, that, tranſlating out of one language into another, unleſs it be from thoſe queens of the languages, *Greek* and *Latin*, is like ſetting to view the wrong ſide of a piece of tapeſtry, where, tho' the figures are ſeen, they are full of ends and threads, which obſcure them, and are not ſeen with the ſmoothneſs and evenneſs of the right ſide. And the tranſlating out of eaſy languages ſhews neither genius nor elocution, any more than tranſcribing one paper from another. But I would not from hence infer, that tranſlating is not a laudable exerciſe; for a man may be employed in things of worſe conſequence, and leſs advantage. Out of this account are excepted the two celebrated tranſlators, doctor *Chriſtopher de Figueroa* in his

1 The *Engliſh* reader will excuſe the not explaining a piece of criticiſm, which could afford him neither inſtruction nor entertainment.

Paſtor

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Paſtor Fido, and *Don John de Xaurigui* in his *Aminta*[1]; in which, with a curious felicity, they bring it in doubt, which is the tranſlation, and which the original. But, tell me, Sir, is this book printed on your own account, or have you ſold the copy to ſome bookſeller? I print it on my own account, anſwered the author, and I expect to get a thouſand ducats by this firſt impreſſion, of which there will be two thouſand copies, and they will go off, at ſix reals a ſet, in a trice. You are very right, Sir, anſwered *Don Quixote:* it is pretty plain you know much of the turns and doubles of the bookſellers, and the combination there is among them. I promiſe you, when you find the weight of two thouſand volumes upon your back, it will ſo depreſs you, that you will be frighted, eſpecially if the book be any thing dull, or not over ſprightly. What! Sir, quoth the author, would you have me make over my right to the bookſeller, who, perhaps will give me three maravedis for it, and even think he does me a kindneſs in giving me ſo much? I print no more books to purchaſe fame in the world; for I am already ſufficiently known by my works. Profit I ſeek, without which fame is not worth a farthing. God ſend you good ſucceſs, anſwered *Don Quixote*; and, going on to another box, he ſaw they were correcting a ſheet of another book, intitled, *The light of the ſoul.* And ſeeing it, he ſaid: Theſe kind of books, though there are a great many of them abroad, are thoſe that ought to be printed; for there are abundance of ſinners up and down, and ſo many benighted perſons ſtand in need of an infinite number of lights. He went forward, and ſaw they were correcting another book, and aſking its title, he was anſwered, that it was called *The ſecond part of the ingenious gentleman* Don Quixote de la Mancha, written by ſuch a one, an inhabitant of *Tordeſillas.* I know ſomething of that book, quoth *Don Quixote*, and, in truth and on my conſcience, I thought it had been burnt before now,

1 The author muſt have ſeen it in manuſcript; for it came not out at *Sevil* 'till three years after, in 1628. The *Paſtor Fido* had been publiſhed ſix years before at *Valencia*.

and reduced to aſhes, for its impertinence: but its *Martinmaſs* will come, as it does to every hog[1]: for all fabulous hiſtories are ſo far good and entertaining, as they come near the truth, or the reſemblance of it; and true hiſtories themſelves are ſo much the better, by how much the truer. And, ſo ſaying, he went out of the printing-houſe with ſome ſhew of diſguſt: and that ſame day *Don Antonio* purpoſed to carry him to ſee the gallies, which lay in the road, whereat *Sancho* rejoiced much, having never in his life ſeen any. *Don Antonio* gave notice to the commodore of the four gallies, that he would bring his gueſt, the renowned *Don Quixote de la Mancha*, that afternoon to ſee them, of whom the commodore, and all the inhabitants of the city, had ſome knowledge; and what befel him there, ſhall be told in the following chapter.

CHAP. XI.

Of the unlucky accident which befel Sancho Pança, *in viſiting the gallies, and the ſtrange adventure of the beautiful* Moriſca.

MANY were the reflections *Don Quixote* made upon the anſwers of the enchanted head, none of them hitting upon the trick of it, and all centering in the promiſe, which he looked upon as certain, of the diſenchantment of *Dulcinea*. He rejoiced within himſelf, believing he ſhould ſoon ſee the accompliſhment of it; and *Sancho*, though he abhorred being a governor, as has been ſaid, had ſtill a deſire to command again, and be obeyed: ſuch is the misfortune power brings along with it, though but in *jeſt*. In ſhort, that evening, *Don Antonio Moreno*, and his two friends, with *Don Quixote* and *Sancho*, went to the gallies. The commodore of the four gallies, who had notice of th. coming of the two famous perſonages, *Quixote* and *Sancho*, no ſooner perceived them ap-

[1] *Martinmas*, or about the feaſt of St. *Martin*, is the time for making bacon for winter.

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proach the shore, but he ordered all the gallies to strike their awnings, and the waits to play: and immediately he sent out the pinnace, covered with rich carpets, and furnished with cushions of crimson velvet; and, just as *Don Quixote* set his foot in it, the captain-galley discharged her fore-castle piece, and the other gallies did the like; and, at his mounting the ladder on the star-board side, all the crew of slaves saluted him, as the custom is, when a person of rank comes on board, with three *Hu, hu, hu's*. The general (for so we shall call him) who was a gentleman of quality of *Valencia*, gave *Don Quixote* his hand, and embraced him, saying: This day will I mark with a white stone, as one of the best I ever wish to see while I live, having seen *Don Quixote de la Mancha*, in whom is comprised and abridged the whole worth of knight-errantry. *Don Quixote* answered him in expressions no less courteous, being overjoyed to find himself treated so like a lord. All the company went to the poop, which was finely adorned, and seated themselves upon the lockers. The boatswain passed along the middle gang-way, and gave the signal, with his whistle, for the slaves to strip; which was done in an instant. *Sancho*, seeing so many men in buff, was frighted, and more so, when he saw them spread an awning so swiftly over the galley, that he thought all the devils in hell were there at work. But all this was tarts and cheese-cakes to what I am going to relate:

Sancho was seated near the stern, on the right hand, close to the hindmost rower, who being instructed what he was to do, laid hold on *Sancho*, and lifted him up in his arms. Then the whole crew of slaves standing up, and beginning from the right side, passed him from bank to bank, and from hand to hand, so swiftly, that poor *Sancho* lost the very sight of his eyes, and verily thought the devils themselves were carrying him away; and they had not done with him, 'till they brought him round by the left side, and replaced him at the stern. The poor wretch remained bruised, out of breath, and in a cold sweat, without being able to imagine what had befallen him. *Don Quixote*, who beheld *Sancho*'s flight without wings, asked the general if that

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was a ceremony commonly uſed at people's firſt coming aboard the gallies: for, if ſo, he, who had no intention of making profeſſion[1] in them, had no inclination to perform the like exerciſes, and vowed to god, that, if any one preſumed to lay hold of him to toſs him, he would kick their ſouls out. And, ſaying this, he ſtood up, and laid his hand on his ſword. At that inſtant they ſtruck the awning, and, with a great noiſe, let fall the main-yard from the top of the maſt to the bottom. *Sancho* thought the ſky was falling off its hinges, and tumbling upon his head, and, ſhrinking it down, he clapped it for fear between his legs. *Don Quixote* knew not what to think of it, and he too quaked, ſhrugged his ſhoulders, and changed countenance. The ſlaves hoiſted the main-yard with the ſame ſwiftneſs and noiſe they had ſtruck it; and all this without ſpeaking a word, as if they had neither voice nor breath. The boatſwain made a ſignal for weighing anchor, and, jumping into the middle of the forecaſtle, with his bull's-pizzle, he began to fly-flap the ſhoulders of the ſlaves at the oar, and, by little and little, to put off to ſea. *Sancho* ſeeing ſo many red feet (for ſuch he took the oars to be) move all together, ſaid to himſelf: Ay, theſe are enchanted things indeed, and not thoſe my maſter talks of. What have theſe unhappy wretches done to be whipped at this rate? and how has this one man, who goes whiſtling up and down, the boldneſs to whip ſo many? I maintain it, this is hell, or purgatory at leaſt. *Don Quixote*, ſeeing with what attention *Sancho* obſerved all that paſſed, ſaid: Ah, friend *Sancho*, how quickly and how cheaply might you, if you would, ſtrip to the waiſt, and, placing yourſelf among theſe gentlemen, put an end to the enchantment of *Dulcinea*! for, having ſo many companions in pain, your would feel but little of your own: beſides, perhaps the ſage *Merlin* would take every laſh of theirs, coming from ſo good a hand, upon account for ten of thoſe you muſt, one day or other, give yourſelf.

1 A term borrowed from the admiſſion of friars, &c. into monaſteries.

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The general would have aſked what laſhes he ſpoke of, and what he meant by the diſenchantment of *Dulcinea*; when a mariner ſaid: The fort of *Montjuy* makes a ſignal, that there is a veſſel with oars on the coaſt, on the weſtern ſide. The general, hearing this, leaped upon the middle gang-way, and ſaid: Pull away, my lads, let her not eſcape us: it muſt be ſome brigantine belonging to the corſairs of *Algiers*, that the fort makes the ſignal for. Then the other three gallies came up with the captain, to receive his orders. The general commanded, that two of them ſhould put out to ſea as faſt as they could, and he with the other would go along ſhore, and ſo the veſſel could not eſcape. The crew plied the oars, impelling the gallies with ſuch violence, that they ſeemed to fly. Thoſe that ſtood out to ſea, about two miles off, diſcovered a ſail, which they judged to carry about fourteen or fifteen banks of oars; and ſo it proved to be. The veſſel, diſcovering the gallies, put herſelf in chace, with deſign and in hope to get away by her ſwiftneſs. But unfortunately for her, the captain-galley happened to be one of the ſwifteſt veſſels upon the ſea, and therefore gained upon the brigantine ſo faſt, that the corſairs ſaw they could not eſcape, and ſo the maſter of her ordered his men to drop their oars, and yield themſelves priſoners, that they might not exaſperate the captain of our gallies. But fortune, that would have it otherwiſe, ſo ordered, that, juſt as the captain-galley came ſo near, that the corſairs could hear a voice from her, calling to them to ſurrender, two *Toraquis*, that is to ſay, two *Turks*, that were drunk, who came in the brigantine with twelve others, diſcharged two muſquets, with which they killed two of our ſoldiers upon the prow. Which the general ſeeing, he ſwore not to leave a man alive he ſhould take in the veſſel, and coming up with all fury to board her, ſhe ſlipped away under the oars of the galley. The galley run a-head a good way: they in the veſſel, perceiving they were got clear, made all the way they could while the galley was coming about, and again put themſelves in chace with oars and ſails. But their diligence did them not ſo much good,

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as their preſumption did them harm: for the captain-galley, overtaking them in little more than half a mile, clapped her oars on the veſſel, and took them all alive.

By this time the two other gallies were come up, and all four returned with their prize to the ſtrand, where a vaſt concourſe of people ſtood expecting them, deſirous to ſee what they had taken. The general caſt anchor near the land, and, knowing that the viceroy was upon the ſhore, he ordered out the boat to bring him on board, and commanded the main-yard to be let down, immediately to hang thereon the maſter of the veſſel, and the reſt of the *Turks* he had taken in her, being about ſix and thirty perſons, all briſk fellows, and moſt of them *Turkiſh* muſqueteers. The general enquired which was the maſter of the brigantine, and one of the captives, who afterwards appeared to be a *Spaniſh* renegado, anſwered him in *Caſtilian*: This youth, Sir, you ſee here, is our maſter; pointing to one of the moſt beautiful, and moſt graceful young men that human imagination could paint. His age, in appearance, did not reach twenty years. The general ſaid to him: Tell me, ill-adviſed dog, what moved you to kill my ſoldiers, when you ſaw it was impoſſible to eſcape? Is this the reſpect paid to captain-galleys? Know you not that temerity is not valour, and that doubtful hopes ſhould make men daring, but not raſh? The youth would have replied; but the general could not hear him then, by reaſon he was going to receive the viceroy, who was juſt then entering the galley; with whom there came ſeveral of his ſervants, and ſome people of the town. You have had a fine chace of it, Signor general, ſaid the viceroy. So fine, anſwered the general, that your excellency ſhall preſently ſee it hanged up at the yard-arm. How ſo? replied the viceroy. Becauſe, replied the general, againſt all law, againſt all reaſon, and the cuſtom of war, they have killed me two of the beſt ſoldiers belonging to the gallies, and I have ſworn to hang every man I took priſoner, eſpecially this youth here, who is maſter of the brigantine; pointing to one who had his hands already tied, and

a rope

a rope about his neck, and ſtood expecting death. The viceroy looked at him, and, ſeeing him ſo beautiful, ſo genteel, and ſo humble (his beauty giving him in that inſtant a kind of letter of recommendation) he had a mind to ſave him, and therefore he aſked him: Tell me, Sir, are you a *Turk*, a *Moor*, or a renegado? To which the youth anſwered in the *Caſtilian* tongue: I am neither a *Turk*, nor a *Moor*, nor a renegado. What are you then? replied the viceroy. A chriſtian woman, anſwered the youth. A chriſtian woman, in ſuch a garb, and in ſuch circumſtances, ſaid the viceroy, is a thing rather to be wondered at than believed. Gentlemen, ſaid the youth, ſuſpend the execution of my death: it will be no great loſs, to defer your revenge, while I recount the ſtory of my life. What heart could be ſo hard, as not to relent at theſe expreſſions, at leaſt ſo far as to hear what the ſad and afflicted youth had to ſay? The general bid him ſay what he pleaſed, but not to expect pardon for his notorious offence. With this licence the youth began his ſtory in the following manner.

I was born of *Mooriſh* parents, of that nation more unhappy than wiſe, ſo lately overwhelmed under a ſea of misfortunes. In the current of their calamity, I was carried away by two of my uncles into *Barbary*, it availing me nothing to ſay I was a chriſtian, as indeed I am, and not of the feigned or pretended, but of the true and catholic ones. The diſcovery of this truth had no influence on thoſe, who were charged with our unhappy baniſhment; nor would my uncles believe it, but rather took it for a lye, and an invention of mine, in order to remain in the country where I was born; and ſo, by force rather than by my good will, they carried me with them. My mother was a chriſtian, and my father a diſcreet man, and a chriſtian too. I ſucked in the catholic faith with my milk. I was virtuouſly brought up, and, neither in my language nor behaviour, did I, as I thought, give any indication of being a *Moriſco*. My beauty, if I have any, grew up, and kept equal pace with theſe virtues: for ſuch I believe them to be: and, though my modeſty and reſerve were

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were great, I could not avoid being ſeen by a young gentleman, called *Don Gaſpar Gregorio*, eldeſt ſon of a perſon of diſtinction, whoſe eſtate joins to our town. How he ſaw me, how we converſed together, how he was undone for me, and how I was little leſs for him, would be tedious to relate, eſpecially at a time when I am under apprehenſion, that the cruel cord, which threatens me, may interpoſe between my tongue and my throat; and therefore I will only ſay, that *Don Gregorio* reſolved to bear me company in our baniſhment. And ſo, mingling with the *Moors*, who came from other towns (for he ſpoke the language well) in the journey he contracted an intimacy with my two uncles, who had the charge of me: for my father, being a prudent and provident perſon, as ſoon as he ſaw the firſt edict for our baniſhment, left the town, and went to ſeek ſome place of refuge for us in foreign kingdoms. He left a great number of pearls, and precious ſtones of great value, hid and buried in a certain place, known to me only, with ſome money in cruſadoes and piſtoles of gold, commanding me in no wiſe to touch the treaſure he left, if peradventure we ſhould be baniſhed before he returned. I obeyed, and paſſed over into *Barbary* with my uncles, and other relations and acquaintance, as I have already ſaid; and the place we ſettled in was *Algiers*, or rather hell itſelf. The king heard of my beauty, and fame told him of my riches, which partly proved my good fortune. He ſent for me, and aſked me, of what part of *Spain* I was, and what money and jewels I had brought with me. I told him the town, and that the jewels and money were buried in it; but that they might eaſily be brought off, if I myſelf went to fetch them. All this I told him, in hopes that his own covetouſneſs, more than my beauty, would blind him. While he was thus diſcourſing with me, information was given him, that one of the genteeleſt and handſomeſt youths imaginable came in my company. I preſently underſtood, that they meant *Don Gaſpar Gregorio*, whoſe beauty is beyond all poſſibility of exaggeration. I was greatly diſturbed, when I conſidered the danger *Don Gregorio* was in: for, among

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among thoſe barbarous *Turks*, a beautiful boy or youth is more valued and eſteemed, than a woman, be ſhe never ſo beautiful. The king commanded him to be immediately brought before him, that he might ſee him, and aſked me if it was true, what he was told of that youth. I, as if inſpired by heaven, anſwered: Yes, it was; but that I muſt inform him, he was not a man, but a woman, as I was; and I requeſted, that he would let me go and dreſs her in her proper garb, that ſhe might ſhine in full beauty, and appear in his preſence with the leſs concern. He ſaid I might go in a good hour, and that next day he would talk with me of the manner how I might conveniently return to *Spain*, to get the hidden treaſure. I conſulted with *Don Gaſpar*: I told him the danger he ran in appearing as a man: and I dreſſed him like a *Moriſca*, and that very afternoon introduced him as a woman to the king, who was in admiration at the ſight of her, and propoſed to reſerve her for a preſent to the grand Signor; and, to prevent the riſque ſhe might run in the Seraglio among his own wives, and diſtruſting himſelf, he ordered her to be lodged in the houſe of a *Mooriſh* lady of quality, there to be kept and waited upon: whither ſhe was inſtantly conveyed. What we both felt (for I cannot deny that I love him) I leave to the conſideration of thoſe, who mutually love each other, and are forced to part. The king preſently gave order for my returning to *Spain* in this brigantine, accompanied by two *Turks*, being thoſe who killed your ſoldiers. There came with me alſo this *Spaniſh* renegado (pointing to him, who ſpoke firſt) whom I certainly know to be a chriſtian in his heart, and that he comes with a greater deſire to ſtay in *Spain*, than to return to *Barbary*. The reſt of the ſhip's crew are *Moors* and *Turks*, who ſerve for nothing but to row at the oar. The two drunken and inſolent *Turks*, diſobeying the orders given them to ſet me and the renegado on ſhore, in the firſt place of *Spain* we ſhould touch upon, in the habit of chriſtians (with which we came provided) would needs firſt ſcour the coaſt, and make ſome prize, if they could, fearing, if they ſhould land us firſt, we might be

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be induced by some accident or other to discover that such a vessel was at sea, and, if perchance there were any gallies abroad upon this coast, she might be taken. Last night we made this shore, and not knowing any thing of these four gallies, were discovered ourselves, and what you have seen has befallen us. In short, *Don Gregorio* remains among the women, in woman's attire, and in manifest danger of being undone; and I find myself, with my hands tied, expecting, or rather fearing, to lose that life, of which I am already weary. This, Sir, is the conclusion of my lamentable story, as true as unfortunate. What I beg of you, is, that you will suffer me to die like a christian, since, as I have told you, I am no wise chargeable with the blame, into which those of my nation have fallen. Here she held her peace, her eyes pregnant with tender tears, which were accompanied by many of those of the standers by.

The viceroy being of a tender and compassionate disposition, without speaking a word, went to her, and with his own hands unbound the cord, that tied the beautiful ones of the fair *Morisca*. While the *Morisean* christian was relating her strange story, an old pilgrim, who came aboard the galley with the viceroy, fastened his eyes on her, and, scarcely had she made an end, when, throwing himself at her feet, and embracing them, with words interrupted by a thousand sobs and sighs, he said: O *Anna Felix!* my unhappy daughter! I am thy father *Ricote*, who am returned to seek thee, not being able to live without thee, who art my very soul. At which words *Sancho* opened his eyes, and lifted up his head, which he was holding down ruminating upon his late disgrace; and looking at the pilgrim, he knew him to be the very *Ricote*, he met with upon the day he left his government, and was persuaded this must be his daughter: who, being now unbound, embraced her father, mingling her tears with his. *Ricote* said to the general and the viceroy: This, Sirs, is my daughter, happy in her name alone: *Anna Felix* she is called, with the surname of *Ricote*, as famous for her own beauty, as for her father's riches.

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I left my native country, to ſeek, in foreign kingdoms, ſome ſhelter, and ſafe retreat, and, having found one in *Germany*, I returned, in this pilgrim's weed, in the company of ſome *Germans*, in queſt of my daughter, and to take up a great deal of wealth I had left buried. My daughter I found not; but the treaſure I did, and have it in my poſſeſſion: and now, by the ſtrange turn of fortune you have ſeen, I have found the treaſure, which moſt enriches me, my beloved daughter. If our innocence, and her tears and mine, through the uprightneſs of your juſtice, can open the gates of mercy, let us partake of it, who never had a thought of offending you, nor in any ways conſpired with the deſigns of our people, who have been juſtly baniſhed. Then ſaid *Sancho*; I know *Ricote* very well, and am ſure what he ſays of *Anna Felix*'s being his daughter, is true: but as for the other idle ſtories of his going and coming, or of his having a good or bad intention, I meddle not with them. All that were preſent admired at the ſtrangeneſs of the caſe, and the general ſaid: Each tear of yours hinders me from fulfilling my oath: live, fair *Anna Felix*, all the years heaven has allotted you, and let the daring and the inſolent undergo the puniſhment their crime deſerves. Immediately he ordered, that the two *Turks*, who had killed his ſoldiers, ſhould be hanged at the yard-arm. But the viceroy earneſtly entreated him not to hang them, their fault being rather the effect of madneſs than of valour. The general yielded to the viceroy's requeſt; for it is not eaſy to execute revenge in cold blood. Then they conſulted how to deliver *Don Gaſpar Gregorio* from the danger he was left in. *Ricote* offered above two thouſand ducats, which he had in pearls and jewels, towards it. Several expedients were propoſed, but none ſo likely to ſucceed as that of the *Spaniſh* renegado afore-mentioned, who offered to return to *Algiers* in a ſmall bark of about eight banks, armed with chriſtian rowers; for he knew where, how, and when he might land; nor was he ignorant of the houſe in which *Don Gaſpar* was kept. The general and the viceroy were in doubt whether they ſhould rely on the renegado, or truſt him with the chriſtians,

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chriſtians, who were to row at the oar. *Anna Felix* anſwered for him, and her father *Ricote* ſaid, he would be anſwerable for the ranſom of thoſe chriſtians, if they ſhould be betrayed. Matters being thus ſettled, the viceroy went aſhore, and *Don Antonio Moreno* took the *Moriſca* and her father along with him, the viceroy charging him to regale and welcome them, as much as poſſible, offering, on his own part, whatever his houſe afforded for their better entertainment: ſo great was the kindneſs and charity that the beauty of *Anna Felix* infuſed into his breaſt.

CHAP. XII.

Treating of the adventure, which gave Don Quixote *more ſorrow than any which had hitherto befallen him.*

THE hiſtory relates that the wife of *Don Antonio Moreno* took a great deal of pleaſure in ſeeing *Anna Felix* in her houſe. She gave her a kind welcome, enamoured as well of her beauty as of her diſcretion; for the *Moriſca* excelled in both: and all the people of the city flocked to ſee her, as if they had been brought together by ringing the great bell. *Don Quixote* ſaid to *Don Antonio*, that the method, they had reſolved upon for the redemption of *Don Gregorio*, was quite a wrong one, there being more danger, than probability of ſucceſs, in it; and that they would do better to land him, with his horſe and arms, in *Barbary*; for he would fetch him off in ſpite of the whole *Mooriſh* race, as *Don Gayferos* had done by his ſpouſe *Meliſendra*. Take notice, Sir, quoth *Sancho*, hearing this, that Signor *Don Gayferos* reſcued his ſpouſe on firm land, and carried her over land into *France*: But here, if, peradventure, we reſcue *Don Gregorio*, we have no way to bring him into *Spain*, ſince the ſea is between. For all things there is a remedy excepting for death, replied *Don Quixote*: for, let but a veſſel come to the ſea-ſide, and we can embark in it, though the whole world ſhould endeavour to oppoſe it. Your worſhip, quoth *Sancho*,

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Sancho, contrives and makes the matter very eaſy: but, Between the ſaying and the fact is a very large tract: and I ſtick to the renegado, who ſeems to me a very honeſt and good-natured man. *Don Antonio* ſaid, if the renegado ſhould miſcarry in the buſineſs, it would be time enough to put in practice the expedient of *Don Quixote*'s paſſing over into *Barbary*. Two days after, the renegado ſet ſail in a ſmall bark of ſix oars on a ſide, manned with a ſtout crew, and, two days after that, the gallies departed for the *Levant*, the general having engaged the viceroy to give him advice of all that ſhould happen in reſpect to the deliverance of *Don Gregorio*, and the fortune of *Anna Felix*.

One morning *Don Quixote* being ſallied forth to take the air on the ſtrand, armed completely at all points (for, as he was often wont to ſay, his arms were his finery, and his recreation fighting, and ſo he was ſeldom without them) he perceived advancing towards him a knight, armed likewiſe at all points. On his ſhield was painted a reſplendent moon: and when he was come near enough to be heard, he raiſed his voice, and, directing it to *Don Quixote*, he ſaid: Illuſtrious knight, and never enough renowned *Don Quixote de la Mancha*, I am the *knight of the white moon*, whoſe unheard-of exploits, perhaps, may bring him to your remembrance. I come to enter into combat with you, and to try the ſtrength of your arm, in order to make you know and confeſs, that my miſtreſs, be ſhe who ſhe will, is, without compariſon, more beautiful that your *Dulcinea del Toboſo*: which truth, if you do immediately and fairly confeſs, you will ſave your own life, and me the trouble of taking it from you: and if you fight, and are vanquiſhed by me, all the ſatisfaction I expect, is, that you lay aſide arms, forbear going in queſt of adventures, and retire home to your houſe for the ſpace of one year, where you ſhall live, without laying hand to your ſword, in profound peace, and profitable repoſe; which will redound, both to the improvement of your eſtate, and the ſalvation of your ſoul: and if you ſhall vanquiſh me, my head ſhall lie at your mercy, the ſpoils of my horſe and arms ſhall be yours, and the fame of my

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my exploits ſhall be transferred from me to you. Conſider, which is beſt for you, and anſwer me preſently: for this buſineſs muſt be diſpatched this very day.

Don Quixote was ſurprized and amazed, as well at the arrogance of *the knight of the white moon*, as at the reaſon of his being challenged by him: and ſo, with gravity compoſed, and countenance ſevere, he anſwered: *Knight of the white moon*, whoſe atchievements have not as yet reached my ears, I dare ſwear, you never ſaw the illuſtrious *Dulcinea*; for, had you ſeen her, I am confident, you would have taken care not to engage in this trial, ſince the ſight of her muſt have undeceived, and convinced you, that there never was, nor ever can be, a beauty comparable to hers: and therefore, without giving you the lie, and only ſaying, you are miſtaken, I accept your challenge with the aforementioned conditions; and that upon the ſpot, that the day allotted for this buſineſs may not firſt elapſe: and out of the conditions I only except the transfer of your exploits, becauſe I do not know what they are, nor that they are: I am contented with my own, ſuch as they are. Take, then, what part of the field you pleaſe, and I will do the like, and, to whom god ſhall give her [1], ſaint *Peter* give his bleſſing.

The *knight of the white moon* was diſcovered from the city, and the viceroy was informed that he was in conference with *Don Quixote de la Mancha*. The viceroy, believing it was ſome new adventure, contrived by *Don Antonio Moreno*, or by ſome other gentleman of the town, immediately rode out to the ſtrand, accompanied by *Don Antonio*, and a great many other gentlemen; and arrived juſt as *Don Quixote* had wheeled *Rozinante* about, to take the neceſſary ground for his career. The viceroy, perceiving they were both ready to turn for the encounter, interpoſed, aſking, what induced them to ſo ſudden a fight. The *knight of the white moon* anſwered, it was the precedency of beauty; and told him, in few words, what he had ſaid to

1 Meaning, *Victory*. Theſe are words uſed at the marriage ceremony.

Don

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Don Quixote, and that the conditions of the combat were agreed to on both ſides. The viceroy aſked *Don Antonio*, in his ear, whether he knew who the *knight of the white moon* was, and whether it was ſome jeſt deſigned to be put upon *Don Quixote*. *Don Antonio* anſwered, that he neither knew who he was, nor whether this challenge was in jeſt or earneſt. This anſwer perplexed the viceroy, putting him in doubt whether he ſhould ſuffer them to proceed to the combat: but, inclining rather to believe it could be nothing but a jeſt, he went aſide, ſaying: if there is no other remedy, knights, but to confeſs, or die, and if Signor *Don Quixote* perſiſts in denying, and your worſhip of the *white moon*, in affirming, at it, in god's name. He of the *white moon* thanked the viceroy in courtly and diſcreet terms for the leave he gave them; and *Don Quixote* did the ſame: who, recommending himſelf to heaven with all his heart, and to his *Dulcinea* (as was his cuſtom at the beginning of the combats that offered) wheeled about again, to fetch a larger compaſs, becauſe he ſaw his adverſary did the like; and, without ſound of trumpet or other warlike inſtrument, to give the ſignal for the onſet, they both turned their horſes about at the ſame inſtant: and he of the *white moon*, being the nimbleſt, met *Don Quixote* at two thirds of the career, and there encountered him with ſuch impetuous force (not touching him with his launce, which he ſeemed to raiſe on purpoſe) that he gave *Rozinante* and *Don Quixote* a perilous fall to the ground. Preſently he was upon him, and, clapping his launce to his vizor, he ſaid: Knight, you are vanquiſhed, and a dead man, if you do not confeſs the conditions of our challenge. *Don Quixote*, bruiſed and ſtunned, without lifting up his vizor, as if he was ſpeaking from within a tomb, in a feeble and low voice ſaid: *Dulcinea del Toboſo* is the moſt beautiful woman in the world, and I the moſt unfortunate knight on earth, and it is not fit that my weakneſs ſhould diſcredit this truth: knight, puſh on your launce, and take away my life, ſince you have ſpoiled me of my honour.

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honour. By no means, quoth he of the *white moon*: live, live the fame of the beauty of the lady *Dulcinea del Toboſo*, in its full luſtre: all the ſatisfaction I demand, is, that the great *Don Quixote* retire home to his own town for a year, or 'till ſuch time as I ſhall command, according to our agreement before we began this battle. All this was heard by the viceroy, *Don Antonio*, and many other perſons there preſent; who alſo heard *Don Quixote* reply, that, ſince he required nothing of him to the prejudice of *Dulcinea*, he would perform all the reſt like a punctual and true knight.

This confeſſion being made, he of the *white moon* turned about his horſe, and, making a low bow with his head to the viceroy, at a half gallop entered into the city. The viceroy ordered *Don Antonio* to follow him, and by all means to learn who he was. They raiſed *Don Quixote* from the ground, and, uncovering his face, found him pale, and in a cold ſweat. *Rozinante*, out of pure ill plight, could not ſtir for the preſent. *Sancho*, quite ſorrowful, and caſt down, knew not what to do or ſay. He fancied all that had happened to be a dream, and that all this buſineſs was matter of enchantment: he ſaw his maſter vanquiſhed, and under an obligation not to bear arms during a whole year: he imagined the light of the glory of his atchievements obſcured, and the hopes of his late promiſes diſſipated as ſmoke by the wind: he was afraid *Rozinante*'s bones were quite broken, and his maſter's disjointed, and wiſhed it might prove no worſe. Finally, *Don Quixote* was carried back to the city in a chair the viceroy had commanded to be brought; and the viceroy alſo returned thither, impatient to learn who the *knight of the white moon* was, who had left *Don Quixote* in ſuch evil plight.

CHAP.

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CHAP. XIII.

In which an account is given, who the knight of the white moon *was, with the liberty of* Don Gregorio, *and other accidents.*

DON *Antonio Moreno* followed the *knight of the white moon*. A great number of boys alſo purſued and perſecuted him, 'till they had lodged him in an inn within the city. *Don Antonio* went in after him, being deſirous to know who he was. His ſquire came out to receive and unarm him. He ſhut himſelf up in a lower room, and with him *Don Antonio*, whoſe cake was dough, 'till he knew who he was. He of the *white moon*, perceiving, that this gentleman would not leave him, ſaid: I very well know, Sir, the deſign of your coming, which is, to learn who I am, and, becauſe there is no occaſion for concealing it, while my ſervant is unarming me, I will inform you, without deviating a tittle from the truth. Know, Sir, that I am called the batchelor *Sampſon Carraſco:* I am of the ſame town with *Don Quixote de la Mancha*, whoſe madneſs and folly move all that know him to compaſſion. Of thoſe, who had moſt pity for him, was I, and, believing his recovery to depend upon his being quiet, and ſtaying at home in his own houſe, I contrived how to make him continue there. And ſo, about three months ago, I ſallied forth to the high-way like a knight-errant, ſtiling myſelf *knight of the looking-glaſſes*, deſigning to fight with him, and vanquiſh him, without doing him harm, the condition of our combat being, that the vanquiſhed ſhould remain at the diſcretion of the vanquiſher: and what I, concluding him already vanquiſhed, intended to enjoin him, was, that he ſhould return to his village, and not ſtir out of it in a whole year; in which time he might be cured. But fortune ordained it otherwiſe; for he vanquiſhed me, and tumbled me from my horſe, and ſo my deſign did not take effect. He purſued his journey, and I returned home, vanquiſhed, aſhamed, and bruiſed with the

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fall, which was a very dangerous one. Nevertheleſs I loſt not the deſire of finding him, and vanquiſhing him, as you have ſeen this day. And, as he is ſo exact and punctual in obſerving the laws of knight-errantry, he will, doubtleſs, keep that I have laid upon him, and will be as good as his word. This, Sir, is the buſineſs, and I have nothing to add, but only to entreat you not to diſcover me, nor to let *Don Quixote* know who I am, that my good intentions may take effect, and his underſtanding be reſtored to a man, who has a very good one, if the follies of chivalry do but leave him. Oh! Sir, quoth *Don Antonio*, god forgive you the injury you have done the whole world, in endeavouring to reſtore to his ſenſes the moſt diverting madman in it. Do you not ſee, Sir, that the benefit of his recovery will not counter-balance the pleaſure his extravagancies afford? But, I fancy, that all Signor batchelor's induſtry will not be ſufficient to recover a man ſo conſummately mad; and, were it not againſt the rule of charity, I would ſay, may *Don Quixote* never be recovered: for, by his cure we not only loſe his pleaſantries, but thoſe of his ſquire *Sancho Panſa* too; any one of which is enough to make melancholy herſelf merry. Nevertheleſs I will hold my peace, and tell him nothing, to try if I am right in ſuſpecting, that all Signor *Carraſco*'s diligence is likely to be fruitleſs. *Carraſco* anſwered, that, all things conſidered, the buſineſs was in a promiſing way, and he hoped for good ſucceſs. *Don Antonio*, having offered his ſervice in whatever elſe he pleaſed to command him, took his leave. The ſame day, the batchelor, having cauſed his armour to be tied upon the back of a mule, rode out of the city upon the ſame horſe, on which he entered the fight, and returned to his native place, nothing befalling him by the way worthy to be recorded in this faithful hiſtory. *Don Antonio* recounted to the viceroy all that *Carraſco* had told him: at which the viceroy was not much pleaſed, conſidering, that *Don Quixote*'s confinement would put an end to all that diverſion, which his follies adminiſtered to thoſe that knew them.

Six

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Six days *Don Quixote* lay in bed, chagrined, melancholy, thoughtful, and peeviſh, his imagination ſtill dwelling upon the unhappy buſineſs of his defeat. *Sancho* ſtrove to comfort him, and, among other things, ſaid: Dear Sir, hold up your head, and be chearful if you can, and give heaven thanks, that, though you got a ſwinging fall, you did not come off with a rib broken; and ſince you know, that, They that will give, muſt take, and that, There are not always bacon-flitches where there are pins, cry, a fig for the phyſician, ſince you have no need of his help in this diſtemper. Let us return home, and leave this rambling in queſt of adventures, through countries and places unknown: and, if it be well conſidered, I am the greater loſer, though your worſhip be the greater ſufferer. I, who, with the government, quitted the deſire of ever governing more, did not quit the deſire of being an earl, which will never come to paſs, if your worſhip refuſes being a king, by quitting the exerciſe of chivalry; and ſo my hopes vaniſh into ſmoke. Peace, *Sancho*, quoth *Don Quixote*, ſince you ſee my confinement and retirement is not to laſt above a year, and then I will reſume my honourable profeſſion, and ſhall not want a kingdom to win for myſelf, nor an earldom to beſtow on you. God hear it, quoth *Sancho*, and let ſin be deaf; for I have always been told, that a good expectation is better than a bad poſſeſſion.

They were thus diſcourſing, when *Don Antonio* entered with ſigns of great joy, ſaying: My reward, Signor *Don Quixote*, for the good news I bring: *Don Gregorio*, and the renegado, who went to bring him, are in the harbour: in the harbour, do I ſay? by this time they muſt be come to the viceroy's palace, and will be here preſently. *Don Quixote* was a little revived, and ſaid: In truth, I was going to ſay, I ſhould be glad, if it had fallen out quite otherwiſe, that I might have been obliged to go over to *Barbary*, where, by the force of my arm, I ſhould have given liberty, not only to *Don Gregorio*, but to all the chriſtian captives that are in *Barbary*. But, what do I ſay? wretch that I am! Am I not he, who is vanquiſhed? Am I

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not he, who is overthrown? Am I not he, who has it not in his power to take arms in a twelvemonth? Why then do I promiſe? why do I vaunt, if I am fitter to handle a diſtaff than a ſword? No more, Sir, quoth *Sancho:* Let the hen live, though ſhe have the pip: To-day for you, and to-morrow for me: and, as for theſe matters of encounters and bangs, never trouble your head about them; for, He that falls to-day, may riſe to-morrow, unleſs he has a mind to lie a-bed; I mean, by giving way to deſpondency, and not endeavouring to recover freſh ſpirits for freſh encounters. And, pray, Sir, riſe, and welcome *Don Gregorio*; for there ſeems to be a great buſtle in the houſe, and by this time he is come.

He ſaid the truth; for, *Don Gregorio* and the renegado having given the viceroy an account of the expedition, *Don Gregorio*, impatient to ſee *Anna Felix*, was come with the renegado to *Don Antonio*'s houſe: and, though *Don Gregorio*, when he made his eſcape from *Algiers*, was in a woman's dreſs, he had exchanged it in the bark for that of a captive, who eſcaped with him. But, in whatever dreſs he had come, he would have had the appearance of a perſon worthy to be loved, ſerved, and eſteemed; for he was above meaſure beautiful, and ſeemed to be about ſeventeen or eighteen years of age. *Ricote* and his daughter went out to meet him, the father with tears, and the daughter with modeſty. The young couple did not embrace each other; for, where there is much love, there are uſually but few freedoms. The joint-beauties of *Don Gregorio* and *Anna Felix* ſurprized all the beholders. Silence ſpoke for the two lovers, and their eyes were the tongues that proclaimed their joyful and modeſt ſentiments. The renegado acquainted the company with the artifices and means he had employed to bring off *Don Gregorio*. *Don Gregorio* recounted the dangers and ſtraights he was reduced to among the women he remained with, not in a tedious diſcourſe, but in few words, whereby he ſhewed, that his diſcretion outſtripped his years. In ſhort, *Ricote* generouſly paid and ſatisfied, as well the renegado, as thoſe that rowed

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rowed at the oar. The renegado was reconciled, and reſtored to the boſom of the church, and, of a rotten member, became clean and ſound through penance and repentance. Two days after, the viceroy and *Don Antonio* conſulted together about the means how *Anna Felix* and her father might remain in *Spain*, thinking it no manner of inconvenience, that a daughter ſo much a chriſtian, and a father, to appearance, ſo well inclined, ſhould continue in the kingdom. *Don Antonio* offered to ſolicit the affair himſelf at court, being obliged to go thither about other buſineſs; intimating, that, by means of favour and bribery, many difficult matters are there brought about. No, quoth *Ricote*, who was preſent at this diſcourſe, there is nothing to be expected from favour or bribes: for with the great *Bernardino de Velaſco*, count of *Salazar*, to whom his majeſty has given the charge of our expulſion, no intreaties, no promiſes, no bribes, no pity are of any avail: for though, it is true, he tempers juſtice with mercy, yet becauſe he ſees the whole body of our nation tainted and putrified, he rather makes uſe of burning cauſtics, than mollifying ointments: ſo that, by prudence, by ſagacity, by diligence, by terrors, he has ſupported on his able ſhoulders the weight of this great machine, and brought it to due execution and perfection; our artifices, ſtratagems, diligence, and policies, not being able to blind his *Argus* eyes, continually open to ſee that none of us ſtay, or lurk behind, that, like a concealed root, may hereafter ſpring up, and ſpread venomous fruit through *Spain*, already cleared, already freed from the fears our vaſt numbers kept the kingdom in. A moſt heroic reſolution of the great *Philip the third*, and unheard-of wiſdom in committing this charge to the ſaid *Don Bernardino de Velaſco!* However, when I am at court, ſaid *Don Antonio*, I will uſe all the diligence and means poſſible, and leave the ſucceſs to heaven. *Don Gregorio* ſhall go with me, to comfort his parents under the affliction they muſt be in for his abſence: *Anna Felix* ſhall ſtay at my houſe with my wife, or in a monaſtery; and I am ſure the viceroy will be glad, that honeſt *Ricote*

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remain in his houſe, 'till he ſees the ſucceſs of my negotiation. The viceroy conſented to all that was propoſed. But *Don Gregorio*, knowing what paſſed, expreſſed great unwillingneſs to leave *Anna Felix*: but, reſolving to viſit his parents, and to concert the means of returning for her, he came at length into the propoſal. *Anna Felix* remained with *Don Antonio*'s lady, and *Ricote* in the viceroy's houſe.

The day of *Don Antonio*'s departure came, and that of *Don Quixote*'s and *Sancho*'s two days after, his faſt not permitting him to travel ſooner. At *Don Gregorio*'s parting from *Anna Felix*, all was tears, ſighs, ſwoonings, and ſobbings. *Ricote* offered *Don Gregorio* a thouſand crowns, if he deſired them: but he would accept only of five, that *Don Antonio* lent him, to be repaid when they met at court. With this they both departed; and *Don Quixote* and *Sancho* afterward, as has been ſaid; *Don Quixote* unarmed, and in a travelling dreſs, and *Sancho* on foot, becauſe *Dapple* was loaded with the armour.

CHAP. XIV.

Treating of matters, which he, who reads, will ſee, and he, who hears them read, will hear.

AT going out of *Barcelona*, *Don Quixote* turned about to ſee the ſpot, where he was overthrown, and ſaid: Here ſtood *Troy*; here my misfortune, not my cowardice, deſpoiled me of my acquired glory: here I experienced the fickleneſs of fortune; here the luſtre of my exploits was obſcured; and laſtly, here fell my happineſs, never to riſe again. Which *Sancho* hearing, he ſaid: It is as much the part of valiant minds, dear Sir, to be patient under misfortunes, as to rejoice in proſperity: and this I judge by myſelf; for, as, when a governor, I was merry, now that I am a ſquire on foot, I am not ſad: for I have heard ſay, that ſhe, they commonly called *Fortune*, is a drunken, capricious dame, and above all very blind; ſo that ſhe does not ſee what ſhe is about, nor knows whom ſhe caſts down,

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down, or whom she exalts. You are much a philosopher, *Sancho*, answered *Don Quixote*, and talk very discreetly; I know not whence you had it. What I can tell you is, that there is no such thing in the world as *Fortune*, nor do the things, which happen in it, be they good or bad, fall out by chance, but by the particular appointment of heaven; and hence comes the saying, that every man is the maker of his own fortune. I have been so of mine, but not with all the prudence necessary; and my presumption has succeeded accordingly: for I ought to have considered, that the feebleness of *Rozinante* was not a match for the ponderous bulk of the *knight of the white moon's* steed. In short, I adventured it; I did my best; I was overthrown; and, though I lost my honour, I lost not, nor could I lose, the virtue of performing my promise. When I was a knight-errant, daring and valiant, by my works I gained credit to my exploits; and, now that I am but a walking squire, I will gain reputation to my words, by performing my promise. March on then, friend *Sancho*, and let us pass at home the year of our noviciate; by which retreat we shall acquire fresh vigour, to return to the never-by-me forgotten exercise of arms. Sir, answered *Sancho*, trudging on foot is no such pleasant thing, as to encourage or incite me to travel great days journeys: let us leave this armour hanging upon some tree, instead of a hanged man: and, when I am mounted upon *Dapple*, my feet from the ground, we will travel as your worship shall like and lead the way; for to think, that I am to foot it, and make large stages, is to expect what cannot be. You have said well, *Sancho*, answered *Don Quixote:* hang up my armour for a trophy; and under them, or round about them, we will carve on the tree that which was written on the trophy of *Orlando's* arms.

Let none presume these arms to move,
Who Roldan's *fury dares not prove.*

All this seems to be extremely right, answered *Sancho*, and, were it not for the want we should have of

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Rozinante upon the road, it would not be amiſs to leave him hanging too. Neither him, nor the armour, replied *Don Quixote*, will I ſuffer to be hanged, that it may not be ſaid; For good ſervice, bad recompence. Your worſhip ſays very well, anſwered *Sancho*; for, according to the opinion of the wiſe, The aſs's fault ſhould not be laid upon the pack-ſaddle: and, ſince your worſhip is in fault for this buſineſs, puniſh yourſelf, and let not your fury ſpend itſelf upon the already ſhattered and bloody armour, nor upon the gentleneſs of *Rozinante*, nor upon the tenderneſs of my feet, making them travel more than they can bear.

In theſe reaſonings and diſcourſes they paſſed all that day, and even four more, without encountering any thing to put them out of their way. And, on the fifth, at entering into a village, they ſaw, at the door of an inn, a great number of people, who, it being a holiday, were there ſolacing themſelves. When *Don Quixote* came up to them, a peaſant ſaid aloud: One of theſe two gentlemen, who are coming this way, and who know not the parties, ſhall decide our wager. That I will, anſwered *Don Quixote*, moſt impartially, when I am made acquainted with it. The buſineſs, good Sir, quoth the peaſant, is, that an inhabitant of this town, who is ſo corpulent, that he weighs about twenty-three ſtone [1], has challenged a neighbour, who weighs not above ten and a half, to run with him an hundred yards, upon condition of carrying equal weight; and the challenger, being aſked, how the weight ſhould be made equal, ſaid; that the challenged, who weighed but ten and a half, ſhould carry thirteen ſtone of iron about him, and ſo both the lean and the fat would carry equal weight. Not ſo, quoth *Sancho* immediately, before *Don Quixote* could anſwer; and to me, who have ſo lately left being a governor and a judge, as all the world knows, it belongs to reſolve theſe doubts, and give my opinion in every controverſy. Anſwer in

[1] *Eleven Arrobas.* The Arroba is a quarter of a hundred, or twenty-five pounds; eleven of them make two hundred and ſeventy-five pounds.

a good

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a good hour, friend *Sancho*, quoth *Don Quixote*; for I am not fit to feed a cat [1], my brain is so disturbed and turned topsy-turvy. With this licence, quoth *Sancho* to the country-fellows, who crouded about him, gaping, and expecting his decision; Brothers, the fat man's proposition is unreasonable, nor is there the least shadow of justice in it; for, if it be true, what is commonly said, that the challenged may chuse his weapons, it is not reasonable the other should chuse for him such as will hinder and obstruct his coming off conqueror: and therefore my sentence is, that the fat fellow, the challenger, pare away, slice off, or cut out, thirteen stone of his flesh, some where or other, as he shall think best and propereſt; and so, being reduced to ten and a half stone weight, he will be equal to, and matched exactly with, his adversary; and so they may run upon even terms. I vow, quoth one of the peasants, who listened to *Sancho*'s decision, this gentleman has spoke like a saint, and given sentence like a canon: but I warrant the fat fellow will have no mind to part with an ounce of his flesh, much less thirteen stone. The best way, answered another, will be, not to run at all, that *Lean* may not break his back with the weight, nor *Fat* lose flesh; and let half the wager be spent in wine, and let us take these gentlemen to the tavern that has the best, and, Give me the cloak when it rains. I thank ye, gentlemen, answered *Don Quixote*, but cannot stay a moment: for melancholy thoughts, and disastrous circumstances, oblige me to appear uncivil, and to travel faster than ordinary. And so clapping spurs to *Rozinante*, he went on, leaving them in admiration, both at the strangeness of his figure [2], and the discretion of his man (for such they took *Sancho* to be); and another of the peasants said: If the man be so

1 Alluding to the custom in *Spain* of an old or disabled soldier's carrying offals of tripe or liver about the streets to feed the cats.—Poor *Don Quixote*'s arrogance is mightily abated by his being vanquished.

2 *Cervantes* seems to have forgot, that *Don Quixote* is now in the usual garb of a traveller, and therefore not so strange a figure as formerly, when cased in armour.

diſcreet, what muſt the maſter be? I will lay a wager, if they go to ſtudy at *Salamanca*, in a trice they will come to be judges at court; for there is nothing eaſier; it is but ſtudying hard, and having favour and good luck, and, when a man leaſt thinks of it, he finds himſelf with a white wand in his hand, and a mitre on his head.

That night maſter and man paſſed in the middle of the fields, expoſed to the ſmooth and clear ſky; and, the next day, going on their way, they ſaw coming towards them a man on foot, with a wallet about his neck, and a javelin or half-pike in his hand, the proper equipment of a foot-poſt: who, when he was come pretty near to *Don Quixote*, mended his pace, and, half running, went up to him, and, embracing his right thigh (for he could reach no higher) with ſigns of great joy, he ſaid: Oh! Signor *Don Quixote de la Mancha*, with what pleaſure will my lord duke's heart be touched, when he underſtands that your worſhip is returning to his caſtle, where he ſtill is with my lady ducheſs. I know you not, friend, anſwered *Don Quixote*, nor can I gueſs who you are, unleſs you tell me. I, Signor *Don Quixote*, anſwered the foot-poſt, am *Toſilos* the duke's lacquey, who would not fight with your worſhip about the marriage of *Donna Rodriguez*'s daughter. God be my aid! quoth *Don Quixote*, are you he, whom the enchanters, my enemies, transformed into the lacquey, to defraud me of the glory of that combat? Peace, good Sir, replied the foot-poſt; for there was not any enchantment, nor change of face: I was as much the lacquey *Toſilos* when I entered the liſts, as *Toſilos* the lacquey when I came out. I thought to have married without fighting, becauſe I liked the girl: but my deſign ſucceeded quite otherwiſe; for, as ſoon as your worſhip was departed from our caſtle, my lord duke ordered a hundred baſtinados to be given me, for having contravened the directions he gave me before the battle: and the buſineſs ended in the girl's turning nun, and *Donna Rodriguez*'s returning to *Caſtile*: and I am now going to *Barcelona*, to carry a packet of letters from my lord to the viceroy. If your

your worſhip pleaſes to take a little draught, pure, though warm, I have here a calabaſh full of the beſt[1], with a few ſlices of *Tronchon*-cheeſe, which will ſerve as a provocative and awakener of thirſt, if perchance it be aſleep. I accept of the invitation, quoth *Sancho*; and throw aſide the reſt of the compliment, and fill, honeſt *Toſilos*, maugre and in ſpite of all the enchanters that are in the *Indies*. In ſhort, *Sancho*, quoth *Don Quixote*, you are the greateſt glutton in the world, and the greateſt ignorant upon earth, if you cannot be perſuaded that this foot-poſt is enchanted, and this *Toſilos* a counterfeit. Stay you with him, and ſate yourſelf; for I will go on fair and ſoftly before, and wait your coming. The lacquey laughed, unſheathed his calabaſh, and unwalleted his cheeſe; and taking out a little loaf, he and *Sancho* ſat down upon the green graſs, and, in peace and good fellowſhip, quickly diſpatched, and got to the bottom of the proviſions in the wallet, with ſo good an appetite, that they licked the very packquet of letters, becauſe it ſmelt of cheeſe. Said *Toſilos* to *Sancho:* Doubtleſs, friend *Sancho*, this maſter of yours ought to be reckoned a madman. Why *ought*[2]? replied *Sancho*; he owes nothing to any body; for he pays for every thing, eſpecially where madneſs is current. I ſee it full well, and full well I tell him of it: but what boots it, eſpecially now that there is an end of him? for he is vanquiſhed by the *knight of the white moon*. *Toſilos* deſired him to tell him what had befallen him: but *Sancho* ſaid it was unmannerly to let his maſter wait for him, and that ſome other time, if they met, he ſhould have leiſure to do it. And riſing up, after he had ſhaken his looſe upper-coat, and the crumbs from his beard, he drove *Dapple* before him, and, bidding *Toſilos* adieu, he left him, and overtook his maſter, who was ſtaying for him under the ſhade of a tree.

1 *Caro*, the dearest.

2 A *double entendre* upon the word *deve*, which is put for *muſt*, the ſign of a mood, or for owing a debt.

CHAP.

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CHAP. XV.

Of the reſolution Don Quixote *took to turn ſhepherd, and lead a rural life, 'till the year of his promiſe ſhould be expired; with other accidents truly pleaſant and good.*

IF various cogitations perplexed *Don Quixote* before his defeat, many more tormented him after his overthrow. He ſtaid, as has been ſaid, under the ſhade of a tree, where reflections, like flies about honey, aſſaulted and ſtung him; ſome dwelling upon the diſenchantment of *Dulcinea*, and others upon the life he was to lead in his forced retirement. *Sancho* came up, and commended to him the generoſity of the lacquey *Toſilos*. Is it poſſible, *Sancho*, ſaid *Don Quixote*, that you perſiſt in thinking, that he is a real lacquey? You ſeem to have quite forgot, that you ſaw *Dulcinea* converted and transformed into a country wench, and the *knight of the looking-glaſſes* into the batchelor *Sampſon Carraſco*: all the work of enchanters who perſecute me. But, tell me, did you enquire of this *Toſilos*, what god has done with *Altiſidora*; whether ſhe ſtill bewails my abſence, or has already left in the hands of oblivion the amorous thoughts that tormented her whilſt I was preſent? Mine, anſwered *Sancho*, were not of a kind to afford me leiſure to enquire after fooleries: body of me, Sir, is your worſhip now in a condition to be enquiring after other folks thoughts, eſpecially amorous ones? Look you, *Sancho*, quoth *Don Quixote*, there is a great deal of difference between what is done out of love, and what out of gratitude: it is very poſſible a gentleman may not be in love; but it is impoſſible, ſtrictly ſpeaking, he ſhould be ungrateful. *Altiſidora*, to all appearance, loved me: ſhe gave me the three night-caps you know of: ſhe wept at my departure: ſhe curſed me, vilified me, and, in ſpite of ſhame, complained publickly of me: all ſigns that ſhe adored me; for the anger of lovers uſually ends in maledictions. I had neither hopes to give her, nor

treaſures

treasures to offer her; for mine are all engaged to *Dulcinea*, and the treasures of knights-errant, like those of fairies, are delusions, not realities: and I can only give her those remembrances I have of her, without prejudice however to those I have of *Dulcinea*, whom you wrong through your remissness in whipping yourself, and in disciplining that flesh of yours (may I see it devoured by wolves!) which had rather preserve itself for the worms, than for the relief of that poor lady. Sir, answered *Sancho*, if I must speak the truth, I cannot persuade myself, that the lashing of my posteriors can have any thing to do with disenchanting of the enchanted; for it is as if one should say, If your head achs, anoint your knee-pans. At least I dare swear, that, in all the histories your worship has read, treating of knight-errantry, you never met with any body disenchanted by whipping. But, be that as it will, I will lay it on, when the humour takes me, and time gives me conveniency of chastizing myself. God grant it, answered *Don Quixote*, and heaven give you grace to see the duty and obligation you are under to aid my lady, who is yours too, since you are mine.

With these discourses they went on their way, when they arrived at the very place and spot, where they had been trampled upon by the bulls. *Don Quixote* knew it again, and said to *Sancho:* This is the meadow where we lighted on the gay shepherdesses and gallant shepherds, who intended to revive in it, and imitate, the pastoral *Arcadia:* a thought, as new as ingenious; in imitation of which, if you approve it, I could wish, O *Sancho*, we might turn shepherds, at least for the time I must live retired. I will buy sheep, and all other materials necessary for the pastoral employment; and, I calling myself the shepherd *Quixotiz*, and you the shepherd *Pançino*, we will range the mountains, the woods, and meadows, singing here, and complaining there, drinking the liquid chrystal of the fountains, of the limpid brooks, or of the mighty rivers. The oaks with a plentiful hand shall give their sweetest fruit; the trunks of the hardest cork-trees shall afford us seats; the willows shall furnish shade, and the roses scent

the

the ſpacious meadow ſhall yield us carpets of a thouſand colours; the air, clear and pure, ſhall ſupply breath; the moon and ſtars afford light, maugre the darkneſs of the night: ſinging ſhall furniſh pleaſure, and complaining yield delight; *Apollo* ſhall provide verſes, and love conceits; with which we will make ourſelves famous and immortal, not only in the preſent, but in future ages. Before god, quoth *Sancho*, this kind of life ſquares and corners with me exactly[1]. Beſides, no ſooner will the batchelor *Sampſon Carraſco*, and maſter *Nicholas* the barber, have well ſeen it, but they will have a mind to follow, and turn ſhepherds with us, and god grant that the prieſt have not an inclination to make one in the fold, he is of ſo gay a temper, and ſuch a lover of mirth. You have ſaid very well, quoth *Don Quixote*, and the batchelor *Sampſon Carraſco*, if he enters himſelf into the paſtoral ſociety, as doubtleſs he will, may call himſelf the ſhepherd *Sampſonino*, or *Carraſcon*. *Nicholas* the barber may be called *Niculoſo*, as old *Boſcan* called himſelf *Nemoroſo*[2]. As for the prieſt, I know not what name to beſtow upon him, unleſs it be ſome derivative from his profeſſion, calling him the ſhepherd *Curiambro*[3]. As for the ſhepherdeſſes, whoſe lovers we are to be, we may pick and chooſe their names, as we do pears; and ſince that of my lady quadrates alike with a ſhepherdeſs and a princeſs, I need not trouble myſelf about ſeeking another, that may ſuit her better. You, *Sancho*, may give yours what name you pleaſe. I do not intend, anſwered *Sancho*, to give mine any other than *Tereſona*, which will fit her fat ſides well, and is near her own too, ſince her name is *Tereſa*. Beſides, when I come to celebrate her in verſe, I ſhall diſcover my chaſte deſires: for I am not for looking in other folks houſes for better bread than made of wheat. As for the prieſt, it will not be proper he ſhould have a

1 *Quadrado y eſquinado*; alluding to the corner-ſtone of a building, which anſwers both ways.

2. In plain *Engliſh*, as if *Mr. Wood ſhould call himſelf Mr. Grove.*

3 From *Curá*, a parish-priest.

ſhepherdeſs,

ſhepherdeſs, that he may ſet a good example; and if the batchelor *Sampſon* will have one, His ſoul is at his own diſpoſe.

God be my aid! quoth *Don Quixote*, what a life ſhall we lead, friend *Sancho!* what a world of bag-pipes ſhall we hear! what pipes of *Zamora!* what tambourets! what tabors! and what rebecks! And, if to all theſe different muſics be added the albogues, we ſhall have almoſt all the paſtoral inſtruments. What are your albogues? demanded *Sancho*; for I never heard them named, nor ever ſaw one of them in all my life. Albogues, anſwered *Don Quixote*, are certain plates of braſs like candleſticks, which, being hollow, and ſtruck againſt each other, give a ſound, if not very agreeable, or harmonious, yet not offenſive, and agreeing well enough with the ruſticity of the tabor and pipe. And this name *albogues* is *Mooriſh*, as are all thoſe in *Spaniſh* that begin with *al*: as *Almoaça*, *Almorçar*, *Alhombra*, *Alguazil*, *Alucema*, *Almacen*, *Alcancia*, and the like, with very few more: and our language has only three *Mooriſh* words ending in *i*, namely, *Borçegui*, *Zaquiçami*, and *Maravedi*: *Alheli* and *Alfaqui*, as well for beginning with *al*, as for ending in *i*, are known to be *Arabic*. This I have told you by the by, the occaſion of naming albogues having brought it into my mind. One main help, probably, we ſhall have toward perfecting this profeſſion is, that I, as you know, am ſomewhat of a poet, and the batchelor *Sampſon Carraſco* an extreme good one. Of the prieſt I ſay nothing: but I will venture a wager, he has the points and collar of a poet[1]; and that maſter *Nicholas* the barber has them too, I make no doubt: for moſt or all of that faculty are players on the guittar and ſong-makers. I will complain of abſence: you ſhall extol yourſelf for a conſtant lover: the ſhepherd *Carraſcon* ſhall lament his being diſdained; and the prieſt *Curiambro* may ſay or ſing whatever will do him moſt ſervice: and ſo the buſineſs will go on as well as heart can wiſh.

1 Formerly, in *Spain*, the men of quality wore looſe coats ſloped down before, and unbuttoned, under which appeared the rich waiſtcoat, and its *collar* terminating in two *points*.

To

To which *Sancho* anſwered: I am ſo unlucky, Sir, that I am afraid I ſhall never ſee the day, wherein I ſhall be engaged in this employment. O what neat wooden ſpoons ſhall I make, when I am a ſhepherd! what crumbs! what cream! what garlands! what paſtoral gimcracks! which, though they do not procure me the reputation of being wiſe, will not fail to procure me that of being ingenious. My daughter *Sanchica* ſhall bring us our dinner to the ſheep-fold: but have a care of that; ſhe is a very ſightly wench, and ſhepherds there are, who are more of the knave than the fool; and I would not have my girl come for wool, and return back ſhorn: and your loves, and wanton deſires, are as frequent in fields, as in the cities, and to be found in ſhepherds cottages, as well as in kings palaces: and, Take away the occaſion, and you take away the ſin: and, What the eye views not, the heart rues not: and, A leap from behind a buſh has more force than the prayer of a good man[1]. No more proverbs, good *Sancho*, quoth *Don Quixote*; for any one of thoſe you have mentioned is ſufficient to let us know your meaning. I have often adviſed you not to be ſo prodigal of your proverbs, and to keep a ſtrict hand over them: but, it ſeems, it is preaching in the deſart, and, The more my mother whips me, the more I rend and tear. Methinks, anſwered *Sancho*, your worſhip makes good the ſaying, The kettle called the pot black-arſe[2]. You are reproving me for ſpeaking proverbs, and you ſtring them yourſelf by couples. Look you, *Sancho*, anſwered *Don Quixote*, I uſe mine to the purpoſe, and, when I ſpeak them, they are as fit as a ring to the finger: but you drag them in by head and ſhoulders. If I remember right, I have already told you, that proverbs are ſhort ſentences, drawn from experience, and the ſpeculations of our ancient ſages; and the proverb, that is not to the purpoſe, is rather an abſurdity than a ſentence. But enough of

1 That is, A robber gets your money by force ſooner than a poor man by aſking alms.

2 Literally, *The frying-pan ſaid to the kettle, Stand away, thou black thing.*

this; and, since night approaches, let us retire a little way out of the high road, where we will pass this night, and god knows what will be to-morrow.

They retired accordingly: they supped late and ill, much against *Sancho*'s inclination, who now began to reflect upon the difficulties attending knight-errantry, among woods and mountains; though now and then plenty shewed itself in castles and houses, as at *Don Diego de Miranda*'s, at the wedding of the rich *Camacho*, and at *Don Antonio Moreno*'s: but he considered it was not possible it should always be day, nor always night; and so he spent the remainder of that sleeping, and his master waking.

CHAP. XVI.

Of the bristled adventure, which befel Don Quixote.

THE night was somewhat dark, though the moon was in the heavens, but not in a part where she could be seen; for sometimes Signora *Diana* takes a trip to the antipodes, and leaves the mountains black, and the vallies in the dark. *Don Quixote* gave way to nature, taking his first sleep, without giving place to a second; quite the reverse of *Sancho*, who never had a second, one sleep lasting him from night to morning; an evident sign of his good constitution, and few cares. Those of *Don Quixote* kept him so awake, that he awakened *Sancho*, and said: I am amazed, *Sancho*, at the insensibility of your temper; you seem to me to be made of marble, or brass, not susceptible of any emotion or sentiment: I wake, while you sleep; I weep, when you are singing; I am fainting with hunger, when you are lazy and unwieldy with pure cramming: it is the part of good servants to share in their masters pains, and to be touched with what affects them, were it but for the sake of decency. Behold the serenity of the night, and the solitude we are in, inviting us, as it were, to intermingle some watching with our sleep. Get up, by your life, and go a little apart from hence, and, with

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a willing mind and a good courage, give your ſelf three or four hundred laſhes, upon account, for the diſenchantment of *Dulcinea*: and this I aſk as a favour; for I will not come to wreſtling with you again, as I did before, becauſe I know the weight of your arms. After you have laid them on, we will paſs the remainder of the night in ſinging, I my abſence, and you your conſtancy, beginning from this moment our paſtoral employment, which we are to follow in our village. Sir, anſwered *Sancho*, I am of no religious order, to riſe out of the midſt of my ſleep, and diſcipline my ſelf; neither do I think, one can paſs from the pain of whipping to muſic. Suffer me to ſleep, and urge not this whipping my ſelf, leſt you force me to ſwear never to touch a hair of my coat, much leſs of my fleſh. O hardened ſoul! cried *Don Quixote*; O remorſeleſs ſquire! O bread ill employed, and favours ill conſidered, thoſe I have already beſtowed upon you, and thoſe I intend ſtill to beſtow upon you! To me you owe, that you have been governor; and to me you owe, that you are in a fair way of being an earl, or of having ſome title equivalent; and the accompliſhment of theſe things will be delayed no longer than the expiration of this year; for *poſt tenebras ſpero lucem*. I know not what that means, replied *Sancho*: I only know, that, while I am aſleep, I have neither fear nor hope, neither trouble nor glory; and bleſſings on him who invented ſleep, the mantle that covers all human thoughts, the food that appeaſes hunger, the drink that quenches thirſt, the fire that warms cold, the cold that moderates heat, and, laſtly, the general coin that purchaſes all things, the balance and weight that equals the ſhepherd with the king, and the ſimple with the wiſe. One only evil, as I have heard, ſleep has in it, namely, that it reſembles death; for, between a man aſleep and a man dead, there is but little difference. I never heard you, *Sancho*, quoth *Don Quixote*, talk ſo elegantly as now: whence I come to know the truth of the proverb, you often apply, Not with whom thou art bred, but with whom thou art fed. Dear maſter of mine, replied *Sancho*, it is

not

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not I that am ſtringing of proverbs now; for they fall from your worſhip's mouth alſo, by couples, faſter than from me: only between yours and mine there is this difference, that your worſhip's come at proper ſeaſon, and mine out of ſeaſon: but in ſhort they are all proverbs.

They were thus employed, when they heard a kind of deaf noiſe, and harſh ſound, ſpreading itſelf through all thoſe valleys. *Don Quixote* ſtarted up, and laid his hand to his ſword; and *Sancho* ſquatted down under *Dapple*, and clapped the bundle of armour on one ſide of him, and the aſs's pannel on the other, trembling no leſs with fear, than *Don Quixote* with ſurprize. The noiſe encreaſed by degrees, and came nearer to the two tremblers, one at leaſt ſo, for the other's courage is already ſufficiently known. Now the buſineſs was, that certain fellows were driving above ſix hundred hogs to ſell at a fair, and were upon the road with them at that hour; and ſo great was the din they made with gruntling and blowing, that they deafened the ears of *Don Quixote* and *Sancho*, who could not preſently gueſs the occaſion of it. The far-ſpreading and gruntling herd came crowding on, and, without any reſpect to the authority of *Don Quixote*, or to that of *Sancho*, trampled over them both, demoliſhing *Sancho*'s entrenchments, and overthrowing, not only *Don Quixote*, but *Rozinante* to boot. The crowding, the gruntling, the hurrying on of thoſe unclean animals put into confuſion, and overturned, the pack-ſaddle, the armour, *Dapple*, *Rozinante*, *Sancho*, and *Don Quixote*. *Sancho* got up as well as he could, and deſired his maſter to lend him his ſword, ſaying, he would kill half a dozen of thoſe gentlemen, and unmannerly ſwine, for ſuch by this time he knew them to be. Said *Don Quixote* to him: Let them alone, friend; for this affront is a puniſhment for my ſin; and it is a juſt judgment of heaven, that wild dogs ſhould devour, waſps ſting, and hogs trample upon, a vanquiſhed knight-errant. It is alſo, I ſuppoſe, a judgment of heaven, anſwered *Sancho*, that the ſquires of vanquiſhed knights-errant ſhould be ſtung by flies, eaten up by lice, and beſieged

beſieged by hunger. If we ſquires were the ſons of the knights we ſerve, or very near of kin to them, it would be no wonder, if the puniſhment of their faults ſhould overtake us to the fourth generation: but what have the *Panças* to do with the *Quixotes?* Well, let us compoſe our ſelves again, and ſleep out the little remainder of the night, and god will ſend us a new day, and we ſhall have better luck. Sleep you, *Sancho*, anſwered *Don Quixote*; for you were born to ſleep, whilſt I, who was born to watch, in the ſpace between this and day, give the reins to my thoughts, and cool their heat in a little madrigal, which, unknown to you, I compoſed to-night in my mind. Methinks, quoth *Sancho*, the thoughts, which give way to the making of couplets, cannot be many. Couplet it as much as your worſhip pleaſes, and I will ſleep as much as I can. Then taking as much ground as he wanted, he bundled himſelf up, and fell into a ſound ſleep, neither ſuretyſhip, nor debts, nor any troubles diſturbing him. *Don Quixote*, leaning againſt a beech or cork-tree (for *Cid Hamet Ben-engeli* does not diſtinguiſh what tree it was) to the muſic of his own ſighs, ſung as follows.

O love, when, ſick of heart-felt grief,
I ſigh, and drag thy cruel chain,
To death I fly, the ſure relief
Of thoſe who groan in ling'ring pain.

But coming to the fatal gates,
The port in this my ſea of woe,
The joy I feel new life creates,
And bids my ſpirits briſker flow.

Thus dying ev'ry hour I live,
And living I reſign my breath:
Strange pow'r of love, that thus can give
A dying life and living death!

He accompanied each ſtanza with a multitude of ſighs, and not a few tears, like one whoſe heart was pierced through by the grief of being vanquiſhed, and by the abſence

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abſence of *Dulcinea*. Now the day appeared, and the ſun began to dart his beams in *Sancho*'s eyes. He awaked, rouzed, and ſhook himſelf, and ſtretched his lazy limbs, and beheld what havock the hogs had made in his cup-board; and curſed the drove, and ſomebody elſe beſides.

Finally, they both ſet forward on their journey; and, toward the decline of the afternoon, they diſcovered about half a ſcore men on horſe-back, and four or five on foot, advancing towards them. *Don Quixote*'s heart leaped with ſurprize, and *Sancho*'s with fear; for the men, that were coming up, carried ſpears and targets, and advanced in very warlike array. *Don Quixote* turned to *Sancho*, and ſaid: *Sancho*, if I could but make uſe of my arms, and my promiſe had not tied up my hands, this machine, that is coming toward us, I would make no more of, than I would of ſo many tarts and cheeſe-cakes. But it may be ſomething elſe than what we fear. By this time the horſemen were come up; and lifting up their launces, without ſpeaking a word, they ſurrounded *Don Quixote*, and clapped their ſpears to his back and breaſt, threatening to kill him. One of thoſe on foot, putting his finger to his mouth, to ſignify that he ſhould be ſilent, laid hold on *Rozinante*'s bridle, and drew him out of the road; and the others on foot, driving *Sancho* and *Dapple* before them, all keeping a marvellous ſilence, followed the ſteps of him, who led *Don Quixote*, who had a mind three or four times to aſk, whither they were carrying him, or what they would have. But ſcarce did he begin to move his lips, when they were ready to cloſe them with the points of their ſpears. And the like befel *Sancho*; for no ſooner did he ſhew an inclination to talk, than one of thoſe on foot pricked him with a goad, and did as much to *Dapple*, as if he had a mind to talk too. It grew night; they mended their pace; the fear of the two priſoners increaſed, eſpecially, when they heard the fellows ever and anon ſay to them; On, on, ye *Troglodytes*; peace, ye barbarous ſlaves; pay, ye *Anthropophagi*; complain not, ye *Scythians*; open not your eyes, ye murdering *Polyphemuſes*,

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Polyphemuſes, ye butcherly lions; and other the like names, with which they tormented the ears of the miſerable pair, maſter and man. *Sancho* went along, ſaying to himſelf: We *Ortolans?* we barbers ſlaves? we *Andrew popinjays?* we *Citadels?* we *Polly famous's?* I do not like theſe names at all: this is a bad wind for winnowing our corn; the whole miſchief comes upon us together, like kicks to a cur; and would to god this diſventurous adventure, that threatens us, may end in no worſe! *Don Quixote* marched along, quite confounded, and not being able to conjecture, by all the concluſions he could make, why they called them by thoſe reproachful names; from which he could only gather, that no good was to be expected, and much harm to be feared. In this condition, about an hour after night-fall, they arrived at a caſtle, which *Don Quixote* preſently knew to be the duke's, where he had ſo lately been. God be my aid! ſaid he, as ſoon as he knew the place, what will this end in? In this houſe all is courteſy and civil uſage: but to the vanquiſhed good is converted into bad, and bad into worſe. They entered into the principal court of the caſtle, and ſaw it decorated and ſet out in ſuch a manner, that their admiration increaſed, and their fear doubled, as will be ſeen in the following chapter.

CHAP. XVII.

Of the neweſt and ſtrangeſt adventure of all that befel Don Quixote *in the whole courſe of this grand hiſtory.*

THE horſemen alighted, and, together with thoſe on foot, taking *Sancho* and *Don Quixote* forcibly in their arms, carried them into the court-yard, round which near an hundred torches were placed in ſockets, and above five hundred lights about the galleries of the court; inſomuch that, in ſpite of the night, which was ſomewhat darkiſh, there ſeemed to be no want of the day. In the middle of the court was erected a tomb, about two yards from the ground, and

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and over it a large canopy of black velvet; round which, upon its ſteps, were burning above a hundred wax tapers in ſilver candleſticks. On the tomb was ſeen the corpſe of a damſel ſo beautiful, that her beauty made death itſelf appear beautiful. Her head lay upon a cuſhion of gold brocade, crowned with a garland interwoven with odoriferous flowers of divers kinds; her hands lying croſs-wiſe upon her breaſt, and between them a branch of never-fading victorious palm. On one ſide of the court was placed a theatre, and in two chairs were ſeated two perſonages, whoſe crowns on their heads, and ſcepters in their hands, denoted them to be kings, either real, or feigned. On the ſide of the theatre, to which the aſcent was by ſteps, ſtood two other chairs; upon which they, who brought in the priſoners, ſeated *Don Quixote* and *Sancho*, all this in profound ſilence, and by ſigns giving them both to underſtand they muſt be ſilent too: but, without bidding, they held their peace; for the aſtoniſhment they were in at what they beheld tied up their tongues. And now two great perſons aſcended the theatre with a numerous attendance, whom *Don Quixote* preſently knew to be the duke and ducheſs, whoſe gueſt he had been. They ſeated themſelves in two very rich chairs, cloſe by thoſe, who ſeemed to be kings. Who would not have admired at all this, eſpecially conſidering that *Don Quixote* had now perceived, that the corpſe upon the tomb was that of the fair *Altiſidora*? At the duke and ducheſs's aſcending the theatre, *Don Quixote* and *Sancho* roſe up, and made them a profound reverence, and their grandeurs returned it by bowing their heads a little. At this juncture an officer croſſed the place, and, coming to *Sancho*, threw over him a robe of black buckram, all painted over with flames, and, taking off his cap, put on his head a paſte-board mitre three foot high, like thoſe uſed by the penitents of the inquiſition; bidding him in his ear not to unſew his lips; if he did, they would clap a gag in his mouth, or kill him. *Sancho* viewed himſelf from top to toe, and ſaw himſelf all over in flames; but, finding they did not burn him, he cared not two farthings. He took off his

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his mitre, and ſaw it all painted over with devils: he put it on again, ſaying within himſelf; Well enough yet, theſe do not burn me, nor thoſe carry me away. *Don Quixote* alſo ſurveyed him, and, though fear ſuſpended his ſenſes, he could not but ſmile to behold *Sancho*'s figure. And now, from under the tomb, proceeded a low and pleaſing ſound of flutes; which not being interrupted by any human voice (for Silence herſelf kept ſilence there) the muſic ſounded both ſoft and amorous. Then on a ſudden, by the cuſhion of the ſeemingly dead body, appeared a beautiful youth in a *Roman* habit, who, in a ſweet and clear voice, to the ſound of a harp, which he played on himſelf, ſung the two following ſtanzas.

'Till heav'n, in pity to the weeping world,
Shall give Altiſidora *back to day,*
By Quixote*'s ſcorn to realms of* Pluto *hurl'd,*
Her ev'ry charm to cruel death a prey;
While matrons throw their gorgeous robes away,
To mourn a nymph by cold diſdain betray'd;
To the complaining lyre's enchanting lay,
I'll ſing the praiſes of this hapleſs maid,
In ſweeter notes than Thracian Orpheus *ever play'd.*

Nor ſhall my numbers with my life expire,
Or this world's light confine the boundleſs ſong:
To thee, bright maid, in death I'll touch the lyre,
And to my ſoul the theme ſhall ſtill belong.
When, freed from clay, the flitting ghoſts among,
My ſpirit glides the Stygian ſhores around,
Tho' the cold hand of death has ſeal'd my tongue,
Thy praiſe th' infernal caverns ſhall rebound,
And Lethe*'s ſluggiſh waves move ſlower to the ſound.*

Enough, ſaid one of the ſuppoſed kings, enough, divine chanter; for there would be no end of deſcribing to us the death and graces of the peerleſs *Altiſidora*, not dead, as the ignorant world ſuppoſes, but alive in the mouth of fame, and in the penance *Sancho Panſa* here preſent muſt paſs through, to reſtore her to the loſt

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loſt light: and therefore, O *Rhadamanthus*, who with me judgeſt in the dark caverns of *Pluto*, ſince thou knoweſt all that is decreed by the inſcrutable deſtinies, about bringing this damſel to herſelf, ſpeak, and declare it inſtantly, that the happineſs we expect from her revival may not be delayed. Scarce had *Minos*, judge, and companion of *Rhadamanthus*, ſaid this, when *Rhadamanthus*, riſing up, ſaid: Ho, ye officers of this houſhold, high and low, great and ſmall, run one after another, and ſeal *Sancho*'s face with four and twenty twitches, and his arms and ſides with twelve pinches, and ſix pricks of a pin; for in the performance of this ceremony conſiſts the reſtoration of *Altiſidora*. Which *Sancho Pança* hearing, he broke ſilence, and ſaid: I vow to god, I will no more let my face be ſealed, nor my fleſh be handled, than I will turn turk: Body of me! what has handling my countenance to do with the reſurrection of this damſel? The old woman has had a taſte, and now her mouth waters. *Dulcinea* is enchanted, and I muſt be whipped to diſenchant her: and now *Altiſidora* dies, of ſome diſtemper it pleaſes god to ſend her, and ſhe muſt be brought to life again, by giving me four and twenty twitches, and making a ſieve of my body by pinking it with pins, and pinching my arms black and blue. Put theſe jeſts upon a brother-in-law; I am an old dog, and *Tus, Tus*, will not do with me. Thou ſhalt die then, quoth *Rhadamanthus*, in a loud voice: relent, thou tyger; humble thyſelf, thou proud *Nimrod*; ſuffer and be ſilent, ſince no impoſſibilities are required of thee; and ſet not thyſelf to examine the difficulties of this buſineſs: twitched thou ſhalt be, pricked thou ſhalt ſee thyſelf, and pinched ſhalt thou groan. Ho, I ſay, officers, execute my command; if not, upon the faith of an honeſt man, you ſhall ſee what you were born to.

Now there appeared, coming in proceſſion along the court, ſix *Duennas*, four of them with ſpectacles, and all of them with their right hands lifted up, and four fingers breadth of their wriſts naked, to make their hands ſeem the longer, as is now the faſhion. Scarcely had *Sancho* laid eyes on them, when, bellowing like a bull, he

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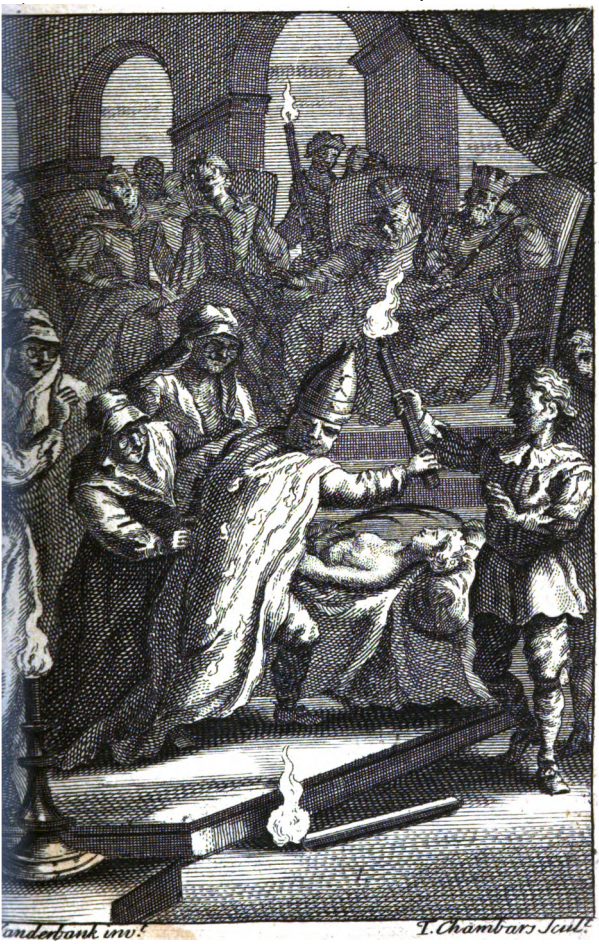
ſaid: I might, perhaps, let all the world beſide handle me; but to conſent that *Duennas* touch me, by no means: let them cat-claw my face, as my maſter was ſerved in this very caſtle; let them pierce my body through and through with the points of the ſharpeſt daggers; let them tear off my fleſh with red-hot pincers; and I will endure it patiently, to ſerve theſe noble perſons: but, to let *Duennas* touch me, I will never conſent, though the devil ſhould carry me away. *Don Quixote* alſo broke ſilence, ſaying to *Sancho:* Be patient, ſon, oblige theſe noble perſons, and give many thanks to heaven, for having infuſed ſuch virtue into your perſon, that, by its martyrdom, you diſenchant the enchanted, and raiſe the dead. By this time the *Duennas* were got about *Sancho*; and he, being mollified and perſuaded, and ſeating himſelf well in his chair, held out his face and beard to the firſt, who gave him a twitch well ſealed, and then made him a profound reverence. Leſs complaiſance, leſs daubing, miſtreſs *Duenna*, quoth *Sancho*; for, before god, your fingers ſmell of vinegar. In ſhort, all the *Duennas* ſealed him, and ſeveral others of the houſe pinched him: but what he could not bear, was, the pricking of the pins; and ſo up he ſtarted from his ſeat, quite out of all patience, and, catching hold of a lighted torch that was near him, he laid about him with it, putting the *Duennas*, and all his executioners, to flight, and ſaying: Avaunt, ye infernal miniſters; for I am not made of braſs, to be inſenſible of ſuch extraordinary torments.

Upon this, *Altiſidora*, who could not but be tired with lying ſo long upon her back, turned herſelf on one ſide: which the by-ſtanders perceiving, almoſt all of them with one voice, cried: *Altiſidora* is alive, *Altiſidora* lives. Then *Rhadamanthus* bid *Sancho* lay aſide his wrath, ſince they had already attained the deſired end. *Don Quixote* no ſooner ſaw *Altiſidora* ſtir, but he went and kneeled down before *Sancho*, and ſaid: Now is the time, dear ſon of my bowels, rather than my ſquire, to give yourſelf ſome of thoſe laſhes, you ſtand engaged for, in order to the diſenchantment of *Dulcinea*. This, I ſay, is the time, now that your

virtue



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virtue is seasoned, and of efficacy to operate the good expected from you. To which *Sancho* answered: This seems to me to be, Reel upon reel, and not honey upon fritters [1]: a good jest indeed, that twitches, pinches, and pin-prickings, must be followed by lashes: but take a great stone, once for all, and tie it about my neck, and toss me into a well: it will not grieve me much, if, for the cure of other folks ailments, I must still be the wedding-heifer [2]: let them not meddle with me; else, by the living god, all shall out.

And now *Altisidora* had seated herself upright on the tomb, and at the same instant the waits struck up, accompanied by flutes, and the voices of all, crying aloud; Live *Altisidora*, *Altisidora* live. The duke and duchess, and the kings *Minos* and *Rhadamanthus*, rose up, and, all in a body, with *Don Quixote* and *Sancho*, went to receive *Altisidora*, and help her down from the tomb: who, counterfeiting a person fainting, inclined her head to the duke and duchess, and to the kings, and, looking askew at *Don Quixote*, said: God forgive you, unrelenting knight, through whose cruelty I have been in the other world, to my thinking, above a thousand years: and thee I thank, O most compassionate squire of all the globe contains, for the life I enjoy. From this day, friend *Sancho*, six of my smocks are at your service, to be made into so many shirts for yourself; and, if they are not all whole, at least they are all clean. *Sancho*, with his mitre in his hand, and his knee on the ground, kissed her hand. The duke ordered it to be taken from him, and his cap to be returned him, and his own garment instead of the flaming robe. *Sancho* begged the duke to let him keep the mitre and frock, having a mind to carry them to his own country, in token and memory of this unheard-of adventure. The duchess replied, he should have them, for he knew how much she was his friend. Then the duke ordered the court to be cleared, and every body to retire to their own apartment, and that *Don Quixote* and *Sancho* should be conducted to their old lodgings.

1 That is, Toil upon toil, and nothing to sweeten it.
2 To be slain for the use of others.

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CHAP. XVIII.

Which follows the seventeenth, and treats of matters indispensably necessary to the perspicuity of this history.

SANCHO slept that night on a truckle-bed, in the same chamber with *Don Quixote*; a thing he would have excused, if he could; for he well knew his master would disturb his sleep with questions and answers, and he was not much disposed to talk; the smart of his past sufferings being still present to him, and an obstruction to the free use of his tongue: and he would have liked better to have lain in a hovel alone, than in that rich apartment in company. His fear proved so well founded, and his suspicion so just, that, scarcely was his master got into bed, when he said: What think you, *Sancho*, of this night's adventure? Great and mighty is the force of rejected love, as your own eyes can testify, which saw *Altisidora* dead, by no other darts, no other sword, nor any other warlike instrument, nor by deadly poison, but merely by the consideration of the rigour and disdain, with which I always treated her. She might have died in a good hour, as much as she pleased, and how she pleased, answered *Sancho*; and she might have left me in my own house, since I neither made her in love, nor ever rejected hers in my life. I know not, nor can I imagine how it can be, that the recovery of *Altisidora*, a damsel more whimsical than discreet, should have any thing to do (as I have already said) with the martyrizing of *Sancho Panza*? Now indeed I plainly and distinctly perceive, there are enchanters and enchantments in the world, from which good lord deliver me, since I know not how to deliver myself. But, for the present, I beseech your worship to let me sleep, and ask me no more questions, unless you have a mind I should throw myself out of the window. Sleep, friend *Sancho*, answered *Don Quixote*, if the pin-prickings, pinchings, and twitchings, you have received, will give you leave. No smart, replied *Sancho*, came up to the affront of the

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the twitches, and for no other reaſon, but becauſe they were given by *Duennas*, confound them! and once more I beſeech your worſhip to let me ſleep; for ſleep is the relief of thoſe, who are uneaſy awake. Be it ſo, quoth *Don Quixote*, and god be with you.

They both fell aſleep, and, in this interval, *Cid Hamet*, author of this grand hiſtory, had a mind to write, and give an account, of what moved the duke and ducheſs to raiſe the edifice of the afore-mentioned contrivance; and ſays, that the batchelor, *Sampſon Carraſco*, not forgetting how, when *knight of the looking-glaſſes*, he was vanquiſhed and overthrown by *Don Quixote*; which defeat and overthrow baffled and put a ſtop to all his deſigns; had a mind to try his hand again, hoping for better ſucceſs than the paſt. And ſo, informing himſelf by the page, who brought the letter and preſents to *Tereſa Pança*, *Sancho*'s wife, where *Don Quixote* was, he procured freſh armour, and a horſe, and painted a white moon on his ſhield, carrying the whole magazine upon a he-mule, and conducted by a peaſant, not *Thomas Cecial*, his former ſquire, leſt *Sancho Pança* or *Don Quixote* ſhould know him. He arrived at the duke's caſtle, who informed him what way and route *Don Quixote* had taken, to be preſent at the tournaments of *Saragoſſa*. He alſo related to him the jeſts that had been put upon him, with the contrivance for the diſenchantment of *Dulcinea*, at the expence of *Sancho*'s poſteriors. In ſhort, he gave him an account, how *Sancho* had impoſed upon his maſter, making him believe that *Dulcinea* was enchanted and transformed into a country wench; and how the ducheſs his ſpouſe had perſuaded *Sancho*, that he himſelf was deceived, and that *Dulcinea* was really enchanted. At which the batchelor laughed, and wondered not a little, conſidering as well the acuteneſs and ſimplicity of *Sancho*, as the extreme madneſs of *Don Quixote*. The duke deſired, if he found him, and overcame him, or not, to return that way, and acquaint him with the event. The batchelor promiſed he would: he departed in ſearch of him; and not finding him at *Saragoſſa*, he went forward, and there

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befel him what you have already heard. He came back to the duke's caſtle, and recounted the whole to him, with the conditions of the combat, and that *Don Quixote* was now actually returning to perform his word, like a true knight-errant, and retire home to his village for a twelvemonth, in which time, perhaps (quoth the batchelor) he may be cured of his madneſs. This, he ſaid, was the motive of theſe his diſguiſes, it being a great pity, that a gentleman of ſo good an underſtanding as *Don Quixote* ſhould be mad. Then he took leave of the duke, and returned home, expecting there *Don Quixote*, who was coming after him.

Hence the duke took occaſion to play him this trick, ſo great was the pleaſure he took in every thing relating to *Don Quixote* and *Sancho:* and, ſending a great many of his ſervants, on horſeback and on foot, to beſet all the roads about the caſtle, every way by which *Don Quixote* might poſſibly return, he ordered them, if they met with him, to bring him, with or without his good will, to the caſtle. They met with him, and gave notice of it to the duke, who, having already given orders for what was to be done, as ſoon as he heard of his arrival, commanded the torches, and other illuminations, to be lighted up in the court-yard, and *Altiſidora* to be placed upon the tomb, with all the preparations before related; the whole repreſented ſo to the life, that there was but little difference between that and truth. And *Cid Hamet* ſays beſides, that, to his thinking, the mockers were as mad as the mocked; and that the duke and duchеſs were within two fingers breadth of appearing to be mad themſelves, ſince they took ſo much pains to make a jeſt of two fools: one of whom was ſleeping at full ſwing, and the other waking with his diſjointed thoughts; in which ſtate the day found them, and the deſire to get up; for *Don Quixote*, whether conquered, or conqueror, never took pleaſure in the downy bed of ſloth.

Altiſidora (in *Don Quixote*'s opinion, juſt returned from death to life) carrying on the humour of the duke and

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and duchess, crowned with the same garland she wore on the tomb, and clad in a robe of white taffata flowered with gold, her hair dishevelled, and leaning on a black staff of polished ebony, entered the chamber of *Don Quixote*, who was so amazed and confounded at the sight of her, that he shrunk down, and covered himself almost over head and ears with the sheets and quilts, his tongue mute, and with no inclination to shew her any kind of civility. *Altisidora* sat down in a chair by his bed's head, and, after fetching a profound sigh, with a tender and enfeebled voice, she said: When women of distinction, and reserved maidens, trample upon honour, and give a loose to the tongue, breaking through every inconveniency, and giving public notice of the secrets of their heart, they must sure be reduced to a great straight. I, Signor *Don Quixote de la Mancha*, am one of these, distressed, vanquished, and enamoured, but, for all that, patient, long-suffering, and modest, to such a degree, that my soul burst through my silence, and I lost my life. It is now two days, since, by reflection on your rigour, O flinty knight, and harder than any marble to my complaints, I have been dead, or at least judged to be so by those that saw me; and were it not that Love, taking pity on me, placed my recovery in the sufferings of this good squire, there had I remained in the other world. Love, quoth *Sancho*, might as well have placed it in those of my ass, and I should have taken it as kindly. But, pray, tell me, Signora, so may heaven provide you with a more tender-hearted lover than my master, what is it you saw in the other world? what is there in hell? for whoever dies in despair must perforce take up his rest in that place. In truth, quoth *Altisidora*, I did not die quite, since I went not to hell: for, had I once set foot in it, I could not have got out again, though I had never so great a desire. The truth is, I came to the gate, where about a dozen devils were playing at tennis, in their waistcoats and drawers, their shirt-collars ornamented with *Flanders* lace, and ruffles of the same, with four inches of their

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wrists bare, to make their hands seem the longer [1], in which they held rackets of fire. But what I wondered most at, was, that, instead of tennis-balls, they made use of books seemingly stuffed with wind and flocks; a thing marvellous and new: but this I did not so much wonder at, as to see, that, whereas it is natural for winning gamesters to rejoice, and losers to be sorry, among the gamesters of that place, all grumbled, all were upon the fret, and all cursed one another. That is not at all strange, answered *Sancho*: for devils, play or not play, win or not win, can never be contented. That is true, quoth *Altisidora*: but there is another thing I wonder at (I mean, I wondered at it then) which was, that, at the first toss, the ball was demolished, and could not serve a second time; and so they whipped them away, new and old, that it was marvellous to behold: and to one of them, flaming new, and neatly bound, they gave such a smart stroke, that they made its guts fly out, and scattered its leaves all about; and one devil said to another: See what book that is; and the other devil answered: It is, *The second part of the history of* Don Quixote de la Mancha, not composed by *Cid Hamet*, its first author, but by an *Arragonese*, who says he is a native of *Tordesillas*. Away with it, quoth the other devil, and down with it to the bottom of the infernal abyss, that my eyes may never see it more. Is it so bad? answered the other. So bad, replied the first, that had I myself undertaken to make it worse, it had been past my skill. They went on with their play, tossing other books up and down; and I, for having heard *Don Quixote* named, whom I so passionately love, endeavoured to retain this vision in my memory. A vision, doubtless, it must be, quoth *Don Quixote*; for there is no other I in the world, and this history is tossed about from hand to hand, but stays in none; for every body has a kick at it. It gives me no concern to hear that I wander, like a phantom, about the shades

1 It was so strange and impudent a sight for women or men to shew their naked wrists or arms, that the author puts the devils in that fashion.

of

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of the abyss, or about the light of this earth, because I am not the person this history treats of. If it be good, faithful, and true, it will survive for ages; but, if it be bad, from its birth to its grave the passage will be but short.

Altisidora was going on with her complainings of *Don Quixote*, when *Don Quixote* said to her: I have often told you, madam, that I am very sorry you have placed your affections on me, since from mine you must expect no other return but thanks. I was born to be *Dulcinea del Toboso*'s, and to her the fates, if there be any, have devoted me; and to think that any other beauty shall occupy the place she possesses in my soul, is to think what is impossible. This may suffice to disabuse you, and prevail with you to retreat within the bounds of your own modesty, since no creature is tied to the performance of impossibilities. Which *Altisidora* hearing, she assumed an air of anger and fury, and said: God's my life! *Don* poor-jack [1], soul of a mortar, stone of a date, and more obdurate and obstinate than a courted clown, if I come at you, I will tear your very eyes out. Think you, *Don* vanquished, and *Don* cudgelled, that I died for you? All that you have seen this night has been but a fiction; for I am not a woman to let the black of my nail ake for such camels, much less to die for them. That I verily believe, quoth *Sancho*; for the business of dying for love is a jest: folks may talk of it; but, for doing it, a *Jew* may believe it.

While they were engaged in this discourse, there entered the musician, singer, and poet, who had sung the two fore-mentioned stanzas: who, making a profound reverence to *Don Quixote*, said: Be pleased, Sir knight, to reckon and look upon me in the number of your most humble servants; for I have been most affectionately so this great while, as well on account of your fame, as of your exploits. *Don Quixote* answered: Pray, Sir, tell me who you are, that my civility may correspond with your merits. The young man answer-

1 *Bacallao.* The fish so called.
2 *Credat Judæus Apella.* Hor.

ed, that he was the muſician and panegyriſt of the foregoing night. Indeed, replied *Don Quixote*, you have an excellent voice: but what you ſung did not ſeem to me much to the purpoſe; for what have the ſtanzas of *Garcilaſſo* to do with the death of this gentlewoman? Wonder not at that, Sir, anſwered the muſician; for, among the upſtart poets of our age, it is the faſhion for every one to write as he pleaſes, and to ſteal from whom he pleaſes, be it to the purpoſe or not; and, in theſe times, there is no filly thing ſung or written, but is aſcribed to poetical licence.

Don Quixote would have replied: but the duke and ducheſs, coming to viſit him, prevented him: and between them there paſſed a long and delicious converſation, in which *Sancho* ſaid ſo many pleaſant and waggiſh things, that their grandeurs admired afreſh, as well at his ſimplicity, as his acuteneſs. *Don Quixote* beſeeched them to grant him leave to depart that very day, for it was more becoming ſuch vanquiſhed knights as he to dwell in a hog-ſty, than a royal palace. They readily granted his requeſt, and the ducheſs aſked him, whether *Altiſidora* remained in his good graces. He anſwered: Your ladyſhip muſt know, dear madam, that the whole of this damſel's diſtemper proceeds from idleneſs, the remedy whereof conſiſts in ſome honeſt and conſtant employment. And ſhe has told me here, that lace is much worn in hell, and, ſince ſhe muſt needs know how to make it, let her ſtick to that; for, while her fingers are employed in managing the bobbins, the image or images of what ſhe loves will not be roving ſo much in her imagination. This is the truth, this is my opinion, and this my advice. And mine too, added *Sancho*; for I never in my life ſaw a maker of lace that died for love; for your damſels that are buſied have their thoughts more intent upon performing their taſks, than upon their loves. I know it by myſelf; for, while I am digging, I never think of my dearee; I mean my *Tereſa Panſa*, whom I love better than my very eye-lids. You ſay very well, *Sancho*, quoth the ducheſs, and I will take care, that my *Altiſidora* ſhall henceforward be employed in needle-

needle-work, at which she is very expert. There is no need, madam, answered *Altisidora*, of this remedy, since the consideration of the cruel treatment, I have received from this ruffian and monster, will blot him out of my memory, without any other expedient: and, with your grandeur's leave, I will withdraw, that I may not have before my eyes, I will not say, his sorrowful figure, but his abominable and hideous aspect. I wish, quoth the duke, this may not prove like the saying, A lover railing is not far from forgiving. *Altisidora*, making shew of wiping the tears from her eyes with a handkerchief, and then making a low curtsy to her lord and lady, went out of the room. Poor damsel! quoth *Sancho*, I forbode thee ill luck, since thou hast to do with a heart of mat-weed, and a soul of oak: for, in faith, if thou hadst had to do with me, another guise cock would have crowed. The conversation was at an end: *Don Quixote* dressed himself, dined with the duke and duchess, and departed that afternoon.

CHAP. XIX.

Of what befel Don Quixote *with his squire* Sancho, *in the way to his village.*

THE vanquished and forlorn *Don Quixote* was travelling along, exceedingly pensive on the one hand, and very joyful on the other. His defeat caused his sadness, and his joy was occasioned by considering, that the disenchantment of *Dulcinea* was likely to be effected by the virtue inherent in *Sancho*, of which he had just given a manifest proof in the resurrection of *Altisidora*; though he could not readily bring himself to believe, that the enamoured damsel was really dead. *Sancho* went on, not at all pleased to find, that *Altisidora* had not been as good as her word, in giving him the smocks; and, revolving it in his mind, he said to his master: In truth, Sir, I am the most unfortunate

1 *Esparto.*

physician

phyſician that is to be met with in the world, in which there are doctors, who kill the patient they have under cure, and yet are paid for their pains, which is no more than ſigning a little ſcroll of certain medicines, which the apothecary, not the doctor, makes up: while poor I, though another's cure coſts me drops of blood, twitches, pinchings, pin-prickings, and laſhes, get not a doit. But, I vow to god, if ever any ſick body falls into my hands again, they ſhall greaze them well before I perform the cure; for, The abbot muſt eat, that ſings for his meat; and I cannot believe heaven has endued me with the virtue I have, that I ſhould communicate it to others for nothing. You are in the right, friend *Sancho*, anſwered *Don Quixote*, and *Altiſidora* has done very ill by you not to give you the promiſed ſmocks; though the virtue you have was given you *gratis*, and without any ſtudying on your part, more than ſtudying how to receive a little pain in your perſon. For myſelf, I can ſay, if you had a mind to be paid for diſenchanting *Dulcinea*, I would have made it good to you ere now: but I do not know whether payment will agree with the conditions of the cure, and I would by no means have the reward hinder the operation of the medicine. But, for all that, I think, there can be no riſque in making a ſmall trial. Conſider, *Sancho*, what you would demand, and ſet about the whipping ſtraight, and pay yourſelf in ready money, ſince you have caſh of mine in your hands.

At theſe offers *Sancho* opened his eyes and ears a ſpan wider, and in his heart conſented to whip himſelf heartily, and he ſaid to his maſter: Well then, Sir, I will now diſpoſe myſelf to give your worſhip ſatisfaction, ſince I ſhall get ſomething by it; for, I confeſs, the love I have for my wife and children makes me ſeem a little ſelf-intereſted. Tell me, Sir, how much will your worſhip give for each laſh? Were I to pay you *Sancho*, anſwered *Don Quixote*, in proportion to the greatneſs and quality of the cure, the treaſure of *Venice*, and the mines of *Potoſi*, would be too ſmall a recompence. But ſee how much caſh you have of mine, and ſet your own price upon each laſh. The laſhes,

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laſhes, anſwered *Sancho*, are three thouſand, three hundred, and odd: of theſe I have already given myſelf five; the reſt remain: let the five paſs for the odd ones, and let us come to the three thouſand, three hundred; which, at a quarter of a real a piece [1] (for I will not take leſs, though all the world ſhould command me to do it) amount to three thouſand, three hundred, quarter-reals; which make one thouſand, ſix hundred and fifty, half reals; which make eight hundred and twenty five reals. Theſe I will deduct from what I have of your worſhip's in my hands, and ſhall return to my houſe rich and contented, though well whipped: for, They do not take trouts [2] — I ſay no more. O bleſſed *Sancho!* O amiable *Sancho!* replied *Don Quixote*; how much ſhall *Dulcinea* and I be bound to ſerve you all the days of life heaven ſhall be pleaſed to grant us! If ſhe recovers her former ſtate, as it is impoſſible but ſhe muſt, her miſhap will prove her good fortune, and my defeat a moſt happy triumph: and when, *Sancho*, do you propoſe to begin the diſcipline? I will add an hundred reals over and above for diſpatch. When? replied *Sancho*, even this very night without fail: take you care, Sir, that we may be in open field, and I will take care to lay my fleſh open.

At length came the night, expected by *Don Quixote* with the greateſt anxiety in the world, the wheels of *Apollo*'s chariot ſeeming to him to be broken, and the day to be prorogued beyond its uſual length; even as it happens to lovers, who, in the account of their impatience, think the hour of the accompliſhment of their deſires will never come [3].

Finally, they got among ſome pleaſant trees a little way out of the high-road, where, leaving the ſaddle and pannel of *Rozinante* and *Dapple* vacant, they laid themſelves along on the green graſs, and ſupped out of *Sancho*'s cup-board; who, making a ponderous and

2 Three half-pence.

3 The proverb ſays, *No ſe toman truchas a bragas enjutas*, i. e. *They do not take trouts with dry breeches.*

3 *Ut nox longa quibus mentitur amica, &c.* Hor.

flexible

flexible whip of *Dapple*'s head-ſtall and halter, withdrew about twenty paces from his maſter among ſome beech trees. *Don Quixote*, ſeeing him go with ſuch reſolution and ſpirit, ſaid to him: take care, friend, you do not laſh yourſelf to pieces: take time; let one ſtroke ſtay 'till another's over; hurry not yourſelf ſo as to loſe your breath in the midſt of your career; I mean, you muſt not lay it on ſo unmercifully, as to loſe your life before you attain to the deſired number. And that you may not loſe the game by a card too much or too little, I will ſtand aloof, and keep reckoning upon my beads the laſhes you ſhall give yourſelf; and heaven favour you as your worthy intention deſerves. The good pay-maſter is in pain for no pawn, anſwered *Sancho*: I deſign to lay it on in ſuch a manner, that it may ſmart without killing me; for in this the ſubſtance of the miracle muſt needs conſiſt. He then ſtripped himſelf naked from the waiſt upward: and then, ſnatching and cracking the whip, he began to lay himſelf on, and *Don Quixote* to count the ſtrokes. *Sancho* had given himſelf about ſix or eight, when he thought the jeſt a little too heavy, and the price much too eaſy; and, ſtopping his hand a while, he ſaid to his maſter, that he appealed on being deceived, every laſh of thoſe being richly worth half a real, inſtead of a quarter. Proceed, friend *Sancho*, and be not faint-hearted, quoth *Don Quixote*; for I double the pay. If ſo, quoth *Sancho*, away with it, in god's name, and let it rain laſhes. But the ſly knave, inſtead of laying them on his back, laid them on the trees, fetching ever and anon ſuch groans, that one would have thought, each would have torn up his very ſoul by the roots. *Don Quixote*, naturally tender-hearted, and fearing he would put an end to his life, and ſo he ſhould not attain his deſire through *Sancho*'s imprudence, ſaid to him; I conjure you, by your life, friend, let the buſineſs reſt here; for this medicine ſeems to me very harſh; and it will not be amiſs to give time to Time; for *Zamora* was not taken in one hour. You have already given yourſelf, if I reckon right, above a thouſand laſhes enough for the preſent; for the aſs (to ſpeak in homely phraſe) will

will carry the load, but not a double load. No, no, Sir, anſwered *Sancho*, it ſhall never be ſaid for me, The money paid, the work delayed: pray, Sir, get a little farther off, and let me give myſelf another thouſand laſhes at leaſt; for a couple more of ſuch bouts will finiſh the job, and ſtuff to ſpare. Since you find yourſelf in ſo good a diſpoſition, quoth *Don Quixote*, heaven aſſiſt you; and ſtick to it, for I am gone. *Sancho* returned to his taſk with ſo much fervour, and ſuch was the rigour, with which he gave the laſhes, that he had already diſbarked many a tree: and once, lifting up his voice, and giving an unmeaſurable ſtroke to a beech, he cried: Down with thee, *Samſon*, and all that are with thee. *Don Quixote* preſently ran to the ſound of the piteous voice, and the ſtroke of the ſevere whip, and, laying hold of the twiſted halter, which ſerved *Sancho* inſtead of a bull's-pizzle, he ſaid: Heaven forbid, friend *Sancho*, that, for my pleaſure, you ſhould loſe that life, upon which depends the maintenance of your wife and children: let *Dulcinea* wait a better opportunity; for I will contain myſelf within the bounds of the neareſt hope [1], and ſtay 'till you recover freſh ſtrength, that this buſineſs may be concluded to the ſatisfaction of all parties. Since your worſhip, dear Sir, will have it ſo, anſwered *Sancho*, ſo be it in god's name, and, pray, fling your cloak over my ſhoulders; for I am all in a ſweat, and am loth to catch cold, as new diſciplinants are apt to do. *Don Quixote* did ſo; and, leaving himſelf in his doublet, he covered up *Sancho*, who ſlept 'till the ſun waked him, and then they proſecuted their journey, 'till they ſtopped at a place about three leagues off.

They alighted at an inn; for *Don Quixote* took it for ſuch, and not for a caſtle moated round, with its turrets, portcullices, and draw-bridge: for, ſince his defeat, he diſcourſed with more judgment on all occaſions, as will preſently appear. He was lodged in a ground-room, hung with painted ſerge, inſtead of ta-

1 A phraſe borrowed from the *potentia propinqua* of the ſchools, which immediately precedes the *act*.

peſtry,

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peſtry, as is the faſhion in country towns. In one of the pieces was painted, by a wretched hand, the rape of *Helen*, when the daring gueſt carried her off from *Menelaus*. In another, was the hiſtory of *Dido* and *Æneas*; ſhe upon a high tower, as making ſignals with half a bed-ſheet to her fugitive gueſt, who was out at ſea, flying away from her, in a frigate or brigantine. He obſerved in the two hiſtory-pieces, that *Helen* went away with no very ill will; for ſhe was ſlily laughing to herſelf: but the beauteous *Dido* ſeemed to let fall from her eyes tears as big as walnuts. Which *Don Quixote* ſeeing, he ſaid: Theſe two ladies were moſt unfortunate in not being born in this age, and I above all men unhappy, that I was not born in theirs: for, had I encountered thoſe gallants, neither had *Troy* been burnt, nor *Carthage* deſtroyed; ſince, by my killing *Paris* only, all theſe miſchiefs had been prevented. I hold a wager, quoth *Sancho*, that, ere it be long, there will not be either victualling-houſe, tavern, inn, or barber's ſhop, in which the hiſtory of our exploits will not be painted: but I could wiſh, they may be done by the hand of a better painter, than he that did theſe. You are in the right, *Sancho*, quoth *Don Quixote*; for this painter is like *Orbaneja* of *Ubeda*, who, when he was aſked, what he was drawing, anſwered; As it ſhall happen: and if it chanced to be a cock, he wrote under it, This is a cock, leſt people ſhould take it for a fox. Juſt ſuch a one, methinks, *Sancho*, the painter or writer (for it is all one) muſt be, who wrote the hiſtory of this new *Don Quixote*, lately publiſhed: he painted or wrote whatever came uppermoſt. Or, he is like a poet, ſome years ago about the court, called *Mauleon*, who anſwered all queſtions *extempore*; and, a perſon aſking him the meaning of *Deum de Deo*, he anſwered, *De donde diére*[2]. But, ſetting all this aſide, tell me, *Sancho*, do you think of giving yourſelf the other bruſh to-night? and have you a mind it *ſhould* be under a roof, or in the open air? Before god, Sir,

[2] *Wherever it hits.* No affinity, but of ſound, and that but ſmall.

anſwered

anſwered *Sancho*, for what I intend to give myſelf, it is all the ſame to me, whether it be in a houſe, or in a field: though I had rather it were among trees; for, methinks, they accompany me, as it were, and help me to bear my toil marvellouſly well. However, it ſhall not be now, friend *Sancho*, anſwered *Don Quixote:* but, that you may recover ſtrength, it ſhall be reſerved for our village; and we ſhall get thither by the day after to-morrow at fartheſt. *Sancho* replied, he might order that as he pleaſed; but, for his part, he was deſirous to make an end of the buſineſs out of hand, and in hot blood, and while the mill was grinding: for, uſually the danger lies in the delay; and, Pray to god devoutly, and hammer on ſtoutly; and, One *take* is worth two *I'll give thee's*; and, A bird in hand is better than a vulture on the wing. No more proverbs, *Sancho*, for god's ſake, quoth *Don Quixote*; for, methinks, you are going back to *ſicut erat*. Speak plainly, and without flouriſhes, as I have often told you, and you will find it a loaf *per cent.* in your way. I know not how I came to be ſo unlucky, anſwered *Sancho*, that I cannot give a reaſon without a proverb, nor a proverb, which does not ſeem to me to be a reaſon: but I will mend if I can: and thus ended the converſation for that time.

CHAP. XX.

How Don Quixote *and* Sancho *arrived at their village.*

DON *Quixote* and *Sancho* ſtayed all the day in that village, at the inn, waiting for night; the one to finiſh his taſk of whipping in the fields, and the other to ſee the ſucceſs of it, in which conſiſted the accompliſhment of his wiſhes. At this juncture came a traveller on horſeback to the inn, with three or four ſervants, one of whom ſaid to him, who ſeemed to be the maſter of them: Here, Signor *Don Alvaro Tarfe*, your worſhip may paſs the heat of the day: the lodging ſeems to be cool and cleanly. *Don Quixote*, hear-

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ing this, said to *Sancho*: I am mistaken, *Sancho*, if, when I turned over the second part of my history, I had not a glimpse of this *Don Alvaro Tarfe*. It may be so, answered *Sancho*; let him first alight, and then we will question him. The gentleman alighted, and the landlady shewed him into a ground room, opposite to that of *Don Quixote*'s, hung likewise with painted serge. This new-arrived cavalier undressed and equipped himself for coolness, and stepping out to the porch, which was airy and spacious, where *Don Quixote* was walking backwards and forwards, he asked him: Pray, Sir, which way is your worship travelling? And *Don Quixote* answered: To a village not far off, where I was born: And, pray, Sir, which way may you be travelling? I, Sir, answered the gentleman, am going to *Granada*, which is my native country. And a good country it is, replied *Don Quixote*. But, Sir, oblige me so far as to tell me your name; for I conceive it imports me to know it more than I can well express. My name is *Don Alvaro Tarfe*, answered the new guest. To which *Don Quixote* replied: Then, I presume, your worship is that *Don Alvaro Tarfe*, mentioned in the second part of the history of *Don Quixote de la Mancha*, lately printed and published by a certain modern author. The very same, answered the gentleman, and that *Don Quixote*, the hero of the said history, was a very great friend of mine; and I was the person who drew him from his native place: at least I prevailed upon him to be present at certain justs and tournaments held at *Saragossa*, whither I was going myself: and, in truth, I did him a great many kindnesses, and saved his back from being well stroaked by the hangman for being too impudent. Pray tell me, Signor *Don Alvaro*, quoth *Don Quixote*, am I any thing like that *Don Quixote* you speak of? No, in truth, answered the guest, not in the least. And this *Don Quixote*, said ours, had he a squire with him called *Sancho Panza*? Yes, he had, answered *Don Alvaro*; and, tho' he had the reputation of being very pleasant, I never heard him say one thing that had any pleasantry in it. I verily believe it, quoth *Sancho* straight; for it is not every body's talent

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lent to ſay pleaſant things; and this *Sancho* your wor-ſhip ſpeaks of, Signor gentleman, muſt be ſome very great raſcal, ideot, and knave into the bargain: for the true *Sancho Pança* am I, who have more witty conceits than there are drops in a ſhower[1]. Try but the experiment, Sir, and follow me but one year, and you will find, that they drop from me at every ſtep, and are ſo many, and ſo pleaſant, that, for the moſt part, without knowing what I ſay, I make every body laugh that hear me: and the true *Don Quixote de la Mancha*, the renowned, the valiant, the diſcreet, the enamoured, the undoer of injuries, the defender of pupils and orphans, the protector of widows, the murderer of damſels, he who has the peerleſs *Dulcinea del Toboſo* for his ſole miſtreſs, is this gentleman here preſent, my maſter; any other *Don Quixote* whatever, and any other *Sancho Pança*, is all mockery, and a mere dream. Before god, I believe it, anſwered *Don Alvaro*; for you have ſaid more pleaſant things, friend, in four words you have ſpoken, than that other *Sancho Pança* in all I ever heard him ſay, tho' that was a great deal: for he was more gluttonous than well-ſpoken, and more ſtupid than pleaſant: and I take it for granted, that the enchanters, who perſecute the good *Don Quixote*, have had a mind to perſecute me too with the bad one: but I know not what to ſay; for I durſt have ſworn I had left him under cure in the *Nuncio* of *Toledo*'s houſe, and now here ſtarts up another *Don Quixote*, very different from mine. I know not, quoth *Don Quixote*, whether I am the good one; but I can ſay I am not the bad one; and as a proof of what I ſay, you muſt know, dear Signor *Alvaro Tarfe*, that I never was in *Saragoſſa* in all the days of

[1] The original is *tengo mas gracias que llovidas*. In which there is ſome ambiguity. The ſenſe given is that generally received. But perhaps *Sancho* here, as in a thouſand other places, plays on the double meaning of the word *gracias*, which ſignifies, not only *jeſts* or *pleaſantries*, but alſo *gifts* or *favours*; and then the rendering will be, *I have more jeſts than heaven has ſhowered down favours on me*. The author took as great pleaſure in double meanings, as he makes *Sancho* take, and, I fancy, in proverbs too: for, it is plain, though *Don Quixote* is his hero, *Sancho* is his favourite.

my

my life: on the contrary, having been told, that this imaginary *Don Quixote* was at the tournaments of that city, I resolved not to go thither, that I might make him a liar in the face of all the world: and so I went directly to *Barcelona*, that register of courtesy, asylum of strangers, hospital of the poor, native country of the valiant, avenger of the injured, agreeable seat of firm friendship, and, for situation and beauty, singular. And, though what befel me there be not very much to my satisfaction, but, on the contrary, much to my sorrow, the having seen that city enables me the better to bear it. In a word, Signor *Don Alvaro Tarfe*, I am *Don Quixote de la Mancha*, the same that fame speaks of, and not that unhappy wretch, who would usurp my name, and arrogate to himself the honour of my exploits. And therefore I conjure you, Sir, as you are a gentleman, to make a declaration before the magistrate of this town, that you never saw me before in your whole life, and that I am not the *Don Quixote* printed in the second part, nor this *Sancho Pança* my squire him you knew. That I will, with all my heart, answered *Don Alvaro*; though it surprises me to see two *Don Quixotes*, and two *Sanchos*, at the same time, as different in their actions, as alike in their names. And, I say again, I am now assured, that I have not seen what I have seen, nor, in respect to me, has that happened which has happened. Without doubt, quoth *Sancho*, your worship must be enchanted, like my lady *Dulcinea del Toboso*; and would to heaven your disenchantment depended upon my giving myself another three thousand and odd lashes, as I do for her; for I would lay them on without interest or reward. I understand not this bustness of lashes, quoth *Don Alvaro*. *Sancho* answered, it was too long to tell at present, but he would give him an account, if they happened to travel the same road.

Dinner-time was now come: *Don Quixote* and *Don Alvaro* dined together. By chance the magistrate of the town came into the inn, with a notary; and *Don Quixote* desired of him, that *Don Alvaro Tarfe*, the gentleman there present, might depose before his wor-

ship,

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ſhip, that he did not know *Don Quixote de la Mancha*, there preſent alſo, and that he was not the man handed about in a printed hiſtory, intitled, *The ſecond part of* Don Quixote de la Mancha, *written by ſuch a one*, de Avellaneda, *a native of* Tordeſillas. In ſhort, the magiſtrate proceeded according to form: the depoſition was worded as ſtrong as could be in ſuch caſes: at which *Don Quixote* and *Sancho* were overjoyed, as if this atteſtation had been of the greateſt importance to them, and as if the difference between the two *Don Quixotes*, and the two *Sanchos*, were not evident enough from their words and actions. Many compliments and offers of ſervice paſſed between *Don Alvaro* and *Don Quixote*, in which the great *Manchegan* ſhewed his diſcretion in ſuch a manner, that he convinced *Don Alvaro Tarfe* of the error he was in; who was perſuaded he muſt needs be enchanted, ſince he had touched with his hand two ſuch contrary *Don Quixotes*.

The evening came: they departed from that place, and, at the diſtance of about half a league, the road parted into two: one led to *Don Quixote's* village, and the other to where *Don Alvaro* was going. In this little way *Don Quixote* related to him the misfortune of his defeat, and the enchantment and cure of *Dulcinea*; which was new cauſe of admiration to *Don Alvaro*, who, embracing *Don Quixote* and *Sancho*, went on his way, and *Don Quixote* his.

That night he paſſed among ſome other trees, to give *Sancho* an opportunity of finiſhing his diſcipline, which he did after the ſame manner as he had done the night before, more at the expence of the bark of the beeches, than of his back, of which he was ſo careful, that the laſhes he gave it would not have bruſhed off a fly that had been upon it. The deceived *Don Quixote* was very punctual in telling the ſtrokes, and found, that, including thoſe of the foregoing night, they amounted to three thouſand and twenty-nine. One would have thought the ſun himſelf had riſen earlier than uſual to behold the ſacrifice; by whoſe light they reſumed their journey, diſcourſing together of *Don Alvaro's* miſtake, and how prudently

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prudently they had contrived to procure his depoſition before a magiſtrate, and in ſo authentic a form.

That day, and that night, they travelled without any occurrence worth relating, unleſs it be, that *Sancho* finiſhed his taſk that night: at which *Don Quixote* was above meaſure pleaſed, and waited for the day, to ſee if he could light on his lady, the diſenchanted *Dulcinea*, in his way: and, continuing his journey, he looked narrowly at every woman he met, to ſee if ſhe were *Dulcinea del Toboſo*, holding it for infallible, that *Merlin*'s promiſes could not lye. With theſe thoughts and deſires, they aſcended a little hill, from whence they diſcovered their village; which as ſoon as *Sancho* beheld, he kneeled down, and ſaid: Open thine eyes, O deſired country, and behold thy ſon *Sancho Pança*, returning to thee again, if not very rich, yet very well whipped: open thine arms, and receive likewiſe thy ſon *Don Quixote*, who, if he comes conquered by another's hand, yet he comes a conqueror of himſelf, which, as I have heard him ſay, is the greateſt victory that can be deſired. Money I have; for, if I have been well whipped, I am come off like a gentleman. Leave theſe fooleries, *Sancho*, quoth *Don Quixote*, and let us go directly home to our village, where we will give full ſcope to our imaginations, and ſettle the plan, we intend to govern ourſelves by in our paſtoral life. This ſaid, they deſcended the hill, and went directly to the village.

CHAP. XXI.

Of the omens Don Quixote *met with at the entrance into his village, with other accidents, which adorn and illuſtrate this great hiſtory.*

AT the entrance into the village, as *Cid Hamet* reports, *Don Quixote* ſaw a couple of boys quarrelling in a threſhing-floor, and one ſaid to the other: Trouble not yourſelf, *Periquillo*; for you ſhall never ſee it more while you live. *Don Quixote*, hearing him, ſaid to *Sancho*: Do you not take notice, friend, what

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what this boy has said, *You shall never see it more while you live?* Well, answered *Sancho*, what signifies it if the boy did say so? What? replied *Don Quixote*, do you not perceive, that, applying these words to my purpose, the meaning is, I shall never see *Dulcinea* more? *Sancho* would have answered, but was prevented by seeing a hare come running cross the field, pursued by abundance of dogs and sportsmen, which, frighted, came for shelter, and squatted between *Dapple*'s feet. *Sancho* took her up alive, and presented her to *Don Quixote*, who cried, *Malum signum, malum signum*[1]: A hare flies; dogs pursue her; *Dulcinea* appears not. Your worship is a strange man, quoth *Sancho*: let us suppose now, that this hare is *Dulcinea del Toboso*, and these dogs, that pursue her, those wicked enchanters who transformed her into a country wench: she flies, I catch her, and put her into your worship's hands, who have her in your arms, and make much of her: what bad sign is this, or what ill omen can you draw from hence? The two contending boys came up to look at the hare, and *Sancho* asked one of them, what they were quarrelling about? And answer was made him, by him who had said, You shall never see it more while you live; that he had taken a cage full of crickets from the other boy, which he never intended to restore to him while he lived. *Sancho* drew four quarter-maravedis[2] out of his pocket, and gave it the boy for his cage, which he put into *Don Quixote*'s hands, and said: Behold, Sir, all your omens broken, and come to nothing; and they have no more to do with our adventures, in my judgment, dunce as I am, than last year's clouds; and, if I remember right, I have heard the priest of our village say, that good christians, and wise people, ought not to regard these fooleries: and your worship's own self told me as much a few days ago, giving me to understand, that all such christians, as minded presages, were fools: so there is no need of troubling ourselves any further about them, but let us

1 A bad sign, a bad sign.
2 Two pence.

go

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go on, and get home to our village. The hunters came up, and demanded their hare, and *Don Quixote* gave it them. They went on their way, and, at the entrance of the village, in a little meadow, they found the prieſt, and the batchelor *Sampſon Carraſco*, repeating their breviary. Now you muſt know, that *Sancho Pança* had thrown the buckram robe, painted with flames of fire (which he had worn at the duke's caſtle, the night he brought *Altiſidora* to life again) inſtead of a ſumpter-cloth, over the bundle of armour upon his aſs. He had likewiſe clapped the mitre on *Dapple*'s head; inſomuch, that never was aſs ſo metamorphoſed and adorned. The prieſt and the batchelor preſently knew them both, and came running to them with open arms. *Don Quixote* alighted, and embraced them cloſely; and the boys, who are ſharp-ſighted as lynxes, eſpying the aſs's mitre, flocked to view him, and ſaid one to another: Come, boys, and you ſhall ſee *Sancho Pança*'s aſs finer than *Mingo*[1], and *Don Quixote*'s beaſt leaner than ever. Finally, ſurrounded with boys, and accompanied by the prieſt and the batchelor, they entered the village, and took the way to *Don Quixote*'s houſe, where they found at the door the houſe-keeper and the niece, who had already heard the news of his arrival. It had likewiſe reached the ears of *Tereſa Pança*, *Sancho*'s wife, who, half naked, with her hair about her ears, and dragging *Sanchica* after her, ran to ſee her huſband: and, ſeeing him not ſo well equipped as ſhe imagined a governor ought to be, ſhe ſaid: What makes you come thus, dear huſband? methinks, you come on foot, and foundered, and look more like a miſgoverned perſon, than a governor. Peace *Tereſa*, anſwered *Sancho*; for, There is not always bacon where there are pins to hang it on; and let us go to our houſe, where you ſhall hear wonders. Money I bring with me (which is the main buſineſs) got by my own induſtry, and without damage to any body. Bring but money, my

1 A ſcurvy long-winded poet of *Spain*, the author's contemporary, and probably a beau of thoſe times.

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good husband, quoth *Teresa*, and let it be got this way or that way: for, get it how you will, you will have brought up no new custom in the world. *Sanchica* embraced her father, and asked, if he had brought her any thing; for she had been wishing for him, as people do for rain in *May*: and, she taking hold of his belt on one side, and his wife taking him by the hand on the other, *Sanchica* pulling *Dapple* after her, they went home to their house, leaving *Don Quixote* in his, in the power of his niece and the house-keeper, and in the company of the priest and the batchelor.

Don Quixote, without standing upon times or seasons, in that very instant went apart with the batchelor and the priest, and related to them, in few words, how he was vanquished, and the obligation he lay under not to stir from his village in a year; which he intended punctually to observe, without transgressing a tittle, as became a true knight-errant, obliged by the strict precepts of chivalry. He also told them, how he had resolved to turn shepherd for that year, and to pass his time in the solitude of the fields, where he might give the reins to his amorous thoughts, exercising himself in that pastoral and virtuous employment; beseeching them, if they had leisure, and were not engaged in business of greater consequence, to bear him company; telling them, he would purchase sheep, and stock sufficient to give them the name of shepherds; acquainting them also, that the principal part of the business was already done, he having chosen for them names as fit as if they had been cast in a mold. The priest desired him to repeat them. *Don Quixote* answered, that he himself was to be called the shepherd *Quixotiz*; the batchelor, the shepherd *Carrascon*; the priest, the shepherd *Curiambro*; and *Sancho Pança*, the shepherd *Pancino*. They were astonished at this new madness of *Don Quixote*: but, to prevent his rambling once more from his village, and resuming his chivalries, and in hopes he might be cured in that year, they fell in with his new project, and applauded his folly as an high piece of discretion, offering to be his companions in that exercise. Besides, said *Sampson Carrasco*, I, as

every body knows, am an excellent poet, and shall be composing, at every turn, pastoral or courtly verses, or such as shall be most for my purpose, to amuse and divert us as we range the fields. But, gentlemen, the first and chief thing necessary, is, that each of us choose the name of the shepherdess he intends to celebrate in his verses, and we will not leave a tree, be it never so hard, in whose bark we will not inscribe and grave her name, as is the fashion and custom of enamoured shepherds. That is very right, answered *Don Quixote*; though I need not trouble myself to look for a feigned name, having the peerless *Dulcinea del Toboso*, the glory of these banks, the ornament of these meads, the support of beauty, the cream of good humour, and, lastly, the worthy subject of all praise, be it never so hyperbolical. That is true, said the priest; but, as for us, we must look out for shepherdesses of an inferior stamp, who, if they do not square, may corner with us[1]. To which *Sampson Carrasco* added: And, when we are at a loss, we will give them the names we find in print, of which the world is full, as, *Phillises*, *Amarillises*, *Dianas*, *Floridas*, *Galateas*, and *Belisardas*: for, since they are sold in the market, we may lawfully buy, and make use of them as our own. If my mistress, or, to speak more properly, my shepherdess, is called *Anna*, I will celebrate her under the name of *Anarda*, and, if *Frances*, I will call her *Francesina*, and, if *Lucy*, *Lucinda*; and so of the rest. And *Sancho Panza*, if he is to be one of this brotherhood, may celebrate his wife *Teresa Panza* by the name of *Teresaina*. *Don Quixote* smiled at the application of the names, and the priest highly applauded his virtuous and honourable resolution, and again offered to bear him company all the time he could spare from attending the duties of his function. With this they took their leave of him, desiring and intreating him to take care of his health, and make much of himself with good heartening things.

1 That is, *if they serve not to all purposes, may to some.* The phrase is borrowed from architecture.

Now

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Now fortune would have it, that his niece and houſe-keeper overheard their converſation; and, as ſoon as the two were gone, they both came in to *Don Quixote*, and the niece ſaid: What is the meaning of this, uncle? Now that we thought your worſhip was returned with a reſolution to ſtay at home, and live a quiet and decent life, you have a mind to involve yourſelf in new labyrinths, by turning ſhepherd[1]. In truth, The ſtraw is too hard to make pipes of. To which the houſe-keeper added: And can your worſhip bear, in the fields, the ſummer's ſultry heat, the winter's pinching cold, and the howling of the wolves? No, certainly; for this is the buſineſs of robuſt fellows, tanned and bred to ſuch employment, as it were, from their cradles and ſwaddling-clothes. And, of the two evils, it is better to be a knight-errant than a ſhepherd. Look you, Sir, take my advice, which is not given by one full of bread and wine, but faſting, and with fifty years over my head: ſtay at home, look after your eſtate, go often to confeſſion, and relieve the poor; and if any ill comes of it, let it lie at my door. Peace, daughters, anſwered *Don Quixote*; for I know perfectly what I have to do. Lead me to bed: for, methinks, I am not very well, and aſſure yourſelves, that, whether I am a knight-errant, or a wandering ſhepherd, I will not fail to provide for you, as you ſhall find by experience. The two good women (for doubtleſs ſuch they were) the houſe-keeper and niece, carried him to bed, where they gave him to eat, and made as much of him as poſſible.

CHAP. XXII.

How Don Quixote *fell ſick, made his will, and died.*

AS all human things, eſpecially the lives of men, are tranſitory, inceſſantly declining from their beginning, 'till they arrive at their final period; and

1 Literally, *making yourſelf, Little Shepherd that comes, Little Shepherd that goes.* An alluſion, I ſuppoſe, to ſome *Paſtorals* then well known.

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as that of *Don Quixote* had no peculiar privilege from heaven, to exempt it from the common fate, his end and diſſolution came, when he leaſt thought of it. For, whether it proceeded from the melancholy occaſioned by finding himſelf vanquiſhed, or from the diſpoſition of heaven ſo decreeing it, he was ſeized with a fever, which confined him ſix days to his bed; in which time he was frequently viſited by the prieſt, the batchelor, and the barber, his friends; his truſty ſquire *Sancho Panca* never ſtirring from his bed-ſide. They, ſuppoſing that his grief at being vanquiſhed, and the diſappointment of his wiſhes as to the reſtoration and diſenchantment of *Dulcinea*, had reduced him to this ſtate, endeavoured by all imaginable ways to revive his ſpirits. The batcheler bid him be of good courage, and riſe from bed, to enter upon his paſtoral exerciſe; he having already compoſed an eclogue to that purpoſe, not inferior to any written by *Sannazarius*; telling him beſides, that he had already bought with his own money, of a herdſman of *Quintanar*, two excellent dogs, to guard the flock, the one called *Barcino*, and the other *Butron*. But, for all this, *Don Quixote*'s melancholy continued. His friends ſent for a phyſician, who felt his pulſe, and did not much like it, and ſaid, come what would, it would not be amiſs for him to look to his ſoul's health, that of his body being in danger. *Don Quixote* heard it with compoſure of mind: but not ſo did his houſe-keeper, his niece, and his ſquire, who all began to weep moſt bitterly, as if he were already dead, and laid out before their faces. It was the doctor's opinion, that melancholy and diſappointment had brought him to his end. *Don Quixote* deſired they would leave him, for he was inclined to ſleep a little. They did ſo, and he ſlept at a ſtretch (as the ſaying is) above ſix hours, inſomuch that the houſe-keeper and the niece thought he would never awake more. But awake he did at the end of that time, and, with a loud voice, ſaid: Bleſſed be almighty god, who has vouchſafed me ſo great a good: in ſhort, his mercies have no bounds, and the ſins of men can neither leſſen nor obſtruct them. The niece liſtened attentively

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tentively to her uncle's words, and she thought there was more sense in them, than usual, at least since his sickness, and she said to him: What is it you say, Sir? has any thing extraordinary happened? what mercies, and what sins do you speak of? Niece, answered *Don Quixote*, the mercies I mean are those god has been pleased, notwithstanding my sins, to vouchsafe me at this instant. My judgment is now undisturbed, and free from those dark clouds of ignorance, with which my eager and continual reading of those detestable books of chivalry had obscured it. Now I perceive the absurdity and delusion of them, and am only sorry I am undeceived so late, that I have no time left to make some amends, by reading others that might help to enlighten my soul. I feel myself, niece, at the point of death, and I would fain so order it, as not to leave the imputation of madness upon my memory; for, though I must confess I have been a madman, I would not confirm the truth of it at my death. Dear child, call hither my good friends, the priest, the batchelor *Sampson Carrasco*, and master *Nicholas* the barber; for I would make my confession and my will. But this trouble was saved the niece by the coming of all three.

Scarce had *Don Quixote* set his eyes on them, when he cried out: Give me joy, dear gentlemen, that I am now no longer *Don Quixote de la Mancha*, but *Alonzo Quixano*, for his virtues firnamed *The good*. I am now an utter enemy to *Amadis de Gaul*, and the innumerable rabble of his descendants: now all the histories of knight-errantry are to me odious and profane: I am now sensible of my folly, and of the danger I was led into by reading them; and now, through the mercy of god, and my own dear bought experience, I detest and abhor them. When his three friends heard him speak thus, they believed for certain, that some new frenzy had possessed him; and *Sampson* said to him: What! Signor *Don Quixote*, now that we have news of the lady *Dulcinea*'s being disenchanted, do you talk at this rate? and, now that we are just upon the point of becoming shepherds, to lead our lives

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finging, and like any princes, would you turn hermit? Peace, I conjure you, replied *Don Quixote*, recollect yourſelf, and leave idle ſtories: thoſe, which have hitherto done me ſo much real hurt, my repentance, by the aſſiſtance of heaven, ſhall convert to my good. I feel, gentlemen, the quick approach of death: let us be ſerious, and bring me a confeſſor, and a notary to draw my will; for, in ſuch circumſtances as theſe, a man muſt not trifle with his ſoul: and therefore I beſeech you, while my friend the prieſt is taking my confeſſion, let the notary be fetched. They ſtared at one another, wondering at *Don Quixote*'s expreſſions, and, though ſtill in ſome doubt, they reſolved to believe him: and one of the ſigns, by which they conjectured he was dying, was, his paſſing, by ſo eaſy and ſudden a tranſition, from mad to ſober. To the words he had already ſpoken he added others, ſo proper, ſo rational, and ſo chriſtian, that their doubt was quite removed, and they verily believed him in his perfect ſenſes. The prieſt made every body leave the room, and ſtayed with him alone, and confeſſed him. The batchelor went for the notary, and preſently returned with him, and with *Sancho Pança*, who, having learned from the batchelor in what condition his maſter was, beſides finding the houſe-keeper and the niece in tears, began to pucker up his face, and to fall a blubbering. The confeſſion ended, the prieſt came out of the room, ſaying; Good *Alonzo Quixano* is juſt expiring, and certainly in his right mind: let us all go in, that he may make his will. This news opened the ſluices of the ſwollen eyes of the houſe-keeper, the niece, and *Sancho Pança* his truſty ſquire, in ſuch wiſe, that it forced a torrent of tears from their eyes, and a thouſand groans from their breaſts: for, in truth, as has been ſaid before, both while he was plain *Alonzo Quixano*, and while he was *Don Quixote de la Mancha*, he was ever of an amiable diſpoſition, and affable behaviour, and was therefore beloved, not only by thoſe of his own family, but by all that knew him.

The notary now entered the room with the others, and, the preamble of the will being made, and *Don Quixote*

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Quixote having diſpoſed of his ſoul, with all the chriſtian circumſtances required, coming to the legacies, he ſaid: *Item*, It is my will, that, in reſpect to certain monies, which *Sancho Pança* (whom, in my madneſs, I made my ſquire) has in his hands, there being between him and me ſome reckonings, receipts and diſburſements, he ſhall not be charged with them, nor called to any account for them; but if, after he has paid himſelf, there be any overplus, which will be but very little, it ſhall be his own, and much good may it do him: and if, as, during my madneſs, I was the occaſion of procuring for him the government of an iſland, I could, now that I am in my ſenſes, procure him that of a kingdom, I would readily do it; for the ſincerity of his heart, and the fidelity of his dealings, deſerve it: and, turning to *Sancho*, he ſaid: Forgive me, friend, for making you a madman, by perſuading you to believe, as I did myſelf, that there have been formerly, and are now, knights-errant in the world. Alas! anſwered *Sancho* ſobbing, dear Sir, do not die; but take my counſel, and live many years; for the greateſt madneſs a man can commit in this life, is, to ſuffer himſelf to die, without any body's killing him, or being brought to his end by any other hand but that of melancholy. Be not lazy, Sir, but get out of bed, and let us be going to the field, dreſſed like ſhepherds, as we agreed to do; and who knows, but behind ſome buſh or other we may find the lady *Dulcinea* diſenchanted as fine as heart can wiſh? If you die for grief of being vanquiſhed, lay the blame upon me, and ſay, you were unhorſed by my not having girted *Rozinante*'s ſaddle as it ought to have been: beſides, your worſhip muſt have read in your books of chivalries, that it is a common thing for one knight to unhorſe another, and him, who is vanquiſhed to-day, to become conqueror to-morrow. It is ſo, quoth *Sampſon*, and honeſt *Sancho* is very much in the right. Gentlemen, quoth *Don Quixote*, let us proceed fair and ſoftly: Look not for this year's birds in laſt year's neſts. I was mad; I am now ſober: I was *Don Quixote de la Mancha*; I am now, as I have ſaid, the good

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good *Alonzo Quixano:* and may my unfeigned repentance, and my ſincerity, reſtore me to the eſteem you once had for me: and let the notary proceed.

Item, I bequeath to *Antonia Quixano*, my niece here preſent, all my eſtate real and perſonal, after the payment of all my debts and legacies: and the firſt to be diſcharged ſhall be, the wages due to my houſe-keeper, for the time ſhe has been in my ſervice, and twenty ducats beſides for mourning. I appoint for my executors Signor the prieſt, and Signor batchelor *Sampſon Carraſco*, here preſent. *Item*, it is my will, that, if *Antonia Quixano* my niece is inclined to marry, it ſhall be with a man, who, upon the ſtricteſt enquiry, ſhall be found to know nothing of books of chivalry: and, in caſe it ſhall appear he is acquainted with them, and my niece notwithſtanding will and does marry him, ſhe ſhall forfeit all I have bequeathed her, which my executors may diſpoſe of in pious uſes, as they think proper. *Item*, I beſeech the ſaid gentlemen my executors, that, if good fortune ſhould bring them acquainted with the author, who is ſaid to have written a hiſtory handed about, and intitled *The ſecond part of the exploits of Don Quixote de la Mancha*, they will, in my name, moſt earneſtly intreat him to pardon the occaſion I have unwittingly given him of writing ſo many and ſo great abſurdities as he there has done: for I depart this life with a burden upon my conſcience, for having furniſhed him with a motive for ſo doing. With this the will was cloſed, and, a fainting-fit ſeizing him, he ſtretched himſelf out at full length in the bed. They were all alarmed, and ran to his aſſiſtance; and, in three days that he ſurvived the making his will, he fainted away very often. The houſe was all in confuſion: however, the niece eat, the houſe-keeper drank, and *Sancho Pança* made much of himſelf: for this buſineſs of legacies effaces, or moderates, the grief that is naturally due to the deceaſed.

In ſhort, after receiving all the ſacraments, and expreſſing his abhorrence, in ſtrong and pathetic expreſſions, of all the books of chivalry, *Don Quixote*'s laſt hour came. The notary was preſent, and proteſted he had

had never read in any book of chivalry, that ever any knight-errant had died in his bed in ſo compoſed and chriſtian a manner, as *Don Quixote*; who, amidſt the plaints and tears of the by-ſtanders, reſigned his breath, I mean, died. Which the prieſt ſeeing, he deſired the notary to draw up a certificate, that *Alonzo Quixano*, commonly called *Don Quixote de la Mancha*, was departed this life, and died a natural death: and he inſiſted upon this teſtimonial, leſt any other author, beſides *Cid Hamet Ben-engeli*, ſhould raiſe him from the dead, and write endleſs ſtories of his exploits.

This was the end of the ingenious gentleman of *La Mancha*, the place of whoſe birth *Cid Hamet* would not expreſly name, that all the towns and villages of *La Mancha* might contend among themſelves, and each adopt him for their own, as the ſeven cities of *Greece* contended for *Homer*[1]. We omit the lamentations of *Sancho*, the niece, and the houſe-keeper, with the new epitaphs upon his tomb, excepting this by *Sampſon Carraſco*.

Here lies the valiant Cavalier,
Who never had a ſenſe of fear:
So high his matchleſs courage roſe,
He reckon'd death among his vanquiſh'd foes.

Wrongs to redreſs, his ſword he drew,
And many a caitif giant ſlew:
His days of life tho' madneſs ſtain'd,
In death his ſober ſenſes he regain'd.

And the ſagacious *Cid Hamet*, addreſſing himſelf to his pen, ſaid: Here, O my ſlender quill, whether well or ill cut I know not, here, ſuſpended by this braſs wire, ſhalt thou hang upon this ſpit-rack, and live many long ages, if preſumptuous or wicked hiſtorians do not take thee down, to profane thee. But, before they

1 At the beginning of this hiſtory, the author ſays, he purpoſely omits naming the town where *Don Quixote* was born, and here he moſt ingeniouſly aſſigns the reaſon.

offer

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offer to touch thee, give them this warning in the beſt manner thou canſt: Beware, beware, ye plagiaries; let none of you touch me; for this undertaking (god bleſs the king) was reſerved for me alone [1]. For me alone was *Don Quixote* born, and I for him: he knew how to act, and I how to write: we were deſtined for each other, maugre and in deſpite of that ſcribbling impoſtor of *Tordeſillas*, who has dared, or ſhall dare, with his groſs and ill-cut oſtrich quill, to deſcribe the exploits of my valorous knight; a burden too weighty for his ſhoulders, and an undertaking above his cold and frozen genius. And warn him, if perchance he falls in thy way, to ſuffer the wearied and now mouldering bones of *Don Quixote* to repoſe in the grave; nor endeavour, in contradiction to all the ancient uſages and cuſtoms of death, to carry him into *Old Caſtile*, making him riſe out of the vault in which he really and truly lies at full length, totally unable to attempt a third expedition, or a new ſally: for the two he has already made, with ſuch ſucceſs, and ſo much to the general ſatisfaction, as well of the people of theſe kingdoms of *Spain*, as of foreign countries, are ſufficient to ridicule all that have been made by other knights-errant. And thus ſhalt thou comply with the duty of thy chriſtian profeſſion [2], giving good advice to thoſe who wiſh thee ill; and I ſhall reſt ſatisfied, and proud to have been the firſt, who enjoyed entire the fruits of his writings: for my only deſire was to bring into public abhorrence the fabulous and abſurd hiſtories of knight-errantry, which, by means of that of my true and genuine *Don Quixote*, begin already to totter, and will doubtleſs fall never to riſe again. Farewell.

1. Theſe ſeem to be words borrowed from ſome old romance.

2. This ſhould be *Cervantes*'s pen, and not the pretended *Moor*'s; or *Cid Hamet* ſpeaks here, as he ſwore at the beginning of the tenth chapter of Book II. of this part.

FINIS.

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